

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

May

NOW

10¢

Printed in England

Ann Sheridan



"TORRID ZONE"—Fiction Story of Film as **HOT** as Its Title!

STARRING JAMES CAGNEY, ANN SHERIDAN

"INFORMATION PLEASE"—Meet The Experts! See Page 30

HELP KILL CRAZY RUMORS About CAROLE LOMBARD GABLE



Like almost all other fresh fruits, strawberries yield Dextrose sugar—which is a most valuable energy “fuel” for the body.

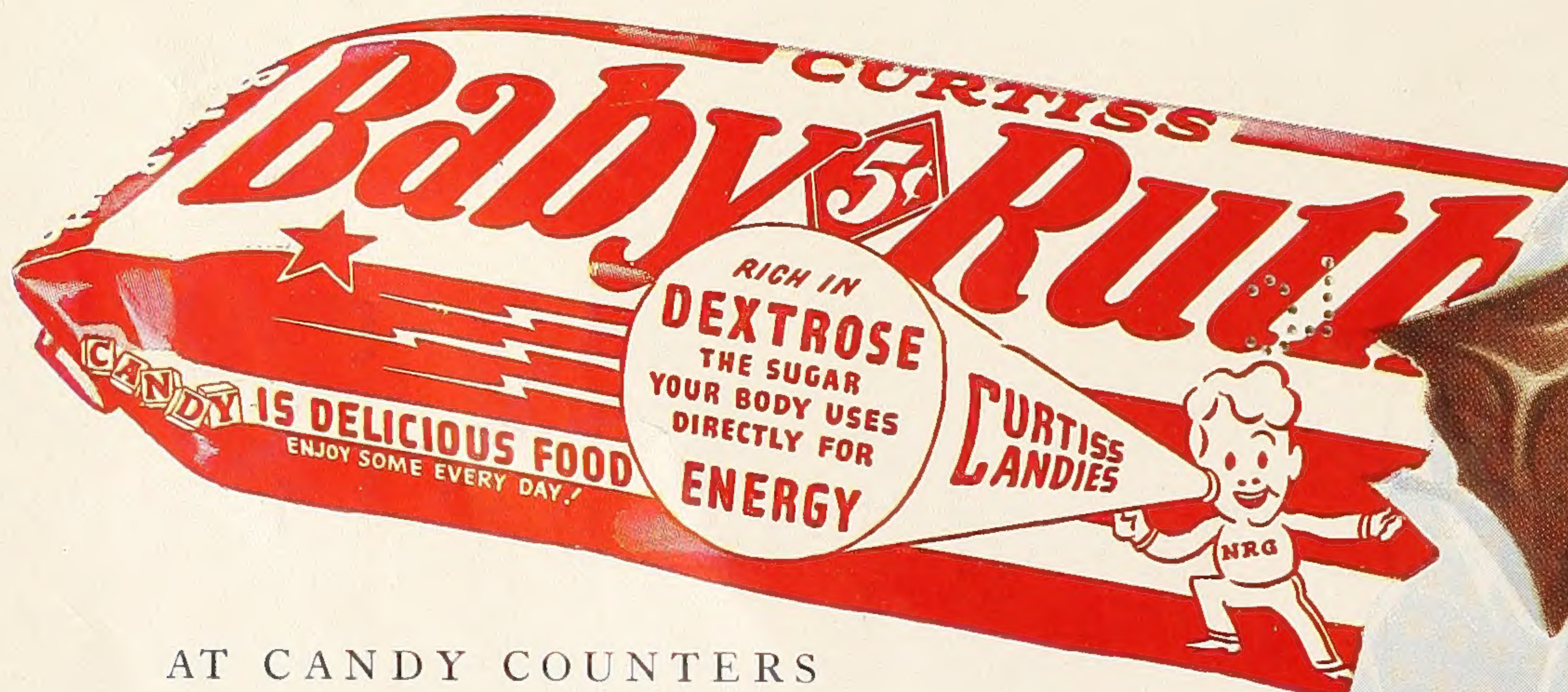
Luscious ripe Strawberries are rich in pure Dextrose Sugar...and so is delicious Baby Ruth

The *natural* goodness of Baby Ruth comes from the *natural* foods so deliciously blended to make this fine candy—such foods as milk, butter, eggs, chocolate, fresh plump peanuts—and pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Doesn't that explain why Baby Ruth is fine candy and fine *food*?

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY...CHICAGO



By actual energy tests, a 150-lb. athlete can run almost 4 miles at a speed of more than 5 miles per hour on the FOOD ENERGY contained in one 5c bar of delicious Baby Ruth Candy.



AT CANDY COUNTERS
EVERYWHERE





You never know how much you've loved
until you've loved—and lost!



Why risk loneliness? Mum each day surely guards your charm!

WHY should love seem so easy to keep when you *have* it... but so hard to *win back*? The memories of happy days—of dances, dates—are so heart-breaking! And even worse is the gnawing thought that somehow it might have been *your* fault that they are gone.

So often it *is* a girl's fault, although she may never know it. For where is the man who will speak about a fault like underarm odor... who would humiliate her by suggesting that she needs Mum?

Girls who *keep* romance never take for granted the matter of personal daintiness. They don't expect just a bath to keep them fresh and sweet—they use Mum every day! A bath removes only perspiration that is *past*... but with Mum, future underarm odor is *prevented*. Though your bath may fade—Mum's protection goes right on!

Mum is so quick and so dependable, that more women choose this one pleasant cream than any other deodorant.

MUM IS QUICK! Just pat a little Mum under each arm—at *any* time—even after you're dressed. Takes only 30 seconds!

MUM WON'T HARM CLOTHING! The American Laundry Institute Seal proves that Mum won't harm fabrics. So safe that you can use it even *after* underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to stop perspiration—

but by neutralizing the odor. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Thousands of women have the daily Mum habit (thousands of men, too). Let Mum guard *your* charm!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is gentle, safe, prevents unpleasant odor. Avoid offending this way, too.

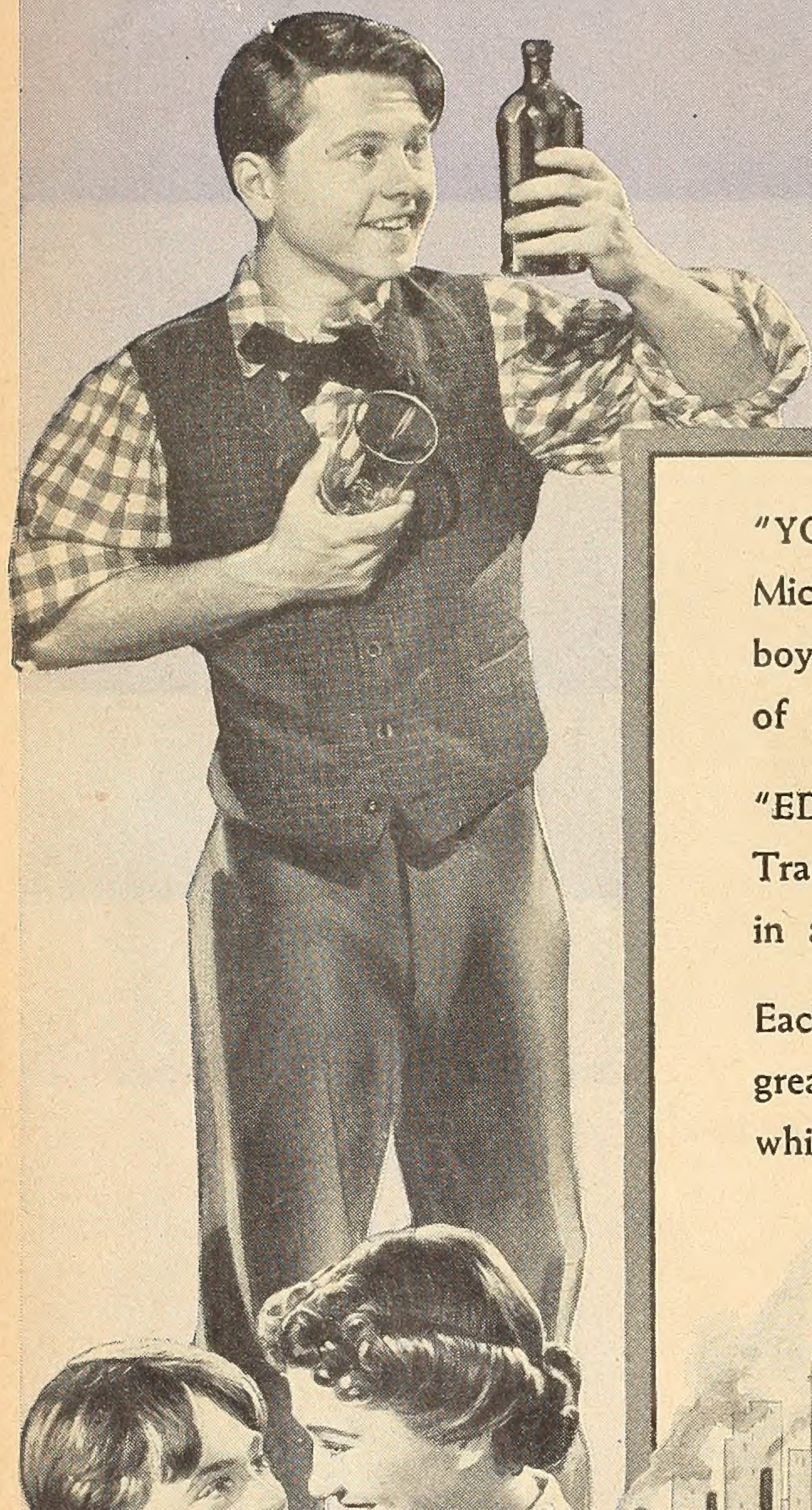
NO DEODORANT QUICKER... SAFER... SURER... THAN MUM!



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



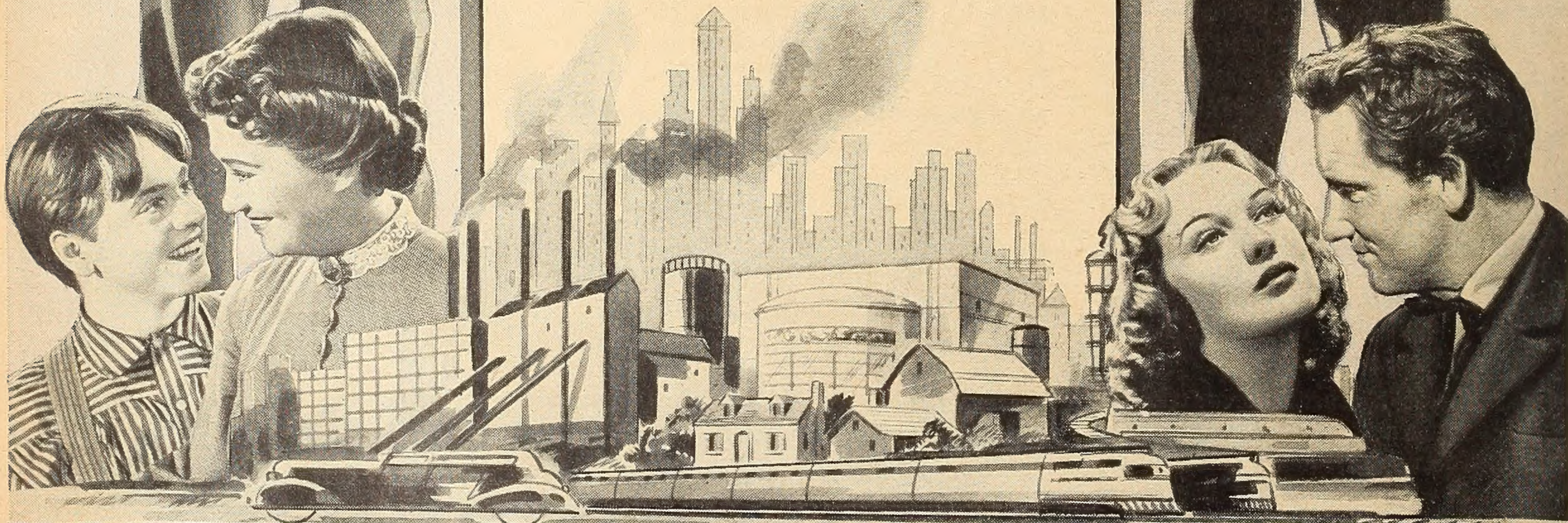
A Great **AMERICAN PROJECT** *The Life of Thomas A. Edison*



"YOUNG TOM EDISON", starring Mickey Rooney, recreates the exciting boyhood which led to the flowering of Edison's genius in later life . . .

"EDISON THE MAN" finds Spencer Tracy as "the Wizard of Menlo Park", in another story of dramatic power.

Each film is complete in itself—two great motion picture productions—in which M-G-M takes extreme pride.



MICKEY ROONEY as "YOUNG TOM EDISON"

with Fay Bainter, George Bancroft, Virginia Weidler, Eugene Pallette
Original Screen Play by Bradbury Foote, Dore Schary and Hugo Butler
Directed by Norman Taurog • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



SPENCER TRACY as "EDISON THE MAN"

A CLARENCE BROWN Production with Rita Johnson
Lynne Overman • Charles Coburn • Gene Lockhart
Directed by CLARENCE BROWN
Produced by John W. Considine, Jr. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

APR -4 1940

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

May, 1940

Vol. XLI, No. 1

→ WHO IS THE MOST HATED GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD—AND WHY?

Yes, we know we're starting something! And we're inviting you to join in the argument that's sure to ensue when our strong feature with this title appears in the next, the June issue. We like a good, healthy argument when there's no malice aforethought; we believe our readers enjoy a good scrap, too. So watch for the fireworks!

→ COMPLETE FICTION STORY OF SEASON'S MOST ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY!

"Turnabout," the whimsical story by Thorne Smith, has become a fascinating motion picture, with the gorgeous new blonde star, Carole Landis, Adolphe Menjou, William Gargan, and other topflight players in the cast. You can read the novelized version of this film, with grand dialogue, engrossing action, and clever comedy situations, retold by Elizabeth B. Petersen, well-known author, in our big June issue.

→ WATCH FOR JUNE SCREENLAND,
ON SALE MAY 3rd.

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

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Ann Sheridan Cover Portrait by George Hurrell

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EVEN an ideal love meant to last forever can, somehow, die. It was that kind of love that inspired Gus Kahn to write his hit song for "Lillian Russell." Alice Faye doing the final recordings of *Blue Love Bird* sang dramatically from her heart because she knew, then, that she and Tony Martin were through. All the circumstances surrounding *Blue Love Bird* are sad. It was written when one of a pair of Gus Kahn's pet birds died, and he knew of the legend that said the other soon must follow. The song was picked for Alice to sing for a heart rending highlight in her picture. That was all quite some time ago. It was when Alice began to see that her marriage had little chance of holding together. Finally it came time to record the song for the film. She sang it with great feeling and real sadness. Shortly after that the remaining bird of the pair died. Within a week, Alice's and Tony's marriage had come to an end and Alice announced her divorce plans.

WHEN you see Anne Shirley in Warner Brothers' picture, "Saturday's Children," it will be for the last time as the wistful, immature girl that we have always thought her. In the closing reel of that picture Anne announces that she is going to have a baby. In real life she is, too. The next time you see her on the screen you'll have to regard her as completely mature, and a woman. There never was a blessed event that caused so much commotion in a family circle as this coming of the John Payne heir. When Anne's mother, who was in ill health, heard the news, she immediately left her bed to go to Anne and she completely regained her health in the new excitement. John Payne, who'll become the proud father, was so happy he began sending his wife hourly telegrams suggesting every name that came into his head for the christening of the heir. The first few days the names were all boys' names because, of course, he wanted a son. Slowly, he realized it might be a girl. Ever since, John's names of the feminine gender, all extremely exotic, have amused Anne.

Hot

ALL the studios that are groaning about not making enough profit out of the pictures they release could make a very tidy fortune indeed, if they could only release the bits of racy dialogue and risqué drama that is filmed in screen tests. Whether you know it or not, screen tests are far spicier in essence than anything you see or hear in movie theaters. Players choose the most sensational and telling scenes from plays or novels which are to be done in celluloid, because these high spots offer greater emotional opportunities and make bigger dents in their producer's susceptibility. The tests that Crawford did for "Susan and God" were so outstanding that M-G-M couldn't wait to get the picture going. Now, because of almost constant purity purges by the Hay's office, the picture is meeting delay after delay. You'll never see Crawford in some of the best acting she ever did on the screen.

First love scene from "Lillian Russell," screen biography of one of the foremost women of American theatrical history, showing Alice Faye in title rôle, and Don Ameche portraying Edward Solomon, who married the famous beauty of the 1890's.



from Hollywood

HERE are some very interesting statistics on the art of osculation as practiced in Hollywood. According to experts, the kiss is returning to Hollywood, and the screen, with a vengeance. Whereas the average movie heretofore provided approximately five smacks an hour, the present rate has noticeably increased. For instance, in "I Was An Adventurer" Richard Greene and Zorina will exchange 33, count 'em, kisses. In round figures each buss will set 20th Century back about \$200, or \$6,600 for the whole picture. That's at the rate of one smack every two and a half minutes. The varieties of kisses have also been tabulated. If you care, a peck is supposed to last ten seconds; a clinging vine, two minutes; a swiftie, five seconds; the Graustark (lips barely touching), ten seconds. The least interesting of the lot and rightly labeled "the prude," is a quick smack of five seconds aimed-at the forehead.

RECONCILIATIONS between all members of the Beery clan have been popping right and left. There have been impressive overtures of friendship between Wally and his brother and nephew, Noah and Noah Beery, Jr. During the feud days it was easier to assume that these different branches of the family had never met. When Wally failed to land Noah a rôle in "20 Mule Team" he went to bat for Noah, Jr. Uncle and nephew will appear together for the first time. Wally insisted that Noah, Jr.'s, rôle was a wedding present. Hollywood took it for granted he was married to Maxine Jones. Now it appears that Wally's wedding present was premature. Mrs. Buck Jones, mother of Noah, Jr.'s, fiancée, announces the two are *not* married and their wedding date not yet decided. But most surely when the picture is finished these two will lose no time in leaving on their long-planned Mexican honeymoon.

DIABOLICAL "Dr. CYCLOPS"

IN TECHNICOLOR

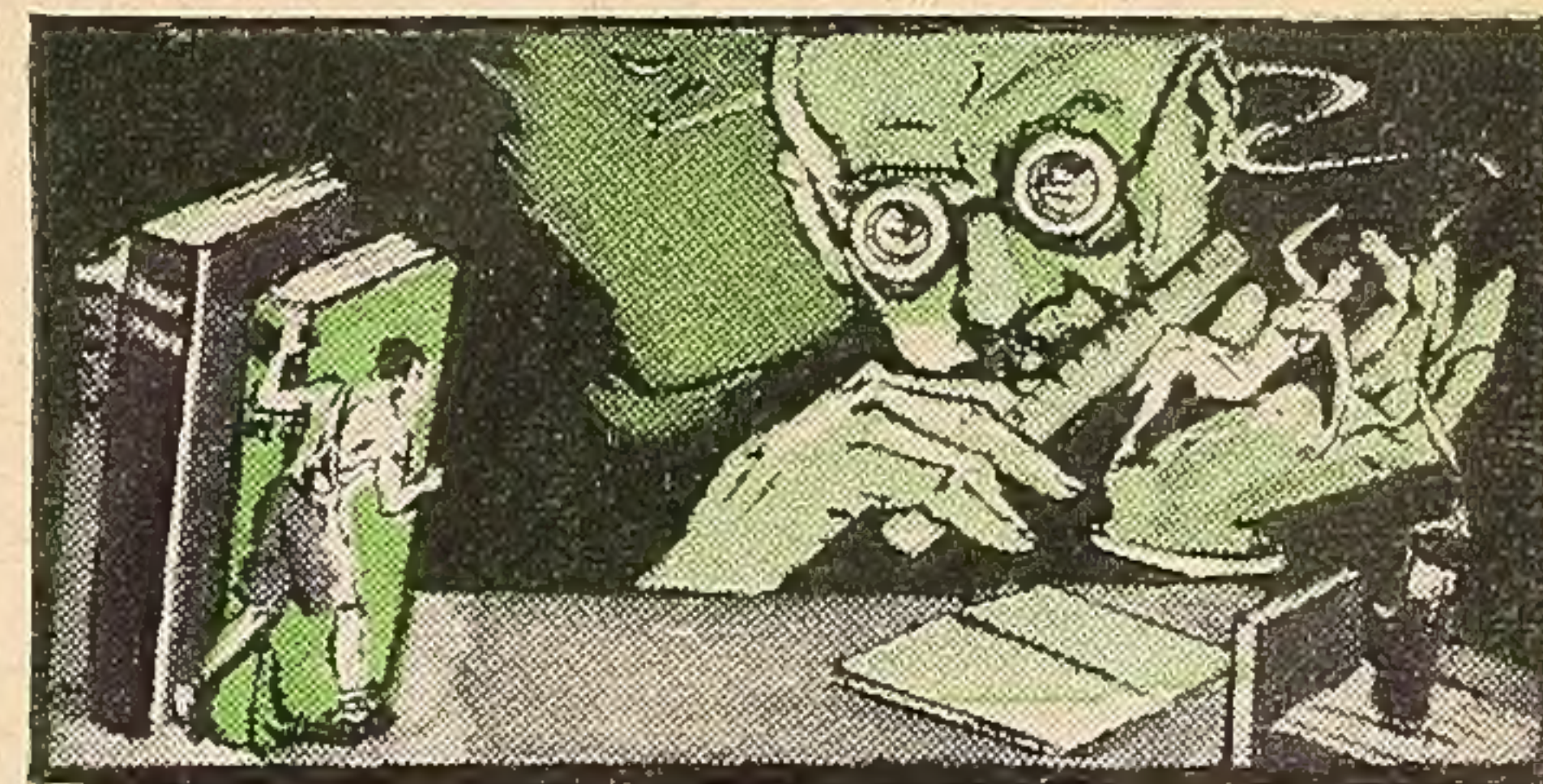
The picture made behind locked doors! Directed by Ernest Schoedsack, who directed the never-to-be-forgotten "King Kong" for producer Merian Cooper.

See him . . . he's real! See them . . . they're real! . . . Men and women only 14 inches in height and yet possessed of each and every one of their normal human functions!

UNBELIEVABLE . . . yet done before your very eyes!



Dr. Cyclops injects his new radium formula . . . shrinking victims to pygmy size!



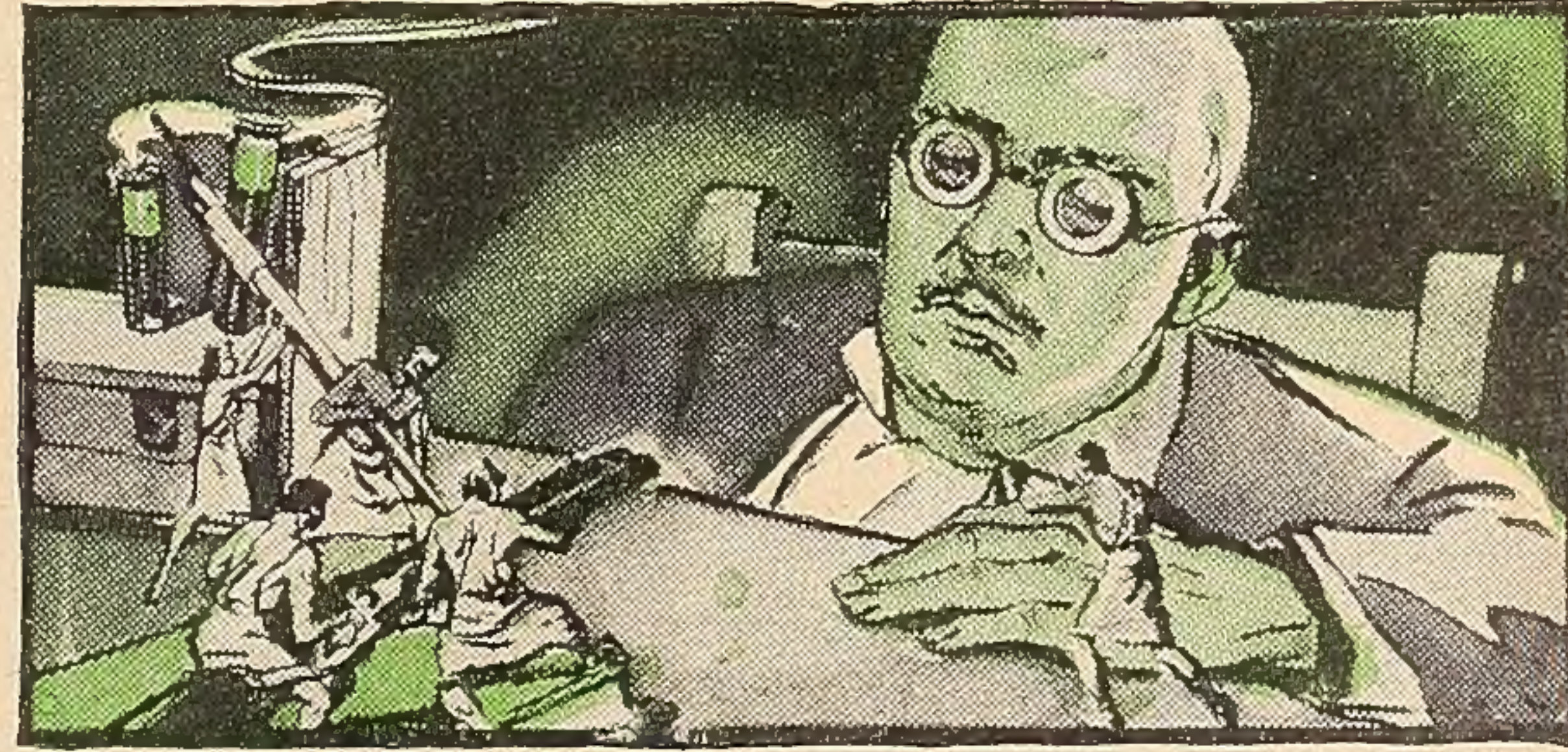
A beautiful young woman shrunk to miniature size . . . yet breathing defiance!



A normal-sized cat becomes a huge rav-
ening monster to the helpless victims!



Angered by their resistance, Dr. Cyclops
attacks the little people with a shovel!



Dr. Cyclops' victims, maddened at the results of
their size reduction, attack the gigantic doctor!

A Paramount Picture with Albert Dekker • Janice Logan • Thomas Coley • Charles Halton
Victor Kilian • Frank Yaconelli • Directed by Ernest Schoedsack • Original Screen Play by Tom Kilpatrick

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

TO SPENCER TRACY IN "NORTHWEST PASSAGE"

We predict: that great actor Tracy will become a popular idol as soon as audiences—especially women—see him in "Northwest Passage." For as the virile hero of "Rogers' Rangers" he packs a Gable wallop



As MAJOR ROGERS, hard-fighting hero of Kenneth Roberts' book, Tracy has what should prove his most widely popular rôle. It may be what they call "a man's picture" with its Indian war adventures; but Spencer will be everybody's star.

You'll *LIVE* this Romance...You'll *LOVE* its Stars!

MERLE
OVERON

Far more wonderful
than ever before, as
the girl with nothing
to live for—but love!

GEORGE
BRENT

He's the man for Merle!
The grandest role of
all for the hero of
'The Fighting 69th'!

"Til we meet again"

PAT O'BRIEN

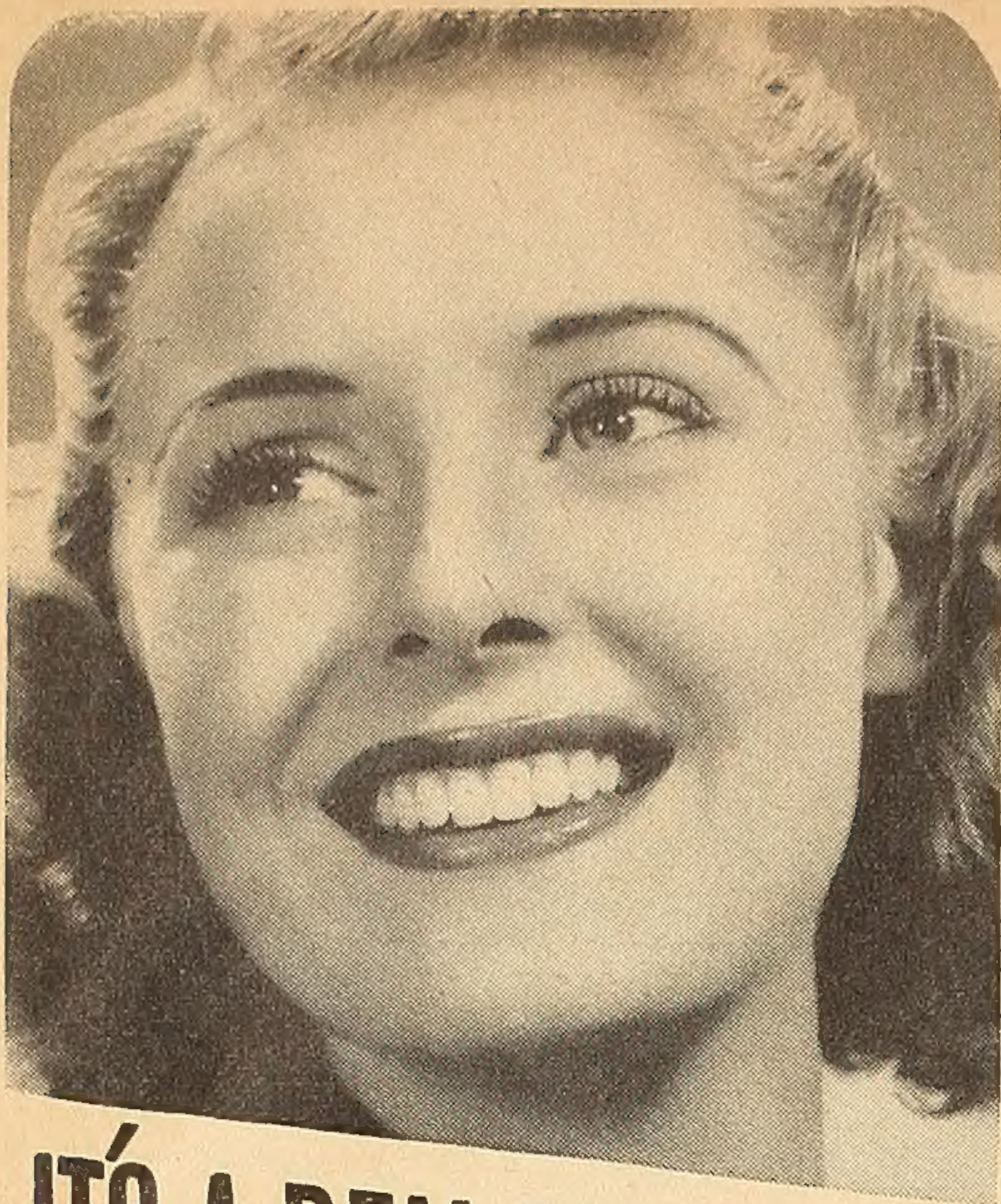
Be sure
to learn where it's
playing. If you want to
see a really thrilling
romance you'll want to
Be there!

A New
WARNER BROS.
Success

GERALDINE
FITZGERALD
BINNIE BARNES
FRANK McHUGH

Directed by
EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Warren Duff • From
an Original Story by Robert Lord





IT'S A REAL SURPRISE
when you actually
understand Tampax



DEAR and gentle reader, how *can* we make you realize the difference to you when you use Tampax? Doesn't it mean something to tell you that over 250,000,000 have already been sold? Doesn't *that* give you assurance? There is an old saying "What others can do, *you* can do."

The principle of *internal absorption* has been long known to physicians. Tampax has simply made it available to all women for regular monthly sanitary protection. No pins or belts. No chafing, wrinkling. No odor can form. No disposal troubles. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, greatly compressed. Each is hygienically sealed in dainty, patented one-time-use container. Your hands *never* touch the Tampax and the user is unaware of it.

Tampax now is made in *three sizes*: Regular, Super, Junior. These meet every individual need. You can travel, dance, golf . . . use tub or shower . . . Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (4 months' supply) will save you up to 25% in money.

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED SU-50-C
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

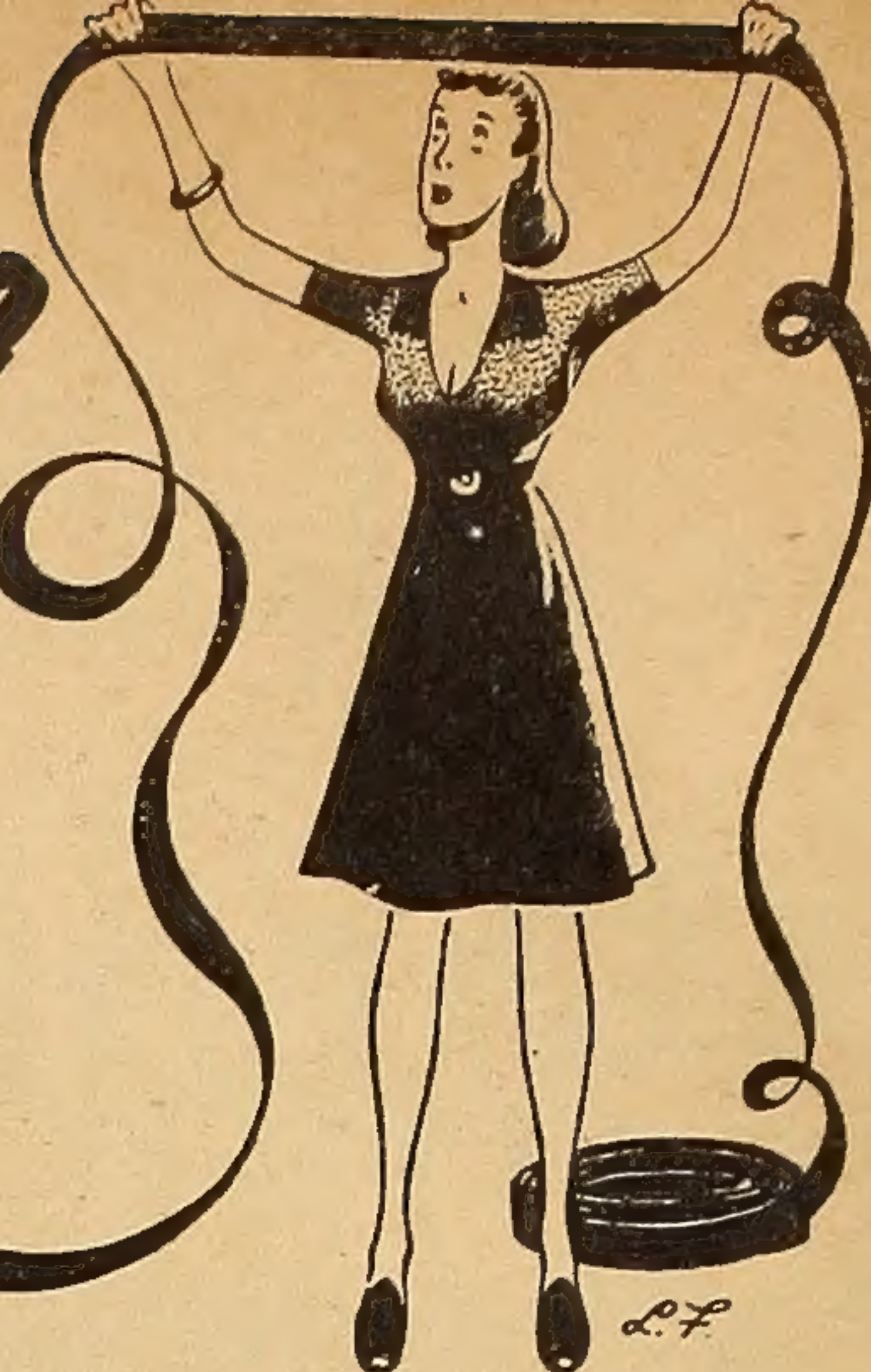
☐ REGULAR ☐ SUPER ☐ JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

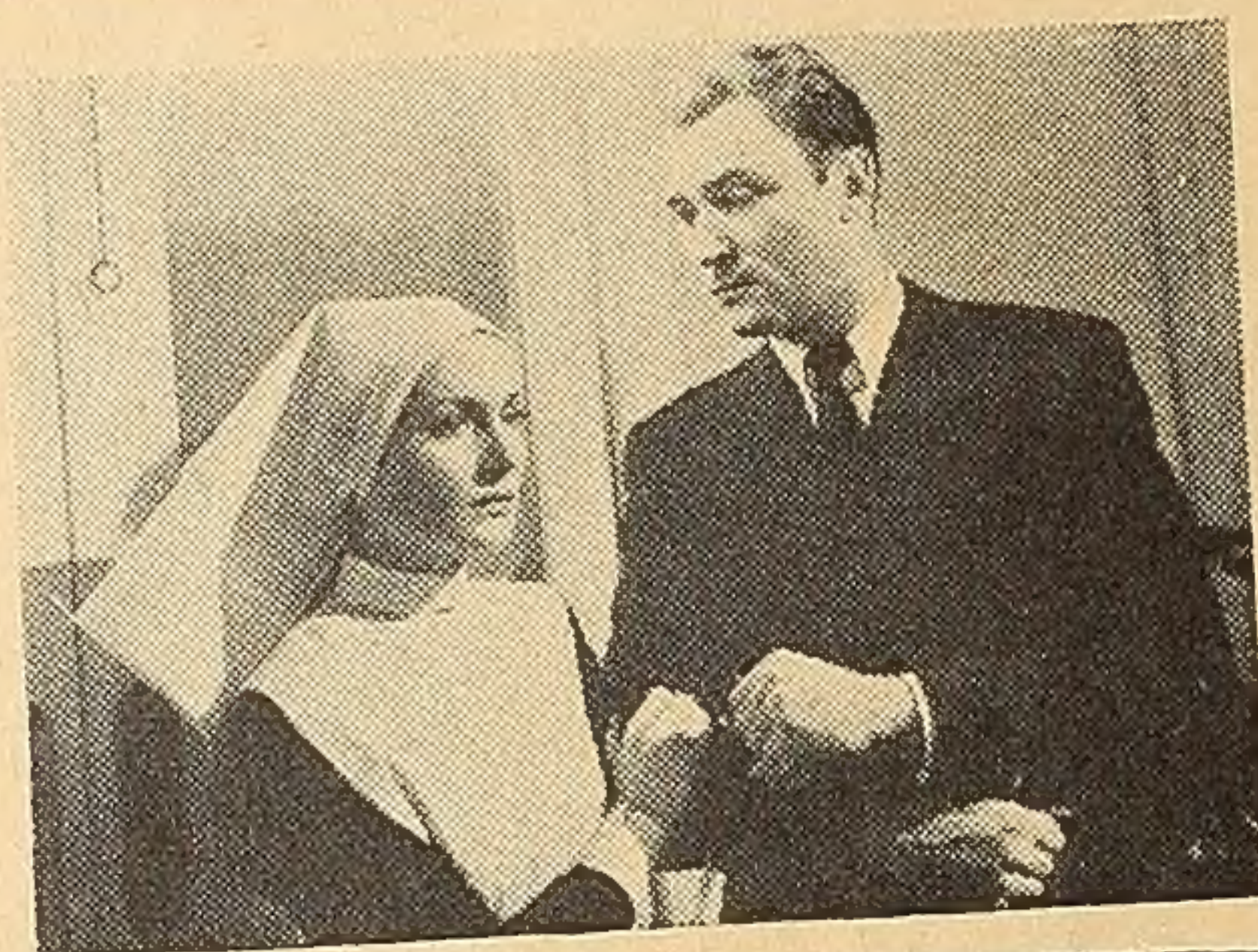
Tagging the Talkies



Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Vigil in the Night—RKO-Radio

A grimly realistic hospital drama—a tribute to the heroism of the nursing profession. As the nurse who dedicates her whole life to her work, Carole Lombard sacrifices glamor for reality and gives an outstanding performance. Brian Aherne is good as the M. D. who fights for better hospital conditions, and Anne Shirley, as the weak sister, will amaze you with her ability to play a serious rôle. It's a tragic tale. Strictly adult entertainment.



The Man from Dakota—M-G-M

A film made to order for the comedy antics of its star, Wallace Beery, who believes in satisfying his stomach, war or no war. It's the Civil War and about a brave Union soldier who escapes from a Confederate prison to deliver a map that helps the North win the war. John Howard, Wally's companion, and Dolores Del Rio, a Russian girl, give Beery good support. At times amusing, but there are moments when it's more gory than funny.



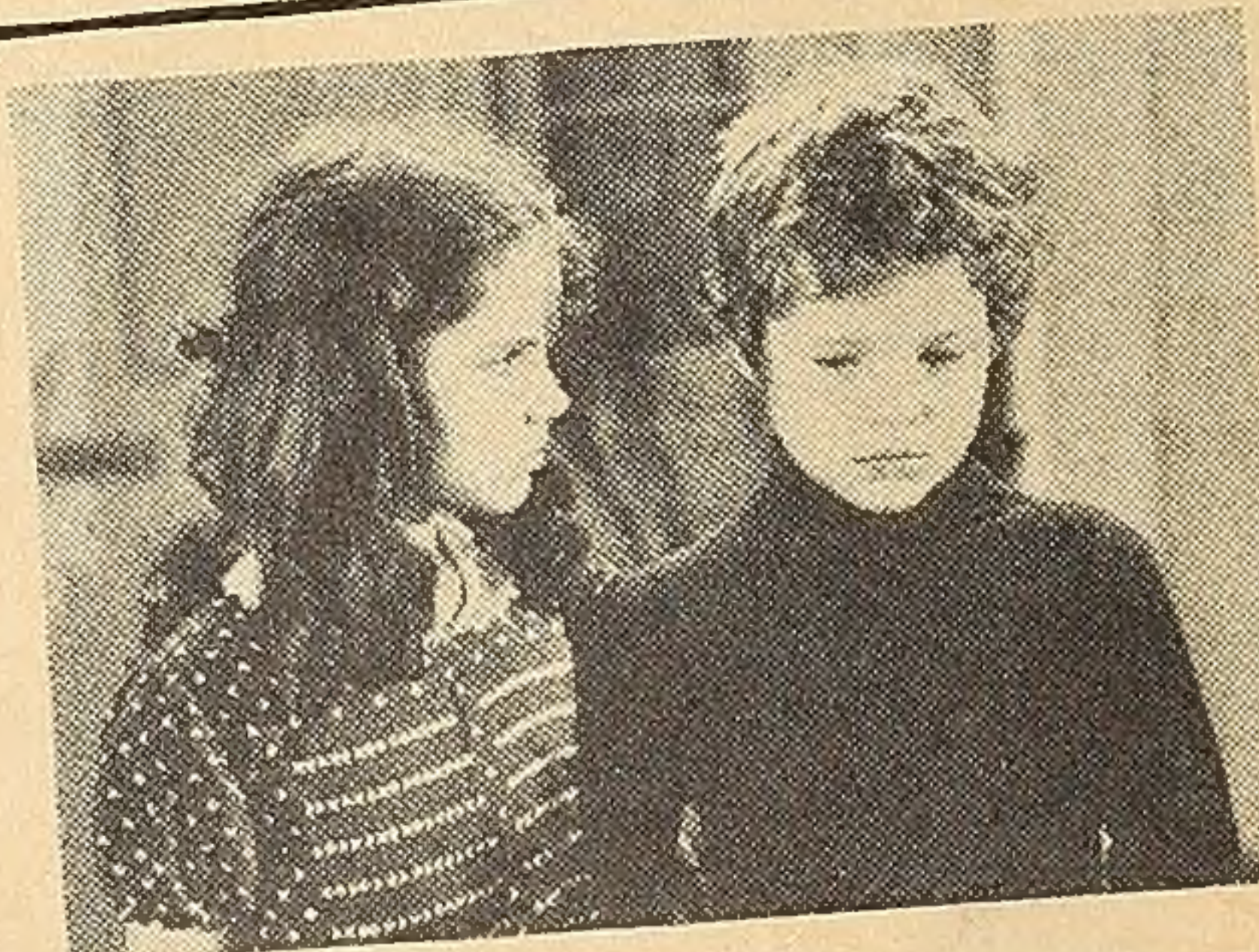
Millionaire Playboy—RKO-Radio

Girl-shy Joe (Penner) Zany is a millionaire's son who gets an attack of hiccups everytime he's kissed by a beautiful girl. He goes to a Summer resort for a cure and finds the hotel over-run with glamor girls. After a series of funny situations—and they *are* funny—Joe discovers he's cured when the pretty hotel proprietress kisses him. You'll laugh yourself sick when Joe becomes an outboard motorboat zooming through the water.



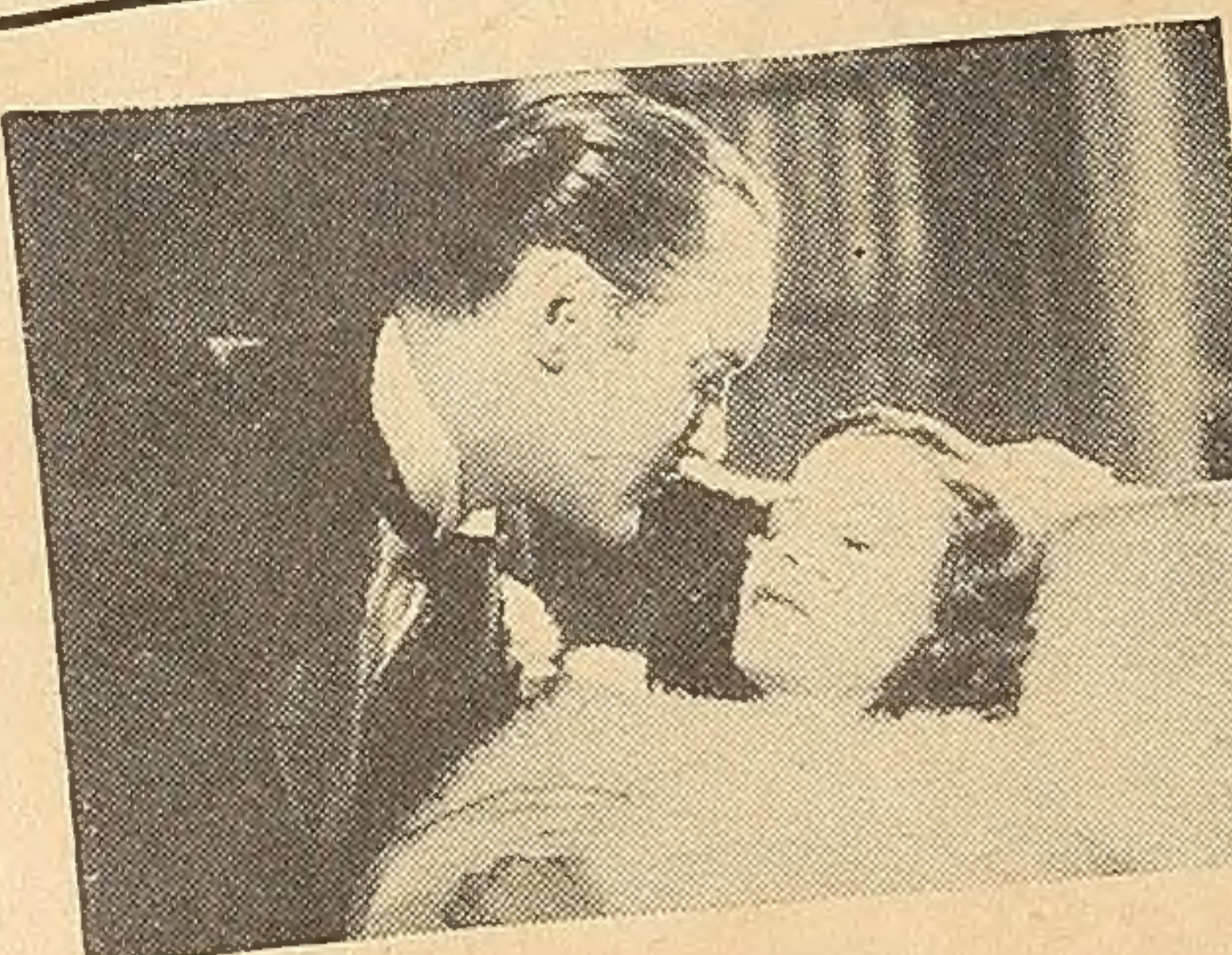
Little Orvie—RKO-Radio

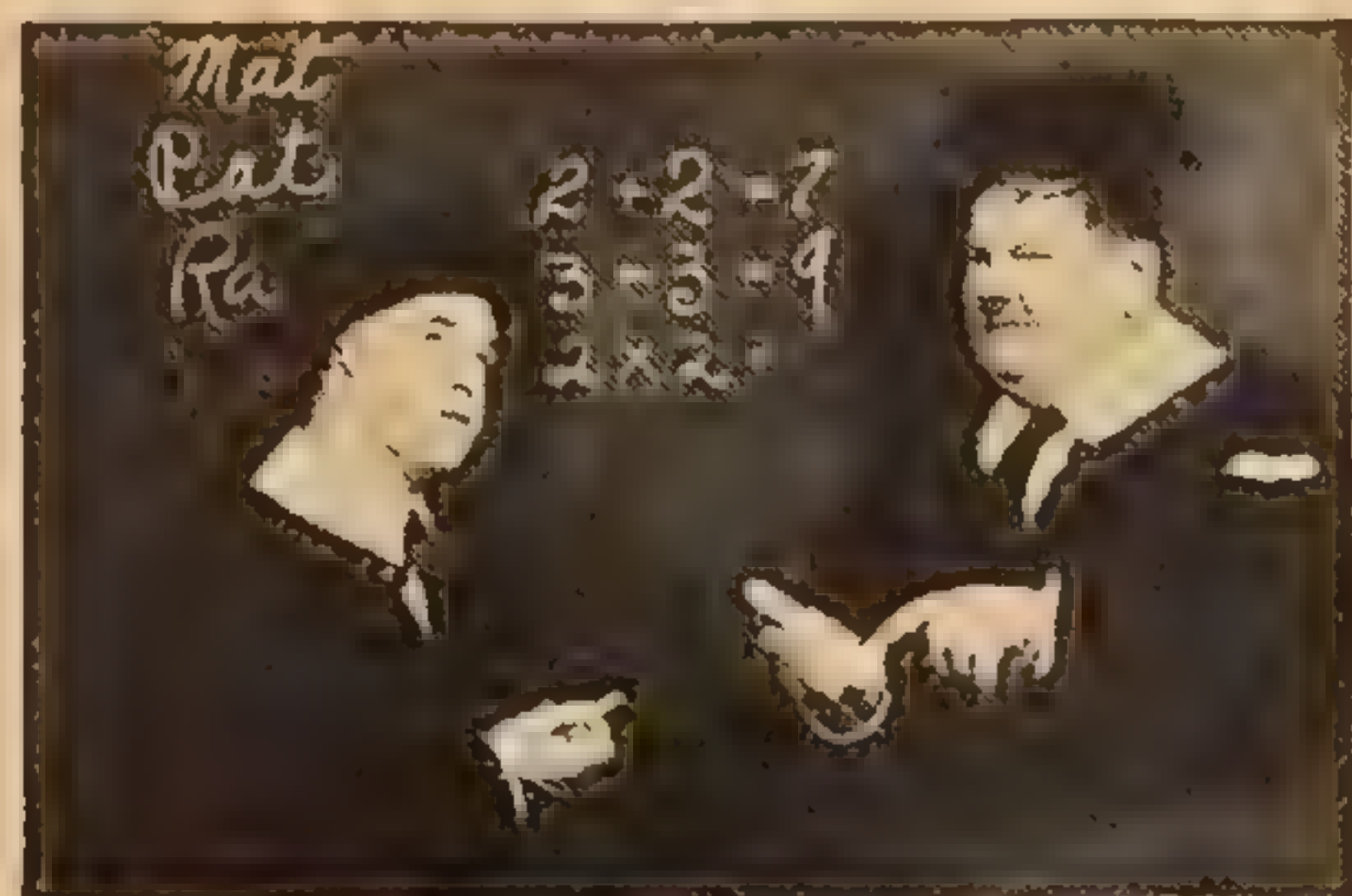
The harum-scarum but lovable youngster of Booth Tarkington's tales is brought to the screen by John Sheffield, who IS *Little Orvie*. It's a simple story of a boy who's always getting into trouble because of his desire to acquire a dog. His ma, Dorothy Tree, doesn't want a dog, but his dad, Ernest Truex, and his playmate, Ann Todd, are sympathetic. You'll smile when *Orvie's* happy and wish you could adopt his pets when he's sad.



The Outsider—Alliance

This is the story of a mechanical genius whose invention corrects distorted joints. He's called a quack, an outsider by medical men. *Lalage*, a crippled girl, has put herself under his care for a year, and there's a touching scene when there's a doubt that his rack has worked, with *Ragatzky*, who loves her, pleading with her to have faith. The happy ending comes when she walks to him unassisted. George Sanders fine as *Ragatzky* and Mary Maguire convincing as *Lalage*.





A Chump At Oxford—
United Artists-Hal Roach

With the aid of a banana peel—the remains of their lunch—Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy capture a bank bandit and, as their reward, accept a tuition at Oxford. What these two zanies do to the dignity of that college is nobody's business. You'll laugh yourself sick at some of the hilarious situations, especially the one where mysterious hands help Stan and Ollie blow their noses. If you're in the mood for good hearty laughs, don't miss it.



Zanzibar—Universal

This film relates the adventures of a celebrated woman explorer and wild animal collector, *Jan Browning*, in her search for a skull which is held sacred by superstitious primitive African tribes. Picturegoers who like animal films may go for this, but scenes with the wild beasts are overdone for the average fan. Situations meant to be serious seem funny. Lola Lane as *Jan* and James Craig, as the adventurer, and others of cast do their best with the poor story.



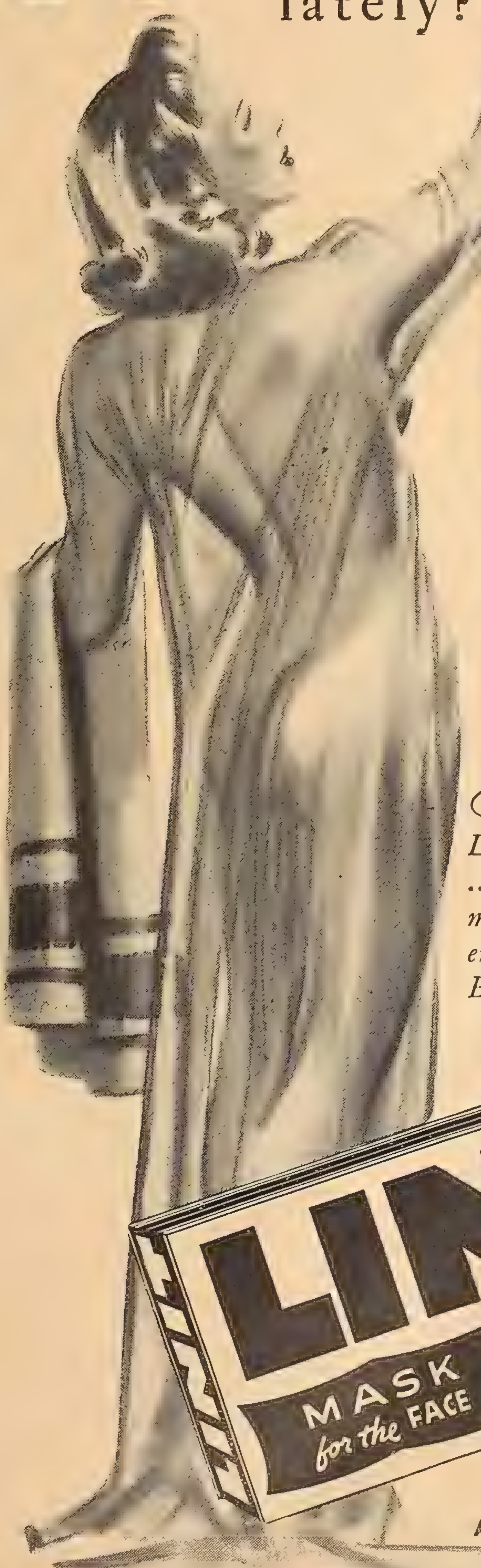
I Take This Woman—M-G-M

The efforts of a great actor are wasted on a weak story. It's a romantic film in which Spencer Tracy, a doctor in charge of a clinic, saves Hedy Lamarr from suicide because of a broken heart, falls in love and marries her although suspecting she still cares for the other man. Tracy's not at home in the rôle and Hedy doesn't have much to do except turn on the glamor, but see it if you still want to see Spence do a bit of rhumba.

More reviews on page 93

Have You tried

Linit for the Bath lately?



and here's something new!
LINIT ALL-PURPOSE POWDER
for every member of the family.
Delightfully different.
TRY IT TODAY!

Swish a cupful or more of Linit in your tub of warm water ...step in...and relax for fifteen minutes. You will find yourself enjoying this delightful Linit Bath. The cost of Linit is trifling.



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FREE



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POWD'R-BASE *hampden* at our expense!

Give yourself a new beauty experience! Just a touch of the POWD'R-BASE *hampden* foundation stick keeps your makeup fresh, lovely, *lasting*. Helps conceal lines, blemishes. Ends shiny nose. Makes your skin smoother, younger-looking. See how much lovelier your complexion can be. Mail the coupon *today*, for your free sample.

At all cosmetic counters • Over 8 million sold

FREE! Powd'r-Base and Rouge!

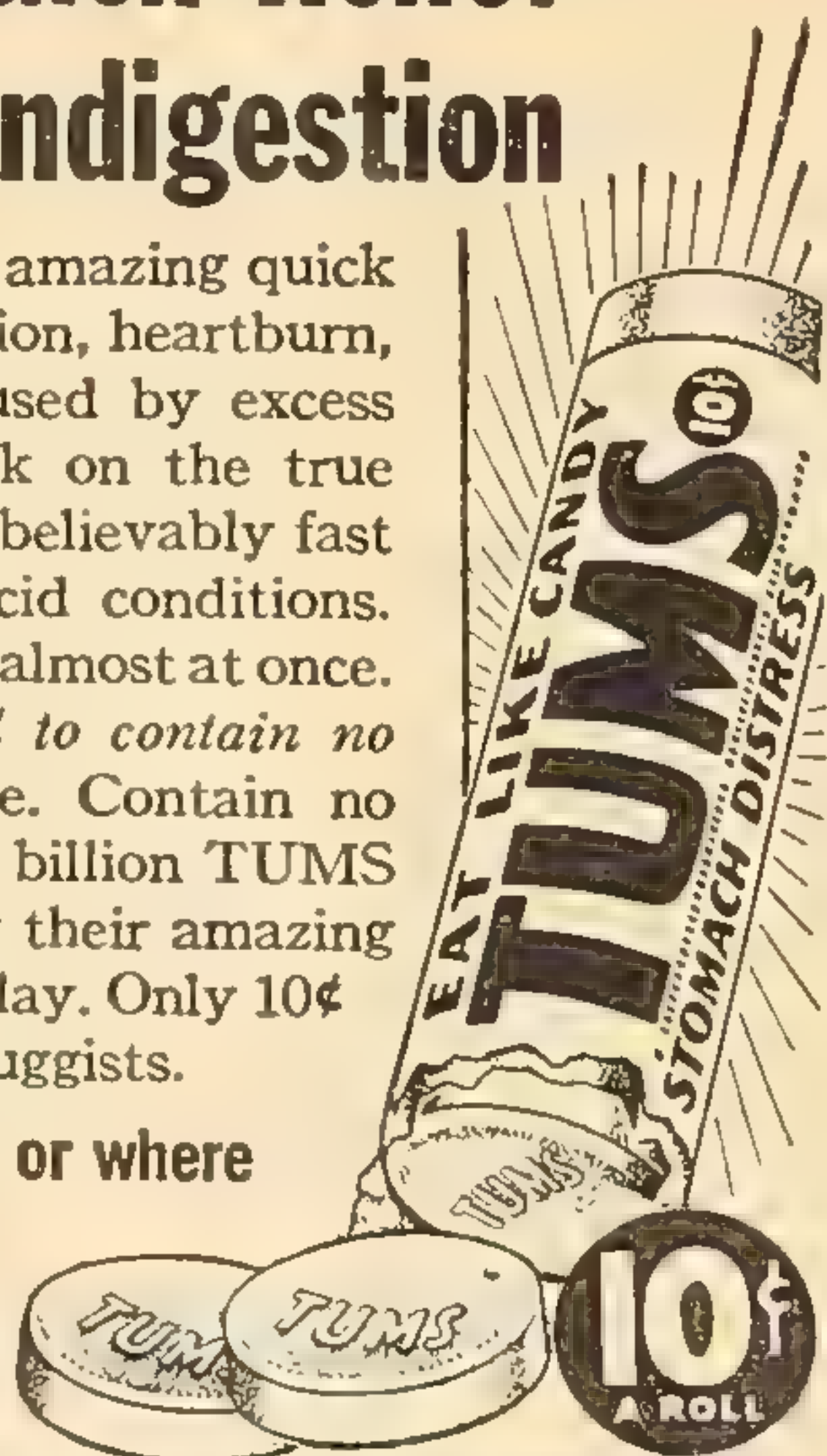
Hampden Sales Dept. G-1 251 5th Ave., New York	Powd'r-Base ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachelle ☐ Brunette
Canada mail to 10 McCaul St. Toronto	Rouge ☐ Bright ☐ Light ☐ Dark
Send me 1 large trial size of POWD'R-BASE, also 1 of POWD'R-BASE ROUGE in shades checked. I enclose 5c in coin or stamps for mailing.	
Name.....	
Address.....	

Amazing Quick Relief For Acid Indigestion

YES—TUMS bring amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. *TUMS are guaranteed to contain no soda. Are not laxative. Contain no harmful drugs. Over 2 billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Get TUMS today. Only 10¢ for 12 TUMS at all druggists.*

You never know when or where

Always Carry
**FOR ACID
INDIGESTION**



ADVISES

YOUNG GIRLS ENTERING WOMANHOOD



Thousands of young girls entering womanhood have found a "real friend" in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help them go "smiling thru" restless, moody, nervous spells, and relieve cramps, headache, backache, and embarrassing fainting spells due to female functional irregularities. Famous for over 60 years in helping "women's" functional complaints. *Try it!*

Note: Pinkham's Compound comes in either liquid or handy to carry tablet form (similar formula).

Inside the Stars' Homes

Lucky guests at Ilona's Beverly Hills home are treated to very special apple strudel, served by the star herself (below).



Unusual dishes with
a foreign flavor,
with Ilona Massey
your lovely hostess

By
**Betty
Boone**



THERE'S something Old-World about Ilona Massey, and there's something Old-World about her Beverly Hills home. She is young and slim, with a cloud of fair hair; the dress she wore was a blue-and-white linen sports frock designed in Hollywood, but she has a rhythmic romantic grace that is definitely not American. The house is a Southern California house, which means that there is a patio and a garden full of flowers, with wide doors opening onto it. The furniture is Italian, heavy old carved pieces of dark, polished wood, gilded picture frames, deep-cushioned couches. Against the dark wood, Ilona's fairness is like candlelight. "I love this country," she exclaimed, "it is so full of flowers! See, how my rooms

are full of them—roses and lilies and azaleas—and my garden! We will have tea in the garden and you shall see it." There are two portraits of Ilona in her living room and two small heads done in clay. The portraits are two amazingly different conceptions, the heads identical, except that one is finished in bronze and one in white. "Nelson Eddy did the heads," explained Ilona. "I had time to sit for him just one hour, but he finished them with his imagination. I am so proud of them! When I was an unknown singer in Hungary, I never missed his pictures, the ones he made with Jeanette MacDonald, and wonder if I would ever really see either of them. I did not imagine in my wildest moment that I



Ilona, above, selects table linen from old chest in her dining room. Right, above, happy moment with Junior, the household pet.



would ever *know* them! It would not have occurred to me that such important people would be kind to me. Mr. Eddy was wonderful to me when we made 'Balalaika,' he taught me how to speak French for my *Carmen* song. I do not know French and it

was very difficult. Everyone in America is so willing to help. That is how it should be in this world, but so seldom it is so. I am full of wonder to be in so kind a country."

A huge azalea tree in deep rose pink had just arrived, a gift of sympathy to Ilona because her aunt and "home-keeper" had been suddenly taken ill. "She is in the hospital," confided Ilona, "and I know she is better today, but because I love her as

if she were my mother, I worry. I worry so that do you know what I do today? I clean the house! Always I was home-keeper at my home in Hungary, because my father and mother were at work, but now I am out of practice. But there is fascination in caring for a house. I like it. I feel better so."

Tea was set out in the patio on pretty metal tables. There were gaily colored tea
(Continued on page 88)

MARY WITBECK, LOVELY CORNELL JUNIOR, SAYS:-



For Allure... get that modern natural look!

IT'S EASY WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

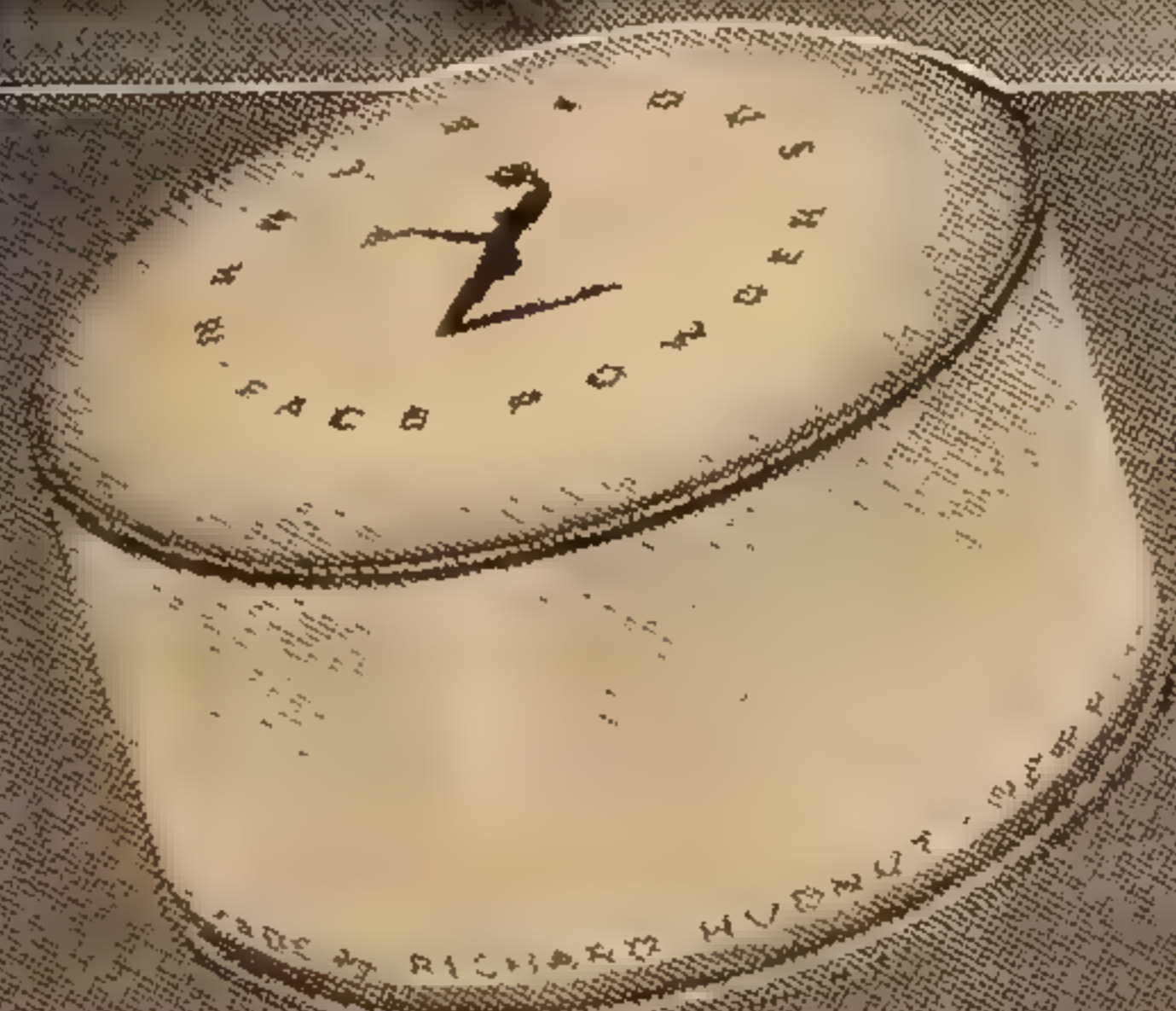
Today women want makeup that is subtle . . . that gives complexions the *natural* beauty of gay, young "collegiennes." And that's what Richard Hudnut has created in Marvelous Face Powder, the powder you choose by the *color of your eyes*!

For eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, and the color of your hair. It is the simplest guide to powder that matches and glorifies your own coloring . . . gives you that delightful, *natural* look that men adore!

So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, it's *easy* now to find the powder that is exactly *right* for you. Just ask for Marvelous Face Powder—the pure, fine-textured powder you choose by the *color of your eyes*!

See how *smoothly* Marvelous Face Powder goes on . . . how it agrees with even the most sensitive skin! And how it lasts—ends powder-puff dabbing for hours and hours! For *complete color harmony*, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

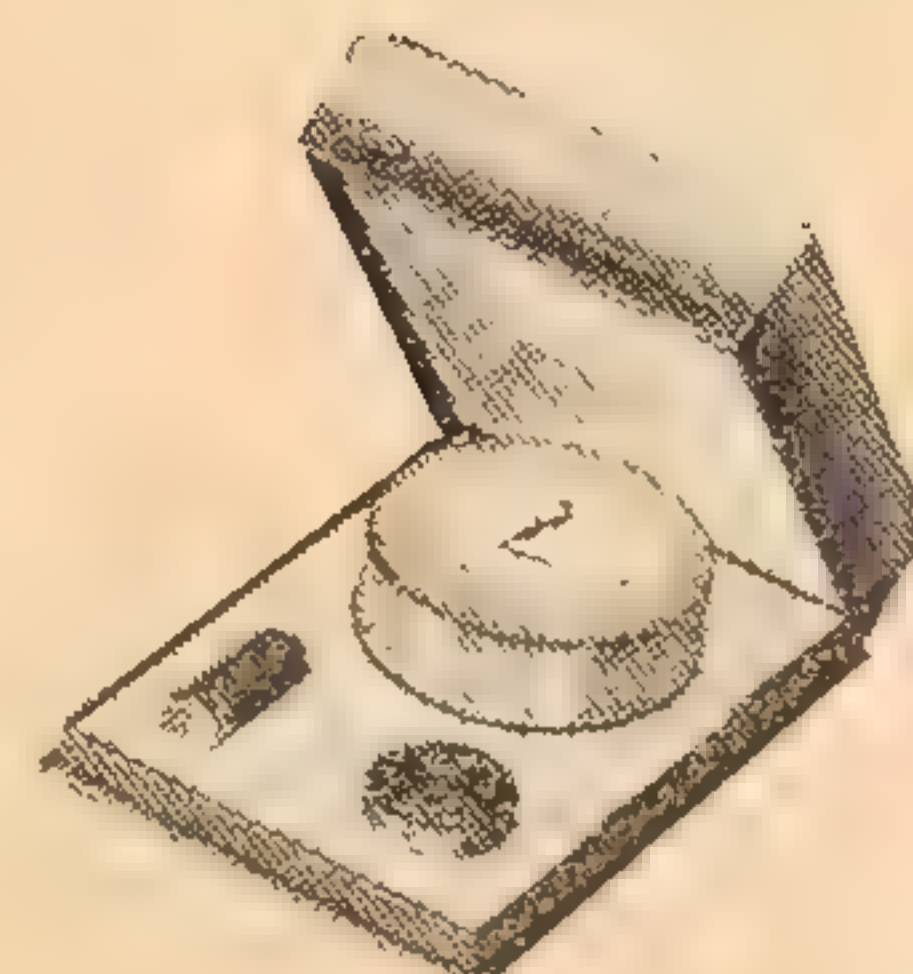
Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick
at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. 65¢ in Canada.



**HUDNUT
MARVELOUS
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AND MATCHED MAKEUP

PERSONAL TRY-OUT KIT!

Generous junior sizes of Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick . . . packaged together in an attractive kit, perfect for home or office.



Specially priced for a limited time only
55¢
At drug and department stores

In Canada, 65¢



**"SURE, I'M HARD!
YOU'VE GOT TO HOCK
YOUR SOUL TO GET
WHAT YOU WANT IN
THIS WORLD!"**

*A snarling, vicious,
killer-breed . . . in the
eyes of the law! A
hurt and embittered
boy . . . to the girl who
loves him! With bite
and dynamite, this
drama blasts the truth
out of his heart!*

**Tyrone
POWER**

*. . . not since "Jesse James"
has he had such a role!*

**Dorothy
LAMOUR**

*. . . revealing more of her
allure than ever before!*

in
**Johnny
Apollo**

**EDWARD ARNOLD • LLOYD NOLAN
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • LIONEL ATWILL**

Directed by Henry Hathaway

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Philip Dunne
and Rowland Brown • Original Story by Samuel G. Engel and Hal Long

*Dorothy Lamour sings: "This is the Beginning of the End" by Mack Gordon
and "Dancing for Nickels and Dimes" by Lionel Newman and Frank Loesser*

**A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production**

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to

Delight Evans

A Star turns the tables on the Editor! Dorothy Lamour sasses us back on the Sarong Question. Right, with her hair down in "Typhoon." Far right, a sample of the authentic Lamour Allure



DEAR DELIGHT:

Just a reminder to you. Don't miss me in my new sarong. Yes, s-a-r-o-n-g. I still wear 'em. Remember you accused me some time ago of exchanging sultriness for snootiness, and my sarong for an evening gown? You got the idea somewhere that I hated sarongs and wouldn't wear them again. Well, just take a look at my little "Typhoon" number, model 1940. It'll make you eat your words. It certainly gave *me* a sun tan.

You know, that Open Letter you wrote me kind of got my goat—chimpanzee to you—and I've been carrying a chip around on that shoulder of mine ever since I read it. You didn't think there was room for even a chip under that sarong, did you? But that's where I fooled you. I've nothing against sarongs, in fact, I'm grateful to 'em. I want you to know I've kept all the sarongs I've ever worn—a whole pile of them now—in a hat box on my top shelf. Go on, laugh. I can't help it if the series of 'em *do* fit in a hat box.

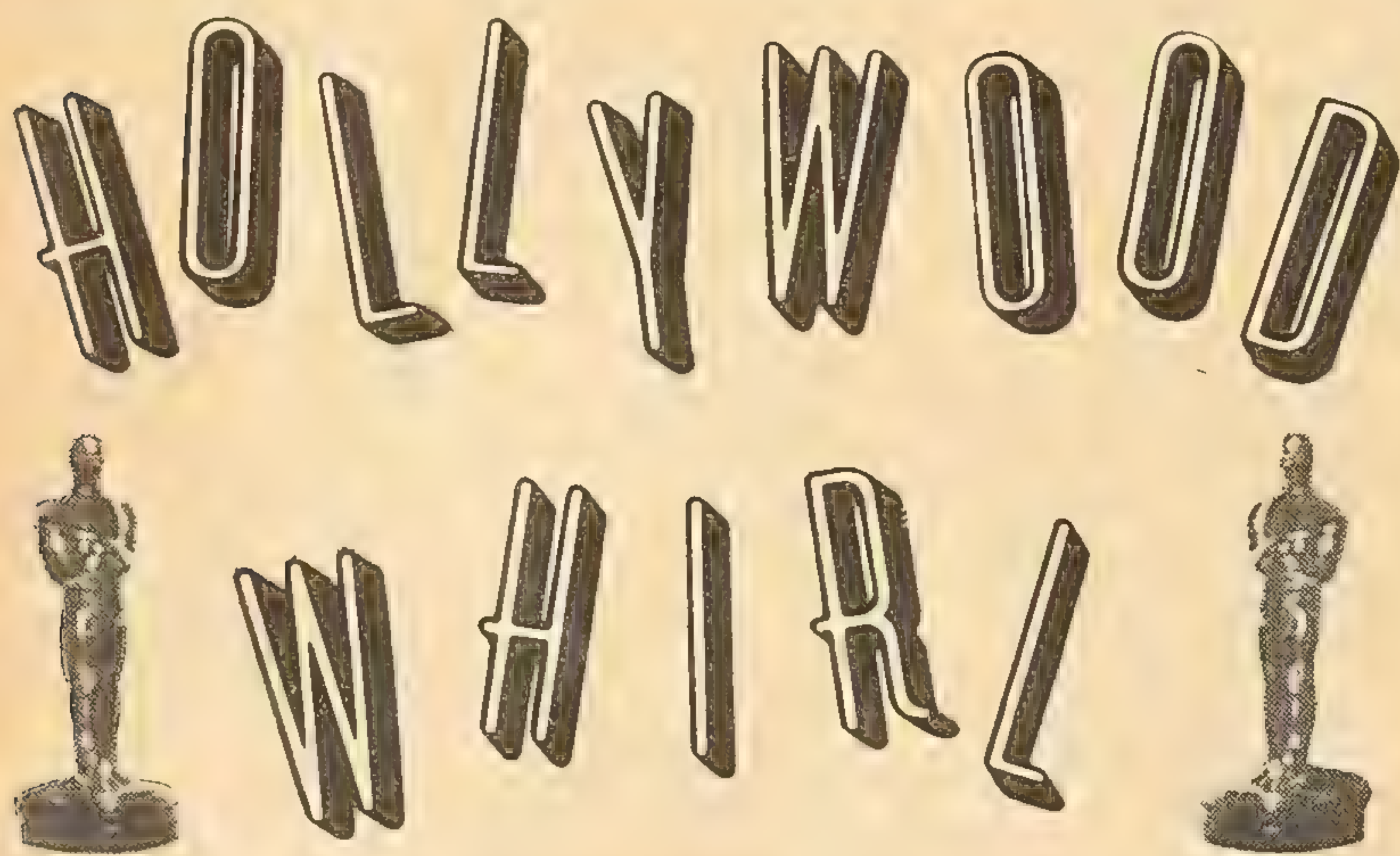
I love the things. Haven't they given me everything I've always wanted? My place in the sun—ouch, that sun tan!—clothes, jewels, all the rest of it? Where would I be without my sarongs? Just remember this, Delight—a few years ago I was running an elevator trying to earn a living. I know what it means to be hungry, to want to wear lovely things I knew I couldn't have. Frankly, I adore beautiful clothes. Don't grudge me that. Once in a while, let me put away my sarong and wear gorgeous clothes on the screen. You'll get to like me that way, honest—and I want you to like me because you know what you're talking about. But anyhow you got your way. Now I only hope you won't want me to cut my hair!

Dorothy Lamour



It was Vivien SCARLETT O'HARA Leigh's great night. Basking in her reflected glory was her fiancé, Laurence Olivier, and Olivia de Havilland, runner-up for best-supporting-actress award which went to Hattie McDaniel, first colored performer ever to win an Oscar. David O. Selznick's "Gone With the Wind" swept all before it, grabbing most of the big awards.

Vivien Leigh, below, listens to praise from Spencer Tracy and Fay Bainter. Lower left, Mickey Rooney congratulates Judy Garland, who won the special juvenile award for 1939.



Presenting pictorially movieland's most important event—the annual Academy Award Dinner, where screen's great and near-great gather to watch the "Oscars" change hands. Belle of the evening: Vivien Leigh



Robert Donat receives his award for best actor of 1939 by proxy, above, as Tracy presents Oscar to Victor Saville, English producer of "Goodbye Mr. Chips." Well, would YOU have voted for Donat, or for James Stewart?

Last year's winning actor, Spencer Tracy, stole this year's show from every star except Miss Leigh when he presented major acting awards. Our staff photographer, Len Weissman, was, as usual, right on hand

Spencer Tracy, suffering from a bad throat, nevertheless attended the dinner to award Oscars for outstanding screen achievement. Above, Tracy makes the presentation to Thomas Mitchell, best "supporting actor" of 1939, for his work in "Stage Coach." Mitchell was as bewildered and embarrassed as he was delighted.

The lad whom many thought deserving of the big acting award for 1939, Jimmy Stewart, is shown at right with Tracy. Stewart's performance in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" was only topped, according to industry award voters, by Robert Donat's in "Goodbye Mr. Chips." Cheer up there, Jimmy—and better luck next year!





In line with her recently announced determination to turn from tragic rôles to light comedy, Bette Davis starts stepping out for practice. Above, dancing with radio executive Tom Lewis. Left, with her protégée, Pam Caveness, singer, at Pam's opening engagement at Victor Hugo café. Below, at studio party with Anatole Litvak, director, and ex-husband of Miriam Hopkins.





The Santa Anita Ball at the Ambassador brought out the picture crowd. Above, the Jimmy Cagneys and the Pat O'Briens in the entrance of the ballroom, which was designed as a horse starting gate. Right, Edgar Bergen engages in a little ribbing at Bing Crosby's expense. Below, at Warner's party: Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, Errol Flynn, Jack Warner, Lovella Parsons.

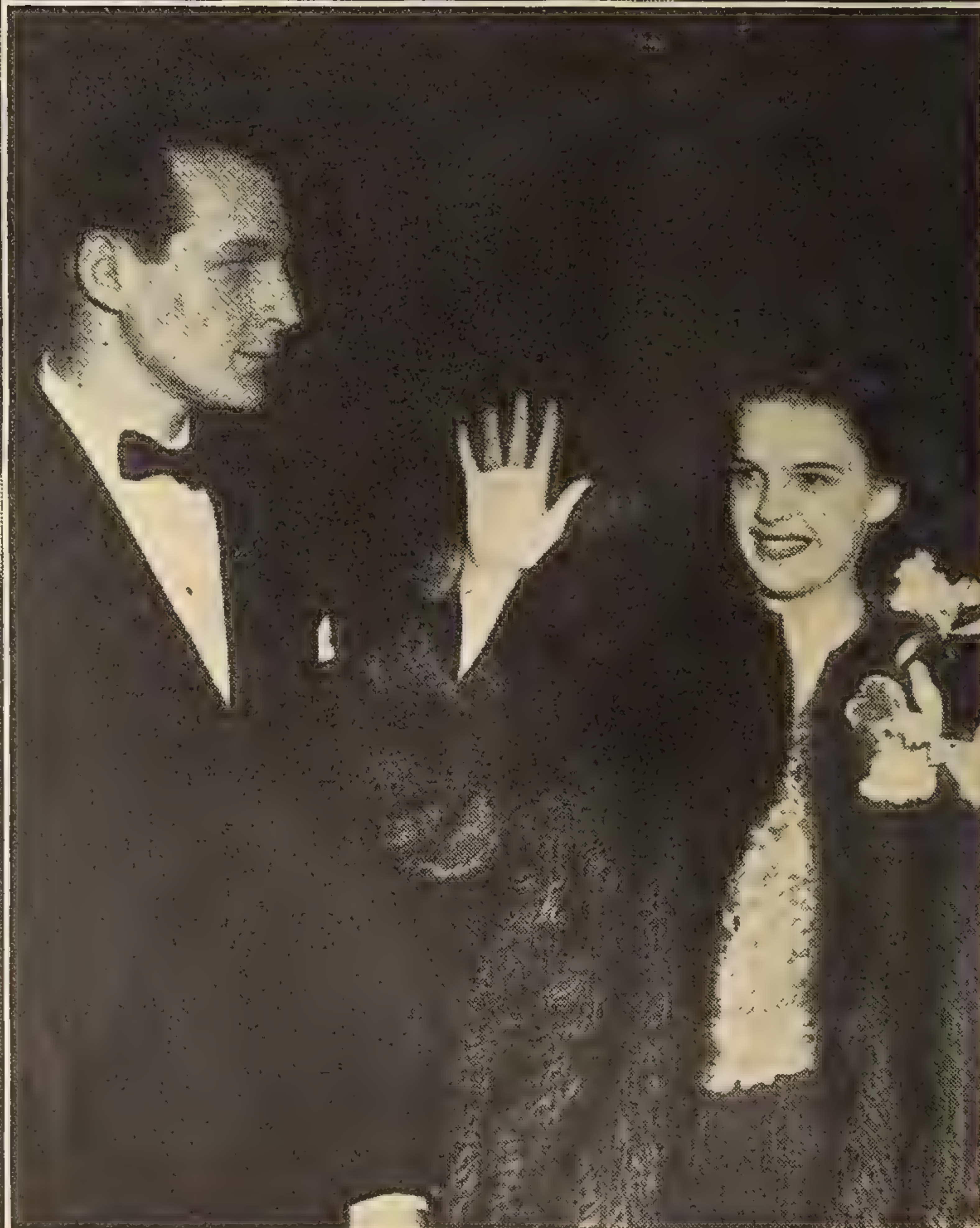




All Hollywood Whirl
photographs by Len
Weissman, exclusive to
SCREENLAND

Right after the news broke that she had filed a divorce suit against Tony Martin, our cameraman caught Alice Faye in a gay mood at Hollywood premiere of "The Grapes of Wrath." Alice is seated next to Mr. and Mrs. Dick Barthelmess. Dick, by the way, is planning a personal appearance tour in an attempt to rebuild his once-great popularity with the film fans.

Newest café craze in fickle filmdom is the Chinese restaurant recently opened by James Wong Howe, one of Hollywood's finest cinematographers. Right, James Garfield and Claude Rains "help" Jimmy Howe dish up. Below, lovely Linda Darnell dancing, as usual, with stars in her eyes and Robert Shaw, at the Cocoanut Grove. Lower right, Judy Garland waves to a fan. Escort is non-pro Homer Sprinkel, easterner, visiting school pal Forrest Tucker in Hollywood.



Merry group at opening of Ching How, Chinese restaurant, get a lesson on how to use chop-sticks from Jimmy Howe, the host. Two interesting twosomes here, one of which you may take seriously: Cary Grant with Bobby Mollineaux, who was his girl-friend before Phyllis Brooks, and Randy Scott with Natalie Draper, ex-wife of actor Tom Brown. Now, do you know which?



Steadiest young couple in Hollywood: Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul. No wedding bells yet, but don't be too surprised when you hear 'em ring. The youngsters are officially engaged. Below, Brenda Joyce at film première with George Montgomery, stalwart newcomer being groomed for Gable rôles by 20th Century-Fox. Don't worry—Brenda's real boy-friend is still Owen Ward. Lower left, the other twosome of Judy's foursome: Helen Parrish, Forrest Tucker.



TORRID



SIZZLING FICTION STORY

of New Warner Bros. Film.
Original Story and Screen
Play by Richard Macaulay
and Jerry Wald. Directed
by William Keighley. A
complete Cast on page 80

AFTER a guy's been banished to the swamps even a hole like Puerto Aguilar doesn't look too bad. Especially when the boat's going to be there only a couple of hours and the next stop is the good old U. S. A. and a swell job's waiting in Chicago. Even the sight of Steve Case leaning carelessly against a pile of fruit cases on the dock couldn't spoil the picture.

"If it isn't old Jocko himself," I says to myself taking a gander at my ex-boss. I like to talk to myself just as I like to talk to any right guy. But if you ask Jocko he wouldn't agree. About me being a right guy, I mean. But that's okay with me since that's how I feel about him too.

Jocko's a nickname I gave him when things were different. That's when I thought he was the kind of man he might have been before he came down here to South America to be General Manager of the Baldwin Fruit Company. When I first took over the job as plantation manager for the outfit I thought we were pals.

That's where I made my mistake. I thought we were good enough pals to tell him his wife was no good. But no, he wouldn't take my word for it and so I had to prove

FICTIONIZED BY
**Elizabeth B.
Petersen**

it to him. Well, what if I was a bit personal about proving it, Jocko ought to have known I was only thinking of him. There I was doing him a favor and he couldn't see it. How could I know he figured it'd be cheaper to stay married to her than be paying her two hundred bucks a month alimony?

Anyway it was the swamps for me until I'd worked out my contract. Jocko saw to that. But now it was over and even Jocko looked good to me knowing I was seeing that mug of his for the last time.

I started to give him the big grin I know he hates when I saw the dame. She was being hustled onto the boat by a couple of guys who looked like musical comedy tenors and take the place of the police down here. I knew then that she'd run afoul of Jocko too for he's the one who decides who stays and who gets out of Puerto Aguilar seeing how the company owns everything down here even Rodriguez, the chief of police.

One look wasn't enough to get my fill of her. She looked like the answer to a boy's prayers. Red hair, the kind that's never said howdy to a bottle of henna, but the real McCoy that's only handed to a babe in her

ZONE

STARRING JAMES CAGNEY
AND ANN SHERIDAN





cradle, and a pair of eyes that you'd never stop looking at if her figure didn't give them such competition. You know the kind, slim, yet cuddly, too, and every curve a danger signal.

One of those musical comedy cops must've been thinking the same things I was the way his hand was sort of easing her along up the gang plank. But he didn't get far. Her temper went with her red hair.

"Listen, Buster Brown," she says, and now there was another kind of menace in her eyes, "stop trying to prove the hand is quicker than the eye."

I stepped forward then. "Stop roughing this dame up,"

I said in the voice that used to keep the boys stepping back at the plantation. "Can't you see she's a lady?"

"Thanks, mister," she smiled, and I'm telling you her smile went with her eyes and her figure. And that figure! I just started to give it another gander when she stopped me short. "I can get along without the x-ray treatment," she snapped.

"I always inspect my fellow travel-



Left: Jocko looked horrified and, pointing at Nick, said, "You in an inside job! Imagine yourself closed in all day. No sun, no air, no freedom. Nick BUTLER choked to death by a white collar." Above: WALLY listens to Nick laughing over the phone. Jocko told him the police were looking for LEE.

ers," said I, never at a loss for the snappy comeback. "My name's Nick Butler. I'll be seeing you on the boat, kid." And I winked as I started toward the gangplank. "It's a long way to New Orleans."

"Yeah. We can have a nice little card game," she said as sweet as could be.

"We can start off that way, anyhow," I said, and I was off the ship before she took the take on what I'd said and glared at me. But there's something about me, I'm modest so I can't tell you what it is, but when I grinned at her she forgot her huff and smiled right back at me.

The minute Jocko came up to me I knew he hadn't come all the way to town just to see the company's bananas got on board.

"Nicky, you're looking swell," said he and gave me a big brotherly pat on the back.

"That's not your fault," I smacked back at him. "You know, sweetheart, I ought to crack you right on the puss for sending me down to that swamp."

"Why, Nick, that's no way to talk," he said, and I could tell from his voice he was after something. "Whatever I did was for the good of the company."

"Don't slip me that vaseline, Jocko," I warned him. "You shipped me down to that cesspool hoping I would kick off."

"Well, I'll admit I was a little sore," he said, "but that's done and past. Come on up to the office and have a drink."

"Of what? Arsenic?" I asked but I went along with him. A drink is a drink in any language. "And how's my successor coming along?" I asked thinking that would stop him, for anyone could tell that dope Anderson Jocko had dragged out of an agricultural college wasn't the kind of he-man you need to run a plantation.

"Oh, he's turned out fine." Jocko sounded so enthusiastic I began to smell the rat right then. "A real, scientific fruit grower."

"Scientific, eh?" I said. "I suppose by now he's growing bananas with zippers on 'em."

"Same old Nick, always gagging," said Jocko with a big hearty prop laugh, the kind he takes out of hiding when he needs it. "What are you going to do back in the States?"

"I'm going with the Coast-to-Coast stores at plenty of dough," I said taking a long sip from the glass Jocko handed me. "Assistant to the general superintendent."

Jocko looked horrified. "You in an inside job!" He shook his head. "Imagine yourself closed in all day. No sun, no air, punching a time clock. No siesta in the after-

noon, no freedom. Nick Butler choked to death by a white collar and a tangle of red tape!"

"You don't know it, but you've just been describing Paradise," I told him. Now I *knew* Anderson hadn't been panning out. "What do you think I've been doing down here the past four years? Taking a rest cure? Out all day in a hundred and twenty degree heat, up to my knees in swamp, mosquitos that look like eagles and snap like alligators, fever, unfriendly natives, and you for a boss! And what was I slaving for? So that some silly yap in Battle Creek, Michigan, could have bananas and cream for breakfast. No sir! From now on I'm on the other side of the fence. I'm going north and be one of the yaps having bananas and cream for breakfast. I'll let some other sap sweat his brains out growing them for me!"

"Look, Nick," Jocko leaned toward me and from the sound of him you'd have thought he had no interest in anything under the sun except just yours truly. "Stop kidding yourself. You're not going to be happy away from here. You need the company and the company needs you. I need you, Nick. Sure I was sore at you, but are we going to let a little thing like my wife come between our friendship?"

So Jocko *was* up to something.

"What's this valentine leading up to?" I asked.

"I'm going to tell you the truth, Nick," he said giving his voice the old 'between you and me' stuff that didn't fool me for a minute. "Anderson hasn't worked out."

"Noooooooooooo!" says I in elaborate surprise.

But it wasn't only Anderson. There was something else bothering him and he got it off his chest in another minute. Now to explain it I got to go back a bit and tell you about Rosario. He's our pet bandit. Every self-respecting community has to have a bandit. And since you got to have one it's more fun to have one like Rosario.

You see he's sort of a nice guy and he has a sense of humor and he certainly enjoys life. The only trouble with Rosario is he's likely to blow your head off if he gets annoyed. He was always getting in the company's hair, shooting things up around here, but they'd finally caught him and put him in the jail. Then this morning when he was supposed to have been taken out and shot he swiped Rodriguez' own gun and made a getaway.

Jocko knew what he was doing telling me that. He knew I had a private score to settle with Rosario ever since the day he held me up and got my ring and my month's pay. But Jocko went further than that. He offered me a thousand buck bonus (*Please turn to page 76*)

Help **KILL** Crazy



"I'M NOT SICK!

**"I'M NOT RETIR-
ING FROM THE
SCREEN!**

**"STOP WORRY-
ING ABOUT ME!"**

Carole Lombard

THE last time it happened I was fit to be tied and I swore it would never happen again. It was several years ago, before Carole Lombard became Mrs. Clark Gable and moved out to a Valley ranch practically isolated by mud, manure, and a toll telephone. In those days she still played tennis with wild racquet swingers. She won't play with us today. She says we stink. We say we can remember when she had lead in her pants, too. But she really never did. Not that long-legged bolt of lightning.

One morning I read in a newspaper column that Carole Lombard was dreadfully ill, that a breakdown was impending, and that the doctor had ordered her to stay in bed for at least two weeks. Well, I knew that the Round Robins (that was the name of our tennis club, silly, wasn't it?) wouldn't hold their tournament that Saturday with Madame President in bed, so I went out of town for the week-end, but before leaving I sent poor sick Carole who might die two dozen roses. Now I am not the type to send flowers, not even to a favorite corpse, so you can see how really upset I was over her illness. They were *deluxe* roses too. I spread myself. Poor dear Carole, I said, so fragile, so lovely, not long for this world.

Well, came Monday morning, and came me back from a dreary week-end, only to read in the social-goings-on that Carole Lombard had won in the women's tournament, and had been so pleased with herself that she had thrown a dinner party at the Clover Club, and danced with everyone in sight. I was livid. I remembered the price of those roses, not yet paid for. I called Miss Lombard on the phone—and I didn't call her so fragile and so lovely. I told her she had gotten flowers out of me under false pretenses. An hour later there appeared at my door by special messenger two dozen roses in the last stages of decay—and there is really nothing so



depressing as a rose that has seen better days. The note accompanying them, written in the Lombard green ink, smelled too. Well, that taught me a lesson. Or so I thought.

But days passed, weeks passed, and ditto months and years. Which brings us up to a few weeks ago when suddenly one night I heard over the radio that Carole Lombard, or rather Mrs. Clark Gable, was in wretched health, that she was bordering on a nervous breakdown, and that the doctors had ordered her to retire from the screen for at least a year. It sounded even worse than that. It sounded like Carole was completely shot, and might drop off any minute. Goodness, was I scared! I couldn't live without my laughs from Lombard. I knew that she had looked pale the last time I had seen her but she was playing a nurse in "Vigil in the Night" and I thought she was only in character. I called her immediately to console with her, but learned from her

Rumors about Me!

Says
CAROLE LOMBARD
(MRS. CLARK GABLE)

By
**Elizabeth
Wilson**

We've had enough of those silly rumors and so has she! So Carole tells us the truth about her health, her work, her plans for the future. Below, with husband Clark Gable on a duck-shooting vacation in Mexico. This, and our other lively pictures, are positive proof that there is absolutely nothing wrong with Carole Lombard.

International

secretary that she was out of town, but would be back Friday. Nerves, I said, probably her nerves are shattered, poor dear, and Clark has had to take her to some quiet place to rest. I was out at the Gable Ranch early Friday morning all prepared to hold a wan hand, stroke a fevered brow, maybe even say, while bravely choking back the sobs, Carole, old girl, you look wonderful.

Her nerves were shattered, like hell! With fifty million dogs barking and chickens cackling as I got out of my car it was *I* who had shattered nerves. If only the Gables would teach their dogs to differentiate between guests and burglars. I, evidently, looked like a hatchet woman.

Carole, all wrapped up in a white robe, was seated at her dressing table while the ever faithful Loretta fussed with her hair. She did look a bit peaked. Poor child. My heart simply overflowed with sympathy and I fought to keep the tears out of my eyes.

"Did you have a good rest, darling?" I asked softly and solicitously.

"Rest?" screamed Carole. "Are you crazy? Did you ever shoot quail? Do you know how fast they can dart over mountains? And with me right after them with eight pounds of gun and three pounds of shells over my shoulder? Rest? I'll have you know I walked ten miles a day, every day. Look at the blisters on my heels."

"But, darling," I said, so quietly and patiently, the way one speaks to a petulant invalid, "do you think you ought to do that? So much exercise isn't good for your health, you know."

"What's wrong with you?" Carole demanded indignantly. "You can talk louder than that. There's no one sleeping around here. Unless it's Loretta." (Loretta gave her dome a none too gentle whack with the hair brush). "And what, may I ask, is all this hooey about my health? When we got in from Mexico this morning I found a whole stack of letters from fans saying they were so worried about me. Several of them suggested specialists I should see, and different medicines which they (*Please turn to page 91*)



Noted Hollywood astrologer Norvell offers the key to a solution of your romantic and other personal problems as revealed by your birth date

YOUR *Star Guide* to



ROMANTIC happiness is the most important thing in the world to those born between April 21 and May 20, in the earth Sign of Taurus. Born as the ancient weariness of winter departs, these children of Taurus reflect in their personalities the perennial miracle of awakening life. Spring's hope, joyousness and, above all, its sweetness and sanity, these are the heritage of persons born in this fortunate sign. Added is the fact that the beautiful planet Venus dominates the heavens during April and May, bringing the thrill of newly awakened romance into the lives of those born in these two months.

If Taurus happens to be your own birth sign, compare your life and character with the movie stars of this sign, and see what experiences you have in common with some of your screen favorites. First of all, it will be found that many stars were born in this sign and that they number among them some of the most beautiful women and most handsome men of the screen.

In considering the movie stars born in this sign, let us begin with Shirley Temple. No matter to what position in boxoffice polls she may go, there is no doubt she will be for a long time first in the hearts of movie fans. As I heard an old lady say at the preview of "The Blue Bird," "Why shouldn't we fans love Shirley? We raised her!"

I will not waste any time describing Shirley's characteristics, because they must be as familiar to you as those of your own little pride and joy, but I will say this about Shirley's future: Her chart shows that she will never suffer the sad oblivion of the has-been, because she will always be important in whatever field she chooses to enter. Although producers seem, at present, satisfied to employ her charm rather than her full histrionic talent, her gifts are great, and we will observe a new Miss Temple very soon. Shirley will continue her career on the screen indefinitely. She will marry by the time she is twenty-one—for love, of course. It will be a very successful marriage, for her chart shows unbroken happiness.

Another Taurian after your own heart is Tyrone Power. Although Ty is visually a glamor boy of the first order, if you will observe his life carefully you will see there is no nonsense about him. The down-to-earth quality of the Taurus-born dominates his every act. Take his marriage, for example. Ty could probably have won any heart-whole female in America. He



ROMANCE



by

NORVELL



Opposite page, Gary Cooper and Norvell look over Gary's horoscope; lower picture, Norvell studies Maureen O'Sullivan's life lines. Above, Sigrid Gurie, for whom the stars show a lasting marriage and success in her career now that she is being given a real opportunity to reveal her talents; above left, Bing Crosby, the shining example of the astrological truth of the statement that those born in the Sign of Taurus are big money-makers.

chose a girl notable for her good sense, of a race famous for its perfect wines and practicality. A true Taurian, Ty immediately built a home which is, in its perfection, an all-time high for Hollywood domesticity. He accepted Annabella's daughter for his own and now seems as settled a citizen as we have in these parts.

The only unfortunate thing about this set-up, astrologically, is that Annabella's sign is not compatible to Tyrone's. I have predicted that such a marriage cannot last, but we must take into consideration the fact that Tyrone Power has the great stubbornness and sense of duty given to him by Taurus which might make it possible for this couple to over- *(Please turn to page 96)*

SEND FOR YOUR FREE HOROSCOPE!

If there are problems in your life that baffle you, do as the screen stars of Hollywood do—consult Norvell, the noted astrologer, and let him send you your horoscope for 1940. You may be amazed at the things astrology can reveal about you, your personality, character, and temperament. Send for your own and your sweetheart's or husband's horoscopes. Merely clip another coupon and send to NORVELL, Box 989, Dept. J, Hollywood, Calif. Be sure to include self-addressed, stamped envelope.

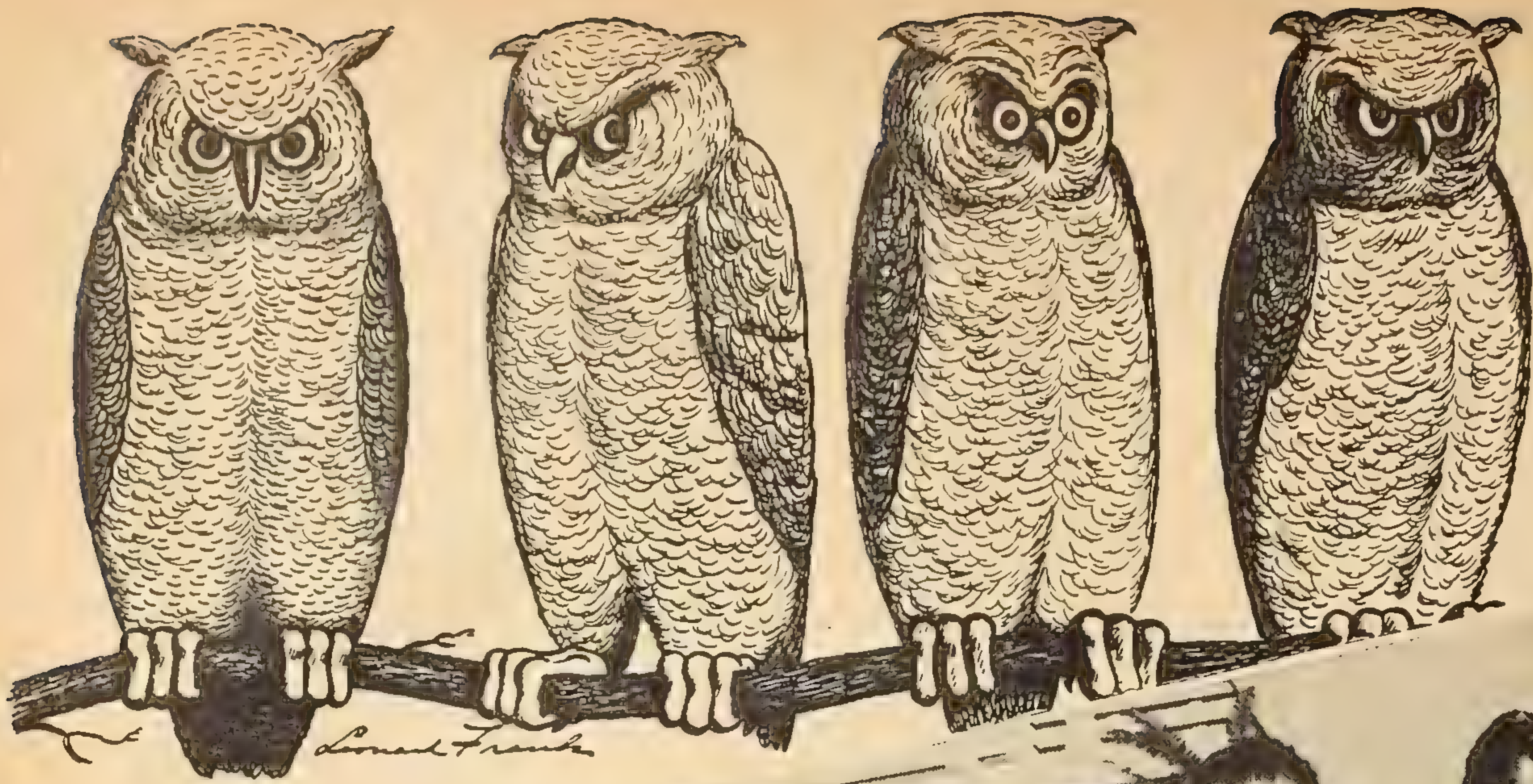
Please send me NORVELL'S 1940 Horoscope. I enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

MY NAME IS.....

MY ADDRESS IS.....

CITY

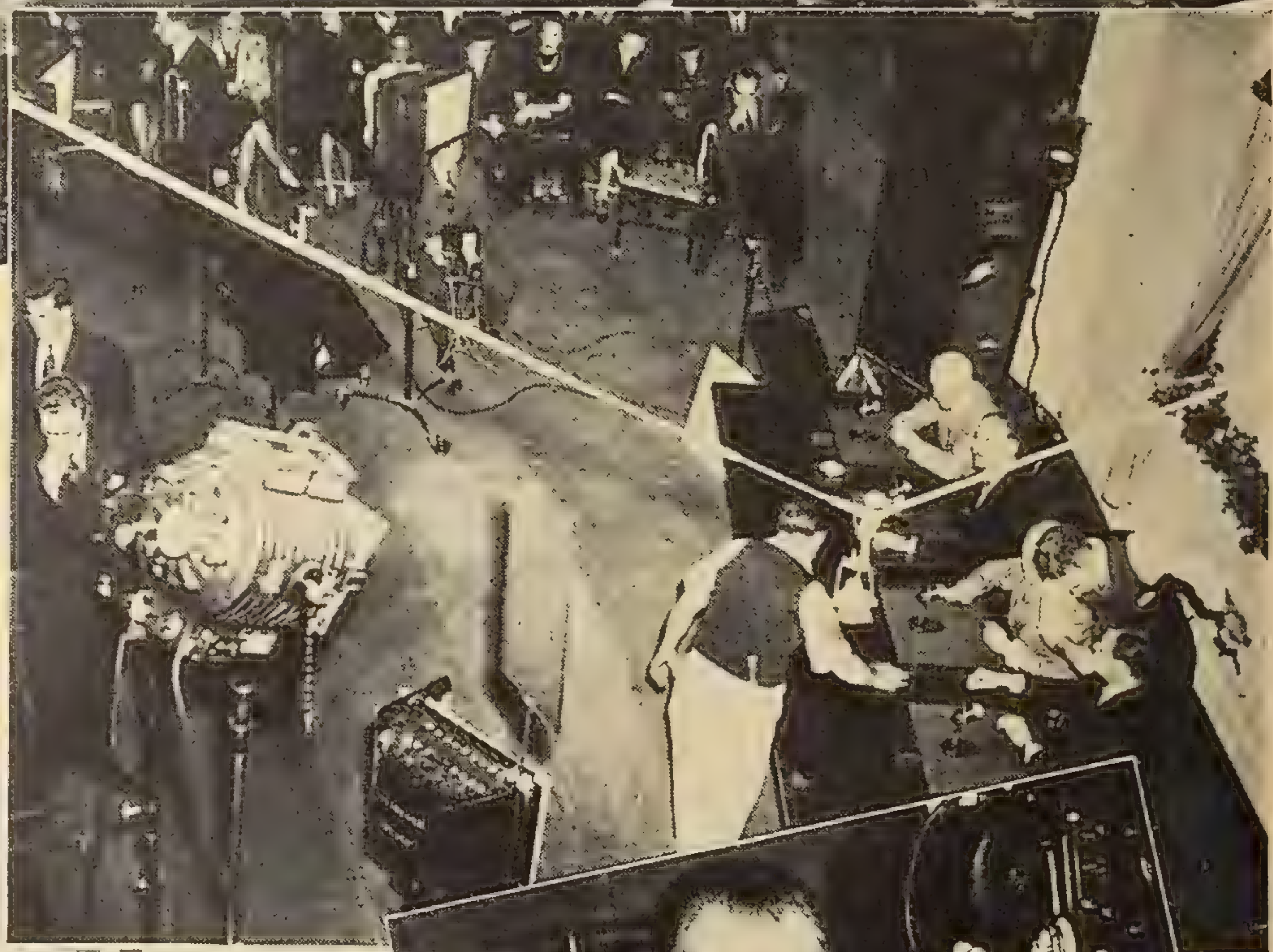
MY BIRTHDATE IS.....



Step right up and meet the mighty men of wit and knowledge who make "Information Please" one of your favorite shows of radio and the screen



You've heard them on the air, and looked at and listened to 'em on the screen—now *meet* the stars of "Information Please." Left to right above: John Kieran, Franklin P. Adams, guest Christopher Morley, Oscar Levant. Lower right, Clifton Fadiman. Right, making an "Information Please" movie in a New York studio. Below, trying to stump the experts, Kieran and F. P. A. with a "visual question." But they know all the answers.



THE calendar says Tuesday. The clock says eight thirty in New York, dropping across the continent to five thirty in California. The rooster crows! Milton Cross says: "Wake up, America! Time to stump the experts." And a large section of our literate population settles back, smacking anticipatory lips.

You can see them in the movies now too—Fadiman, Kieran, Adams and Levant, the felicitous four. You can go to your favorite theater and fit the voices you've known, lo, these many months, to their respective faces. In recognition of their boxoffice pull, INFORMATION PLEASE twinkles in lights above the marquee, big as Garbo and at least as alluring. The Pathé rooster who copped them crows with his brother of Canada Dry, as the distribution figures soar to a height that threatens to leave all but Disney behind.

In one respect, *Information, Please* is direct heir to *Amos 'n' Andy*. Not since that program rode its crest, has a radio interval been held sacrosanct by so many. Unless you value friendship lightly, don't phone anyone in New York between eight thirty and nine of a Tuesday evening. Don't even phone the fire department, unless the flames are licking your toes.

In an NBC studio in Radio City, the fun starts fifteen minutes ahead of time. The auditorium is filled. No standees allowed, or they'd be hanging from the fixtures. "How do I get to a broadcast?" citizens wail. Write to Canada Dry, citizens. Your name goes on a list, and maybe will be reached some fine day in '45.

A banner stretches across the platform, announcing that Canada Dry presents *Information, Please*. Ads of a certain beverage ogle you from either corner, lest you forget. Upstage left is the piano—right, the rooster machine and cash register. Milton Cross's mike stands full center. Downstage right, two somewhat battered tables have been pushed together in a line at right angles to the audience. Here the experts sit. A small table mike does for two, but each has his own private lily cup of water. Downstage left, Mr. Fadiman faces them. His table is nothing to brag about either, but his dignity as



teacher is delicately underscored. Instead of a lily cup, he gets a handsome chromium water bottle and a glass.

A representative of the astute advertising agency that sold the program to Canada Dry, introduces Mr. Fadiman to the audience with endearing brevity. Fadiman is a roundfaced young man, with a smile that suggests diffidence. If there's anything in the suggestion, he keeps it nobly concealed for the most part. He does admit a reluctance to being photographed, on the plea that he has never been able to assume for the camera any expression beyond one of simple dumbness. He welcomes the audience. He tells them to their obvious glee that there will be a fifteen-minute preliminary bout to warm up the experts. He asks them to observe (*Please turn to page 82*)

By
Ida
Zeitlin

TIME TO
MEET THE
EXPERTS!





The O'Brien family, complete: Pat, his mother, son Sean, daughter Mavourneen, his wife Eloise, and his aunt. Left, Pat in front of his new Brentwood home; a view of the library, and Mavourneen with her doll cupboard. Complete descriptions of the home are included in our story.

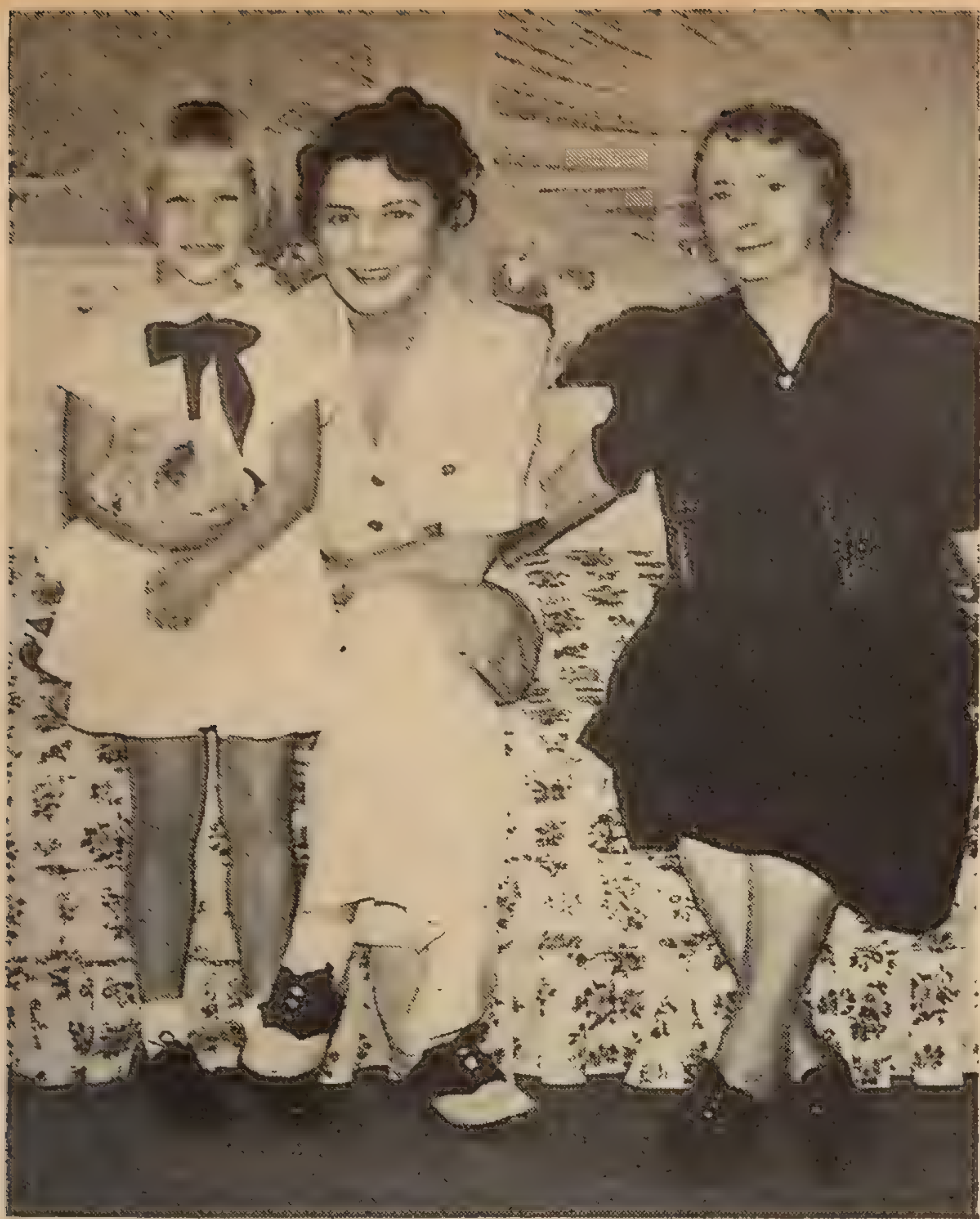
Pat O'Brien's

First story and exclusive pictures of Hollywood's handsomest new home—a dream-come-true for a lovable Irishman and his devoted wife

LAST Summer one week-end Eloise (Mrs. Pat) O'Brien was entertaining a crowd of us at their Del Mar beach home when Pat returned from the studio. He was pretty disgruntled and Eloise (after greeting him as though he had been away for six months instead of just for the day) inquired solicitously as to the cause of his discomfiture.

"If only," Pat grumbled, "just *one* person would say, 'I saw your new home and it's beautiful' I'd be satisfied. But everyone comes up and says 'I saw that new hotel you're building' or 'I saw your sanitarium' or 'I saw your new winter resort.' It's disheartening, that's what it is."

Probably no two people in the history of Hollywood have taken the kidding about a new home that Pat and Eloise took while building theirs. Well, the new home is finally finished, they've moved in, and once again the truth of that old adage "He who laughs last giggles longest" is proven, for the ribbers have had to eat their words. It would be hard to imagine a more beautiful place. It is a large place—but not as large as it looks, and it is one of the finest examples of the Mt. Vernon type of architecture imaginable.



The windows of Pat's library look out on the swimming pool, right above. The playroom, where Pat entertains his cronies of the film colony including Jimmy Cagney, has the largest private bar in Hollywood. Bronze plaques on either side of fireplace, below, are imprints of Sean's baby hands.



HOME LIFE

By S. R. Mook

*Exclusive photographs of the Pat O'Brien home
by Scotty Welbourne. More pictures on Page 72*

Coming into the house there is a large reception hall with a pure Georgian staircase rising by easy steps to the second floor. The banjo clock is an antique and the chandelier, one of the most beautiful in the house, was designed by Pat and Eloise. The living room, opening off the hall, runs the entire depth of the house, looking out on the lawn in front and the swimming pool in back. This, the dining room, and the master bedroom are the only really formal rooms in the house.

The twin lamps on either side of the living room fireplace are Dresden. They were bought at an auction sale years ago and were salvaged from their old house. The painting over the mantel is "The Lakes of Killarney" and the coloring in it is exquisite. "It typifies the things we love," Pat says. The lamp on the table behind the divan is of blue Bristol glass. The draperies are white serge with a floral print. All through the downstairs casement cloth has been utilized instead of blinds. Over this hang the glass curtains, made of hand-embroidered lawn.

The carpet is from Scotland and delivery was held up because of the war. "When the carpet was ready for delivery," Eloise told me, "the (Please turn to page 72)



The *Boy* who Looks like Shirley

Have you a wonder-boy in your home? Read how 6-year-old Johnny Russell won fame as Shirley Temple's little brother in "The Blue Bird"

Johnny looks enough like Shirley to be her real brother. Compare close-up of Johnny with Shirley at his age, right below.



By Dora Albert



IT WAS Louella Parsons, nationally-known newspaper columnist, who noticed it first. Long before Johnny Russell, the 6-year-old wonder boy, was cast as Shirley Temple's brother in "The Blue Bird," she saw him working on the set of another picture—I think it was "Always Goodbye"—and wrote, "He is such a sweet baby, sharp as a tack and looks enough like Shirley Temple to be her little brother."

Someone at Twentieth Century-Fox must have noticed it afterwards, for when a boy was needed to play the rôle of Shirley's brother, Johnny was the only child even considered for the part. Now everyone is talking about Johnny—and about his amazing resemblance to Shirley. That story is plain for everyone to see. But the story that hasn't been told is the story of the place Shirley has in Johnny's heart and life. That is a story which should be told as softly and gently as the muted playing of a violin, for it is a story of a woman who longed for a son for six long years, and prayed for one—and of how he finally came like an answer to prayer, just when she had given up hope. It is also the story of a lonely boy who never knew what it was to have a sister—and of how Shirley Temple has taken the place in his life of the sister he never had.

But first I want you to meet Johnny Russell, whose real name is Johnny Russell Countryman. Meeting him is like meeting a character out of a Milne book. He has light brown hair, blue eyes, and the most sensitive imagination I have ever seen in a child. He is deeply emotional and very sentimental. If Shirley had a 6-year-old brother, he would be exactly like Johnny. For Johnny doesn't merely look like Shirley. In everything he does and says, he keeps on reminding you of what Shirley was like at six, except, of course, for his natural boyishness.

Life, to him, is a vast game of make-believe, but he is sensible enough to know all the time that it is make-believe. That doesn't make it less important, however. Occasionally he bursts into tears when adults fail to understand. "They think that because something is done by a child, it isn't important," he'll say, his voice breaking.

There was, for instance, the incident of the French fleet. As I understand it (and I was there when it (*Please turn to page 85*))



Waiting
for MICKEY!

Imagine a sweet girl like Judy Garland being stood up! She's been beau-less because her movie team-mate Mickey Rooney's been too busy in "Young Tom Edison" to join her in another co-starring picture. But now—watch for them in new *Andy Hardy* film and in "Strike Up the Band."

Fair — and



After inspecting this picture can you doubt that Jane Gilbert, hitherto known as "Margaret Lindsay's sister" or "the girl who married Hedda Hopper's son," deserves recognition on her own?

Collier

Her first picture after her marriage to the scion of the wealthy Howard family of California, "Earth-bound" presents Andrea Leeds in one of the gently spiritual rôles she plays so well





BIG TOWN

girl

Ona Munson,
whether as Edward
G. Robinson's radio
leading lady, or as
the picturesque Belle
Watling in "Gone
with the Wind,"
combines sophistica-
tion with real appeal



BIG TIME *Man*

Spencer Tracy, handicapped by an inferior story in "I Take This Woman," nevertheless created a character. Now in "Northwest Passage" he has a rôle worthy of his terrific talents

Action GIRL of Hollywood



No languid screen queen is Ginger Rogers. She believes in the athletic life and, between pictures, spends every minute soaking up sunshine at her beautiful California home, which occupies hilltop acres overlooking Hollywood. Right, in the nautical environment of her flagstone patio near the pool.

*Photographs by John Miehle, RKO
Exclusive to SCREENLAND*

How Ginger Rogers retains her golden tan all-year-'round with strenuous outdoor days at her hilltop estate

Part of the daily ritual at Ginger's house, left: she "screens" the pool to remove the leaves that blow in from surrounding trees. She says it's like rowing a boat, but not getting any place. Below, the Ginger Rogers special serve—she's Hollywood's best woman tennis player. Lower left: in her studio which is part of the dressing rooms beside the swimming pool, Ginger works on a clay bust of her mother, Lela Rogers. Ginger is a gifted artist and, after finishing "The Primrose Path," put in several hours a day at her hobby.



"MOTHER" KAY



Yes, Kay Francis plays the mother of an 18-year-old girl—Deanna Durbin—in "It's A Date." Hollywood, aghast at her "daring," forgets that Miss Francis played Jane Bryan's mother in "Confession," back in 1937.

"DAUGHTER" DEANNA



The adorable Durbin plays her most grown-up rôle so far in her new picture, "It's A Date," with Kay Francis as her mother, Walter Pidgeon as the family friend, and young Lewis Howard as the boy of Deanna's heart.

WELCOME
BACK,
WARNER
BAXTER!

You have been away too long! We haven't forgotten and will give you a big hand in your new film, "Earthbound." But you'd better not stay away so long again.



KEEP
CLICKING,
BRENDA
JOYCE!

Don't let your sudden success go to your pretty head, will you? "Maryland," your next, will be the real test of your ability. Give it all you've got, gall



Carole Landis, far left, in her Summer, 1940, sun-and-swim suit; and Carole again, below, in the costume she wears in the new film spectacle, "1,000,000 B. C." Both suits show a lot of Carole Landis, which is—and was, even back in prehistoric times—the big idea. Close-up at left shows John Hubbard, movie cave-man *deluxe*.



1,000,000 B.C.

or

1940 A.D.?

The home-wrecker is not, contrary to popular report, a product of the 20th century, but just an old, established custom. In "1,000,000 B.C." Jacqueline Dalya, below, runs rampant from cave to cave as a primitive siren. Far right, Jacqueline, 1940 version. Right, the male menace—Victor Mature, Hollywood's latest Gable-threat.



And here we'd been thinking the abbreviated sun-suit was a 20th century invention! Seems that prehistoric woman had pretty good ideas of her own, if you can believe Carole Landis and Jacqueline Dalya, femme lures in novel new picture

THREE SMART STEPPERS

Provocative trio of Lana Turner, George Murphy, and Joan Blondell try to turn "just another musical" into a really novel show. If "Two Girls on Broadway" doesn't please you it isn't the fault of these three swell performers.





**ROSASHARN
STEPS OUT, TOO!**

As the "Okie" gal in "The Grapes of Wrath" Dorris Bowdon was "under wraps" in a shabby and pathetic part. Glance above at the real Dorris—all set for chic rôles.

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SPECTATOR
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LAUREL \$5

America's Smartest Walking Shoes



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
From "Florian"

**By
Kay
Proctor**

Brent's love scenes with Merle Oberon in "Till We Meet Again" prove that he is no longer so aloof and reserved.



BRENT Unbends!

To catch George off-guard was as unlikely as spotting Garbo on Hollywood Blvd. in cellophane shorts. But now—

A MINOR miracle has happened in Hollywood. George Brent, for years the original "Grrr-oomph" boy of the village, darned near has turned into Gregory the Glad Man!

What brought him out of his shell of aloof and chilly reserve? The simple truth is that George at last faced certain inalienable facts and compromised with life and himself. It was inevitable, he said, that he do so sooner or later. "I finally realized I had to make that compromise if there was to be any living with myself in peace," he told me.

The time was, and not so long ago either, when most of us who recount the facts and fables of Hollywood always donned our ear muffs and long flannels when we set out to interview George. Not that he ever was rude or even discourteous. Far from it! He was, if anything, meticulously polite. Nevertheless, we usually found ourselves stumped, perhaps by his diabolically clever way of evading or turning our personal questions (and impersonal ones, too), or the subconscious way he made us feel

guilty of trespassing on his strictly private domain. Somehow we never quite could get through to the man behind the tall wall of reserve; somehow he was adamant about letting us see him for the interesting and likeable man he is. And so we usually ended up with a good case of the shakes, blowing on our finger tips to warm them into comfort, and making a bee-line for someone like Bette Davis in whose open friendliness we could thaw out and relax. George, when we looked back, would have a puzzled look in his eyes.

The time was when he was called high-hat and anti-social. To see him dining, dancing, and having a good time in public with other celebrities, or even attending "must" affairs like swank premières or benefits, was as unlikely as spotting Garbo hopping down Hollywood boulevard in cellophane shorts. The time was, too, when even his studio, Warner Brothers, could find neither hide nor hair of him once the last shot of a picture safely was in the can. He would vanish as completely and instantaneously as a puff of smoke (*Please turn to page 74*)



NORTHWEST PASSAGE—M-G-M



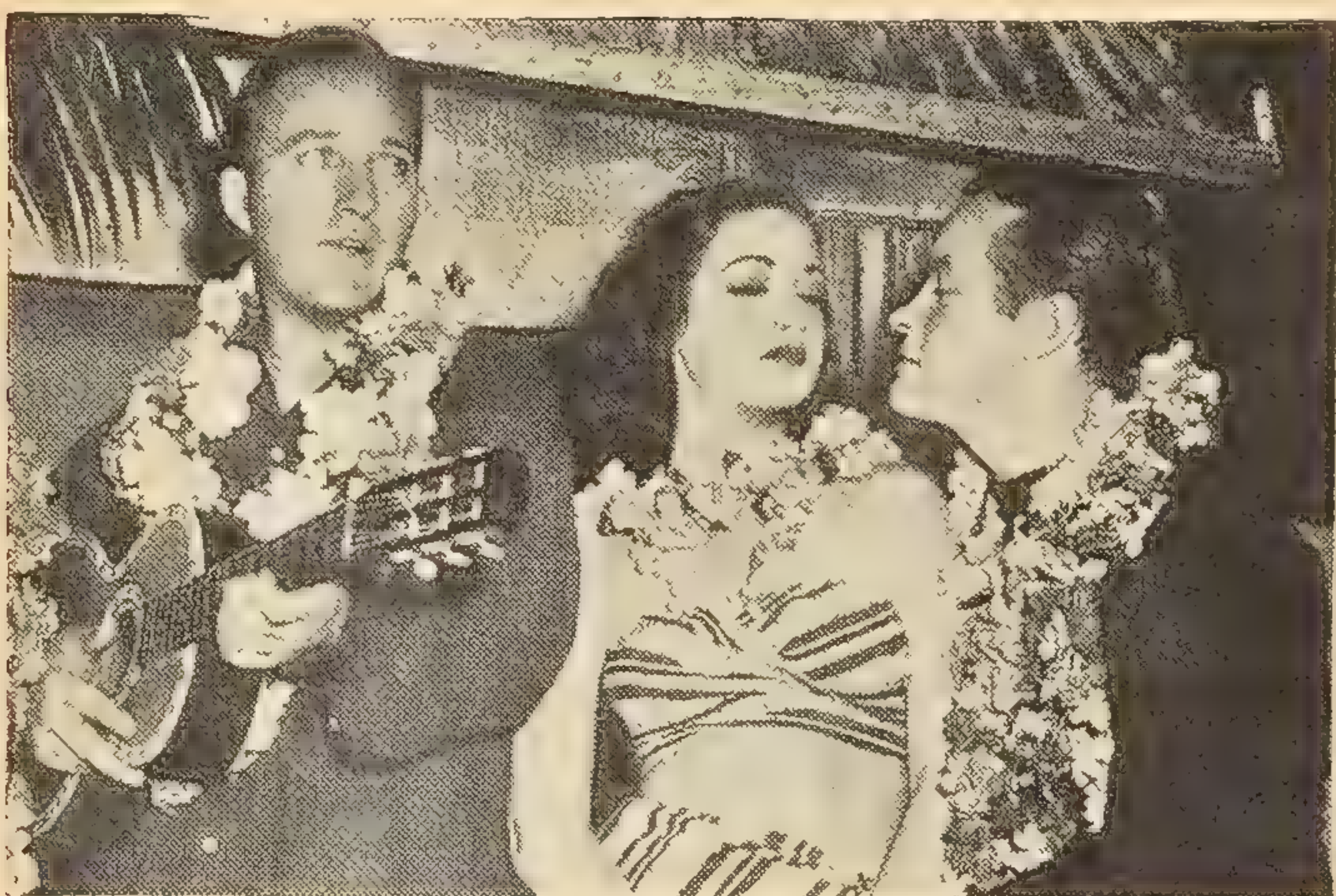
Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



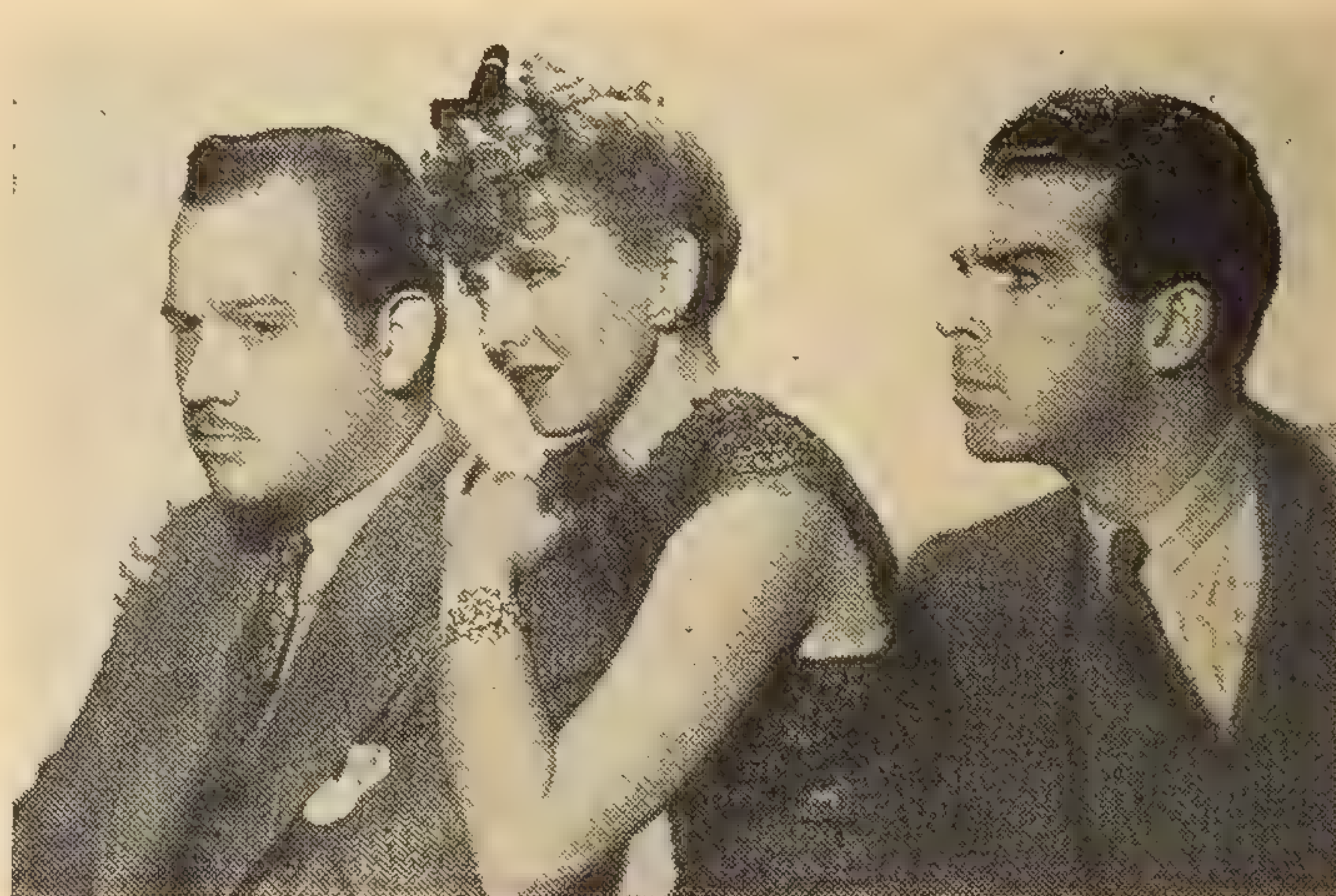
YOU may hear that this is "a man's picture." Well, it's raw meat, all right. It drips with gore. Some of the franker scenes may make you swallow fast and hard. But it is NOT only a man's picture. It is very much of a woman's picture, too. And all because of Spencer Tracy. Here, he out-Gables Clark himself for red-blooded realism and virility. Tracy, for years acknowledged a great actor, is now in danger of becoming a matinee idol as well. For all that "Northwest Passage" concentrates on masculine adventure in the early American wilderness, with Indian rather than boudoir battles the chief excitement, and scarcely an ounce of feminine interest, women are going to eat it up, because of Spencer Tracy: The way his strength and courage keep up the spirits of Rogers' Rangers, the tough band of Indian fighters who follow him through thick and thin, hell and high water. The way his humor seldom deserts him, as for instance when he aims a well-directed kick at a blonde squaw. The way, in the final tremendously touching scene, his indomitable spirit rises above his pitiful defeated hopes and the soldier, once more, triumphs over the all-too-human man. It's grand, rousing stuff—and only an extremely anemic audience will be able to withstand it without bursting into cheers at the end. Robert Young and all the cast, fine.



THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE—Paramount



A FIELD-DAY of fun—and not only for the stars, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and Dorothy Lamour—but for the audience and even the ushers. It's crazy and it's care-free; it's exactly the sort of picture we have all been wanting. (Well, then, all but a stray sourpuss or two; and *they* can revel in the dreary dramas of the month while we enjoy ourselves). Dorothy Lamour told me she had the time of her life working in this film, and I believe her. That zany spirit permeates the whole wacky show, with Crosby and Hope, far from trying to steal each other's scenes, positively putting on an *Alphonse-Gaston* act of politely handing each other the best laughs. Sometimes it's Hope's picture, as in the scenes aboard the yacht when Bob sings and dances; then it's Crosby's, as when the Crooner dons a South Sea mother-hubard and does a hula—what other top star would make himself deliberately ridiculous for us to howl at?; and sometimes—briefly—it is Lamour's, when she has a chance to sing one of her characteristically throaty serenades. As the ship tycoon's son with the wanderlust, who lands in the tropics with side-kick Hope, Crosby is at his lovable, casual best, and Bob's comedy never misses. Heap big love feast with lush hula-hula maidens pursuing Bing and Bob is the funniest sequence of the season. The tunes are good, especially *Sweet Potato Piper*.



TOO MANY HUSBANDS—Columbia



OH, HOW the ladies are going to love *this* one! If this picture doesn't upset the complacent peace of more than one American household, bringing the husband home from the office earlier than usual and sending the little woman into jitters of smug joy, then it won't be the fault of those audacious trouble-makers, director Wesley Ruggles, his scripter Claude Binyon, and his three stars Jean Arthur, Melvyn Douglas, and Fred MacMurray. They are all engaged in putting a little more piquancy into the blessed state of matrimony, and doing it so disarmingly and charmingly that not even the Will Hays office can object, let alone us. Just one suggestion: husband and wives should see this picture *together*; if they attend separately no telling what may happen. "Too Many Husbands" is a brand-new twist on the old triangle with cute Jean Arthur pictured in one heck of a dilemma when her first husband, Fred MacMurray, supposedly dead, turns up after she has been married a year to his best friend and business partner, Melvyn Douglas. From then on it's every man for himself, with Jean in the middle. It's all very chic and clever, and the real fun is for the femmes in the audience to try to make up Jean's mind for her. Imagine having to choose between Melvyn and MacMurray! As it happens, she doesn't—but I won't give it away; you'll have to see and enjoy it yourself.



STRANGE CARGO—M-G-M



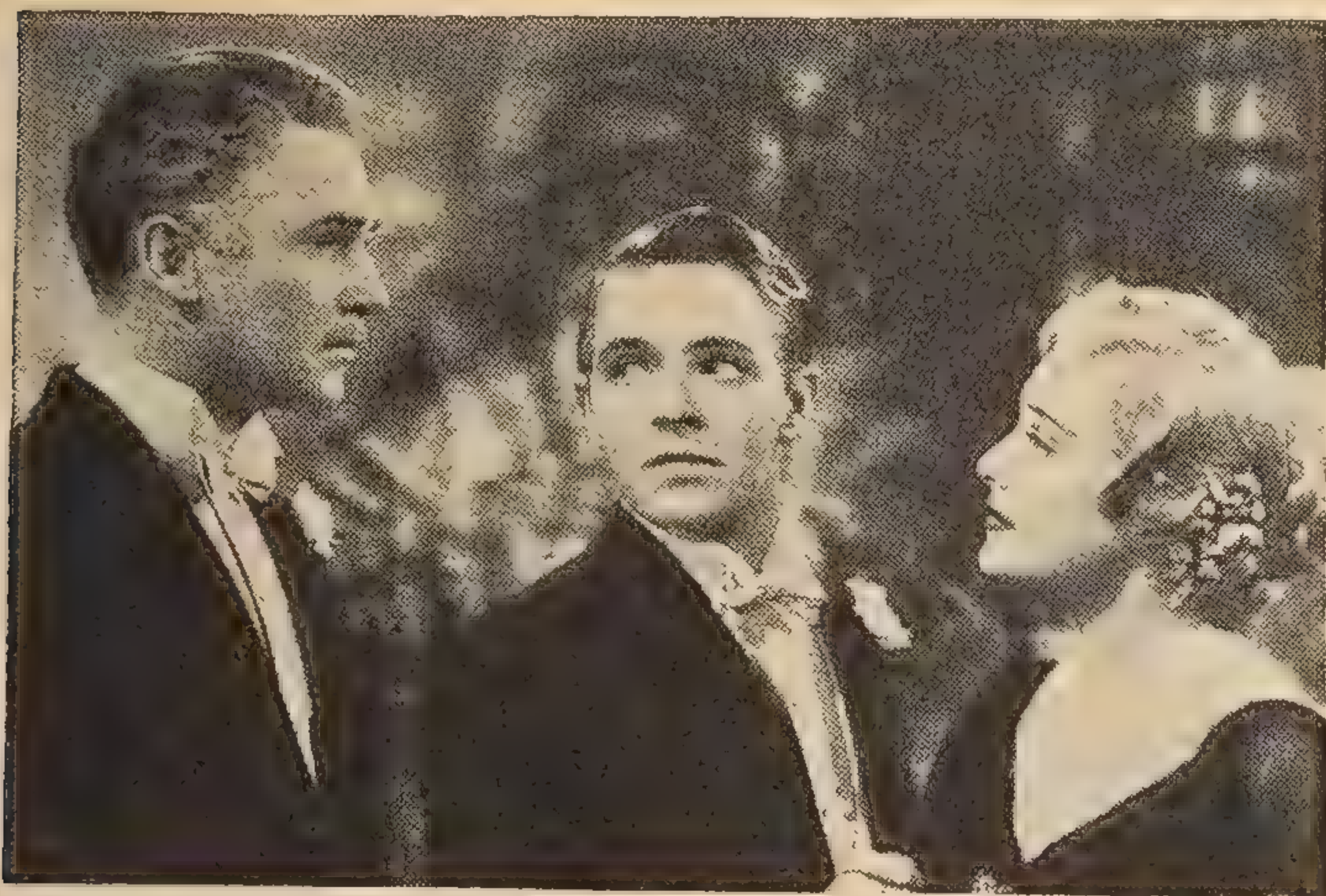
A STRANGE, powerful, and at times deeply moving drama, this new film marking the screen reunion of Clark Gable and Joan Crawford is strong film fare. Not pleasant or persuasive, it is still well worth seeing for its awareness of spiritual values and its several superb performances. *Strange* is the word for this one: a strange, brooding story of escaped convicts, a café girl—delicate Haysian description of the Crawford character—and a mysterious stranger whose Christlike example serves to regenerate most of the bitter group who, thrown together when escaping from a French penal colony, undergo horrible privations in which the strong endure and the weak perish. In the extremely difficult rôle of the stranger, Ian Hunter, playing with magnificent restraint and feeling, carries the photoplay on his responsible shoulders; and if it conveys conviction to you, credit Mr. Hunter's performance. Personally I found "Strange Cargo" interesting all the way. Joan Crawford, casting aside her broad-A and mannerisms, her lipstick and her Adrian wardrobe, turns in a terrific portrayal of the tarnished girl—tremendously moving, truly sincere—the finest acting she has ever done. It is Clark Gable, strangely enough, who disappoints; the reason baffles me, but here he is no *Rhett Butler*. Blame it on the rôle, not too convincingly written, shall we?



DR. CYCLOPS—Paramount



If YOU liked "King Kong," if you relish the horror films of Karloff and Lugosi, you'll go in a big way for "Dr. Cyclops." It's the latest effort of Ernest Schoedsack who collaborated in "King Kong," and it's as spooky and eery and fantastic as you could wish. All in technicolor, it's a revelation of camera magic, and as a novelty it will hold your attention through most of its scenes, granted that you can work up frenzied interest in the experiments of a bad, balmy biologist whose quaint imaginative invention is to reduce human beings to mice-size dimensions. The trouble with his invention, though, is that the tiny people gradually grow back to normal size—well, of course he can't have *that* happening, so he has to start trying to kill 'em off, and then—but why should I give away a good, tricky show? Albert Dekker, in a weird make-up, is properly malignant as the mad scientist, with a hard-working cast being hounded and harried in expert manner. The pretty newcomer, Janice Logan, is the one decorative note in the sinister proceedings, and displays marked ability to leap hither and yon in her own version of a Lamour sarong. "Dr. Cyclops" may give the less hardened kiddies good, old-fashioned nightmares because its chases are somewhat more strenuous than those occurring in a Gene Autry opus; but it is a spine-tingling entertainment for you.



MY SON, MY SON—Edward Small-United Artists



IF YOU liked the best-selling book by Howard Spring from which it was adapted, you're sure to like this picture. The long novel has been carefully translated to cinema, with sympathetic direction and some splendidly sincere performances. In casting Brian Aherne as *William Essex*, the producer made a particularly happy choice, for Aherne lends distinction and plausibility to the rôle of the English author whose great devotion to his only son is repaid with ingratitude and tragedy. Louis Hayward plays the son, *Oliver*, with such fidelity to the sinister flaws in the boy's character that you will find him thoroughly despicable—while applauding his uncompromising performance. Henry Hull as *Essex'* salty friend, *Dermot O'Riorden*, gives by far his best screen portrayal. The women in the cast are less fortunate in their assignments: Madeleine Carroll is an unconvincing *Livia*, though Laraine Day fares better as *Maeve*, whose self-sacrificing love for *William Essex* smacks more of the 18th than the 20th century brand of devotion. In fact, "My Son, My Son" is a traditional rather than a modern movie; it's for the conventional picture-goers who cherish their dramatic clichés and still prefer Dickens to Steinbeck. But it is also for fans of fine acting, and they're certain to be satisfied with the topflight performances of Aherne, Hayward, and Hull.



YOUNG TOM EDISON—M-G-M



THE family film of the month! This pictorial account of the boyhood of the famous inventor is not limited in interest to admirers of Thomas Edison and his works. "Young Tom Edison" might be the fascinating story of any boy of great talent, and it is an inspiration to other hopeful American boys, understanding mothers, and stern if well-meaning fathers. This picture's appeal is not confined, either, to fans of Mickey Rooney or *Andy Hardy*—for here the Number One Box Office Kid is not *Rooney* nor yet *Andy*—he is *Young Tom* to the life. It's a big advance histrionically for the mighty little Rooney, and a credit to him; he has the good taste to eschew false gestures and smartiness and stick to his characterization, with the result that he will make friends of those he only annoyed before. You'll find the experiments of *Young Tom*, which lead him into continual scrapes, with everyone in his home town of Port Huron, Michigan, pointing to him as a problem child, even his own father failing to sympathize with his ambitions, of genuine interest, no matter what your age; you will like the poignant performance of Fay Bainter as *Tom's* ever-encouraging mother; of Virginia Weidler as his sister. And you will find yourself looking forward to "Edison the Man" with Spencer Tracy as the grown-up Mickey Rooney—or is Mickey a miniature Tracy?

SCREENLAND GLAMOR SCHOOL



Spirit of Spring-time sweeps Hollywood! Here, exclusively, Priscilla Lane shows off her crisp new clothes

Her new Spring suit, left, is a new shade, paprika, in an interesting new ribbed wool. Her taffeta blouse combines paprika, brown, and white. Her shallow-crowned hat and accessories are brown. Below, her new overall playsuit: green suspender shorts, Scotch plaid gingham shirt. Facing page, Priscilla's pet white piqué playsuit, accented with bright red ric-rac.

Glamor School photographs by Scotty Welbourne, Warner Bros.



For festive evenings, Priscilla prefers a daringly simple gown of navy blue sheer, emphasizing the new extended waistline. When she pleases, Priscilla can transform it into a dinner gown with a jacket of white piqué embroidered in red, green, and blue. The peplum front of the jacket is a double fold of the fabric and forms pleats. You will be seeing Priscilla Lane in "Three Cheers for the Irish."





DOES ANNABELLA

Boss TYRONE?

Who "wears the pants" in the Power family? You've been hearing plenty about how Annabella has changed Ty—now read our intimate story for the real facts

By
Liza





If Annabella has really changed Tyrone Power, is the change for the better or worse? Our famous Liza, who knows them better than any other writer, reveals the reasons for this much talked of change. Left above, Ty and Annabella off on their "third honeymoon." Right, actor Tyrone Power in a love scene with Dorothy Lamour from new film, "Johnny Apollo."

THE LAST time I saw Tyrone and Annabella they both had awful colds. Ty was drinking orange juice, which is the California cure for practically anything that ails you, and Annabella was stretched out in bed in a beautiful blue bed jacket and a chest pad, like we used to wear when we were kids and had croup. The doctor had told her not to have her hair done until she was well, but she had slipped out to the hairdresser's that morning, when Ty was at the studio, and every wave was in place. *Toujours la femme.*

The Powers had just returned from a glorious week's visit in New York where in that short time they had seen eight plays, a hockey match, Greta Garbo, and all the night clubs. I gathered that not only had they seen all the night clubs but that they had also closed a considerable number of them. "Every night we danced," said Annabella, with a *Camille*-ish cough, "until four in the morning. It was wonderful."

Well, no wonder you both caught such dreadful colds, I remarked. I hadn't been dancing until four in the morning in ages and I could be a bit sour about the whole thing. But Annabella hastily assured me that only she had caught her cold in New York. Tyrone, she added with a wicked gleam, had caught his in San Bernardino, California, just one hour away from home. "It was Fate, the kind Fate," she said with grim satisfaction. "Tyrone was so smug because he didn't have a cold and I did. He laughed when my nose began to run. He said only silly people caught colds. So—in San Bernardino he goes out to walk on the station platform and chats a few moments with Cesar Romero, and, *voilà*, he catches cold. It was Fate."

"Fate works for Annabella now," said Ty with a boyish grin. "When anyone displeases her she reports it to Fate and Fate slaps 'em down."

From this conversation you might get the idea that Annabella had turned into a shrew of a wife, who fiendishly rejoiced in the misfortunes that befell her mate. But you would be dead wrong. The way she looked at him when she said it, with eyes full of devotion, and you knew that she was thinking how good looking he was, how attractive, what fun to be with. You knew that she was thinking—and he was thinking right back at her—that being together was so sweet and gay and satisfying. It was love, all right.

"We saw Garbo," Annabella said, remembering me.

"Yes," said Ty. "As long as I have lived in Hollywood I have never seen Garbo. But the first day we were in New York, Annabella and I were walking along East 71st Street when suddenly the door of a brownstone front opened and out came Garbo. I'm afraid we just stood there and gaped like a couple of fans. We weren't at the Monte Carlo the night she showed up with Dr. Hauser and threw the place in confusion, but I hear it was quite a sensation."

"We dressed every night," said Annabella dreamily.

"But we were at the Monte Carlo the night that Elaine Barrie moved in on John Barrymore's party. *That* was a sensation too."

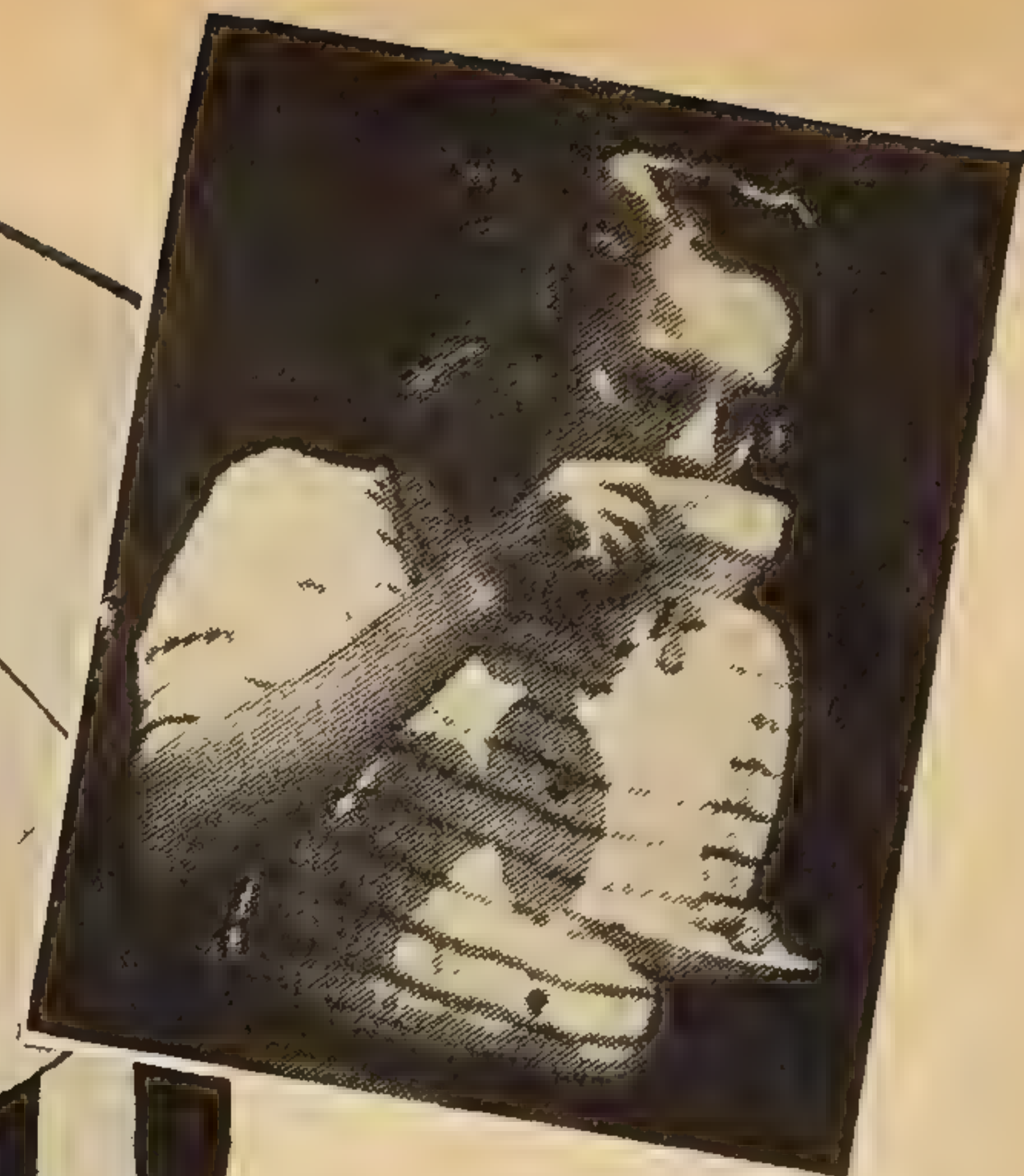
"Tell about the opening of the Barrymore play, darling," Annabella coaxed. And then annoyed because I didn't seem to be giving Ty the proper attention (she need never worry about *that*) she said to me, "Listen carefully, this is very funny when Tyrone tells it."

While they talked and laughed and remembered this and that about their New York trip I couldn't help but think what an utterly congenial couple the young Tyrone Powers are. And happy too. As bugs in a rug. Ty and Annabella were married the 23rd of April, 1939, nearly a year ago. When they married a lot of people in Hollywood said that they didn't give it a year. They said that Ty, twenty-four at the time, was only a kid, not even dry behind the ears, and certainly didn't know his own mind. They said that he was much too young to take on the responsibilities of marriage. They admitted that Annabella was young, attractive, and really quite fascinating, but no woman could hold Ty, for long. They said that it was only a case of Ty being in love with love. That when he got out of the mood he would be through with marriage, and Annabella. The world was his, right in the palm of his hand, to do with as he pleased. With so many enticements he would soon weary of the dull shackles of marriage. They said, and this definitely, that she would ruin his career as sure as day followed night. They said all this and a lot of other things too. But why bother? A year has passed. Time has made complete liars out of the self-appointed prophets of Hollywood.

When I reminded them that their first anniversary was right around the corner, as if they didn't know, Annabella announced, "And we have had three glorious honeymoons in one year. It's been the most beautiful, happiest year of my life." (Please turn to page 94)

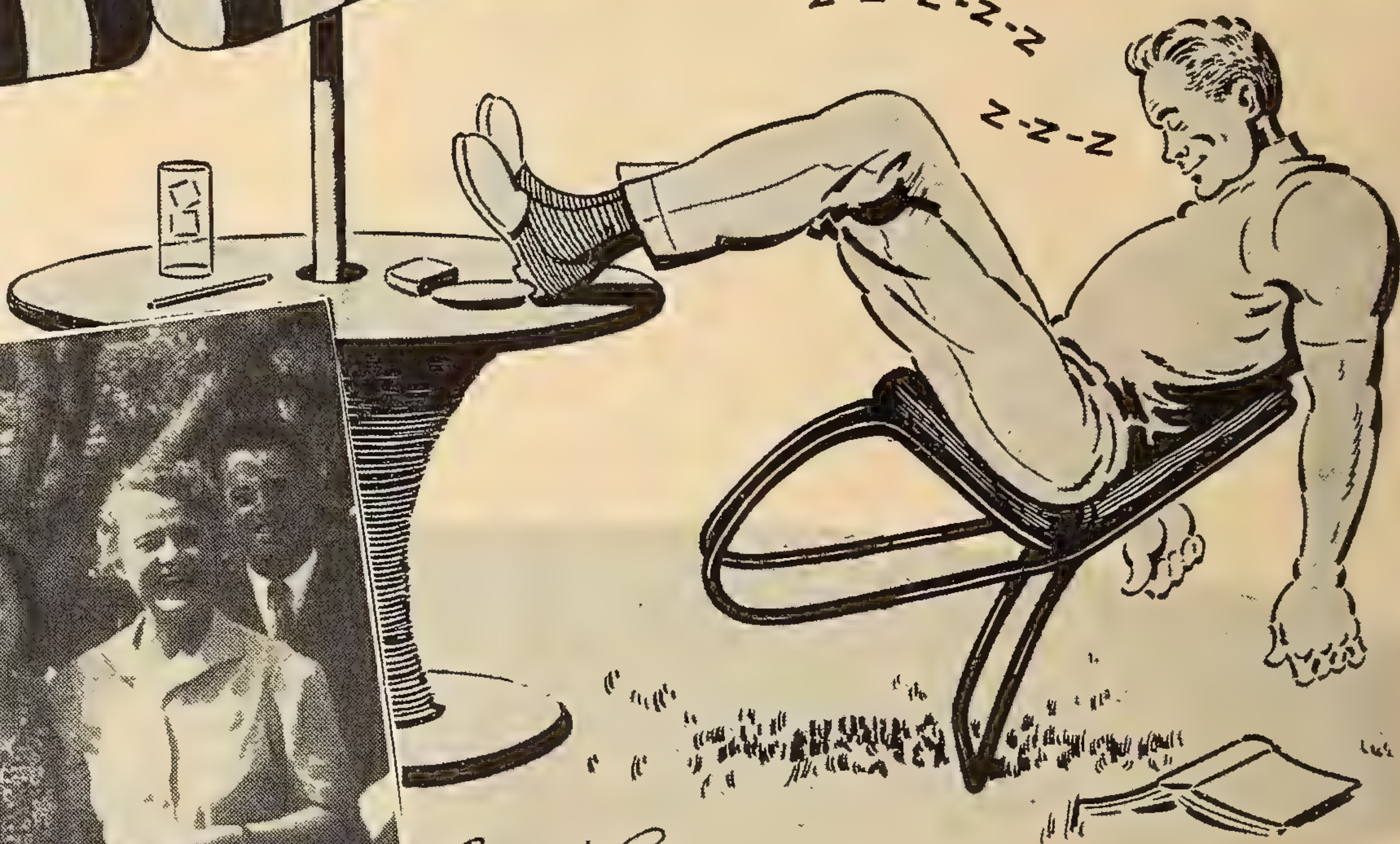
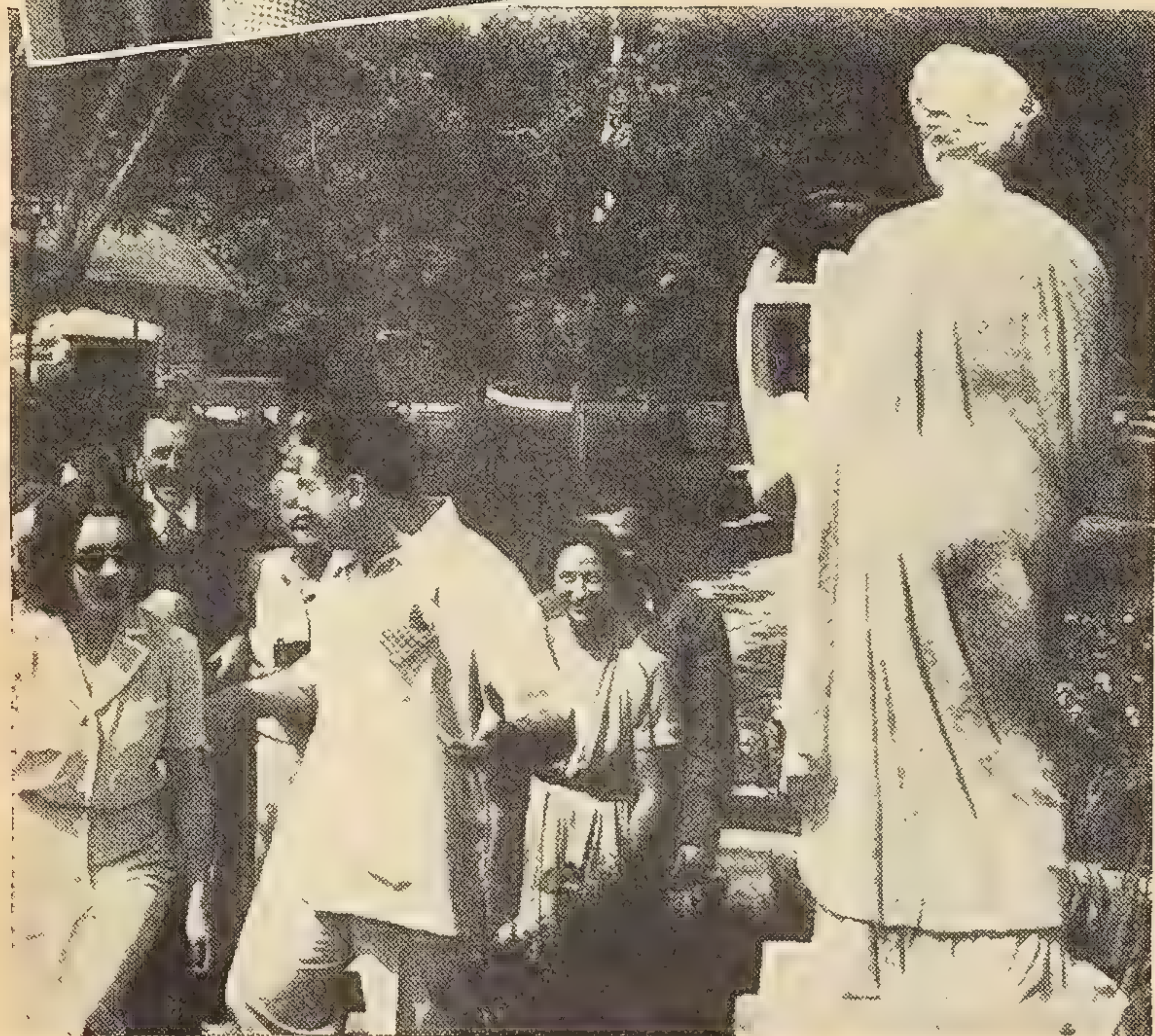


HOLLYWOOD SUNDAYS



By
Michael Pearman

Just a tantalizing glimpse
into the goings-on of
those mad, bad (?) movie
stars on their one day off



Ronald Frank

BY THE side of George Cukor's swimming pool, under a green and white striped canopy, sat a small group of people and five golden cocker-spaniels. The dogs, Romeo, Juliet, Scarlett, Rhett, and Constance, are just as excited as the people by the strange noises coming out of the portable recording machine that Fannie Brice is trying to make play. The first time people got up out of their deep comfy chairs and said things into the microphone, Vivien Leigh still talking with a Scarlett O'Hara accent and everyone trying to be very brilliant and witty, Miss Brice forgot to switch the set on. Then when at long last Errol Flynn found the right switch, Rhett—who is the mean dog and incidentally George Cukor's favorite, even though he's bitten several distinguished guests—jumped up and knocked the whole complicated affair over.

While Miss Brice was on her hands and knees picking up the parts and using language not exactly suitable for *Baby Snooks*, Constance Collier was telling Olivia deHavilland how last night at the Brian Aherne party some man came in trying to look like Hitler, with up-raised arm and hair pulled down and that little mustache, and how everyone thought him so funny and clever until it came time to go home, when it was discovered that he had ripped off a nice little piece of Miss Collier's sables with which to adorn his face for his clowning.



Photographs by Pearman

They aren't all movie people in this beautiful hillside garden; nowadays Hollywood draws every kind of world-famous personality. Aldous Huxley, the brilliant English writer, is here with Michael Brook, Lord Warwick on Sundays, please, and they are both amazed how this garden which looks as if it's been here for years was nothing but barren mountain just three years ago. Tons and tons of rock were blown away and fifty-year-old magnolia and olive trees were moved on gigantic trucks in the trafficless still of the night and set down bodily up here. Just then Lili Damita, who everyone thought was asleep in the sun, broke in and told Lord Warwick that if George Cukor wakes and finds the trees not in full bloom and covered with ripe olives within a week of planting he has them all uprooted and taken away on those huge trucks again. Luckily husband Errol Flynn is there to throw her in the pool, but Hollywood is such an amazing place that far more strange things than that do happen.

Now Vivien Leigh, who has the grandest sense of humor of any girl in pictures, is telling a story about another girl who thought she ought to play *Scarlett*. She was a stenographer in a downtown department store and had a six-foot replica of the book, "Gone with the Wind" made, and dressed as she thought fit for the part hid inside the three-ply dummy book ready to step out and say, "I'm the girl who ought to play *Scarlett*." Well, she hired a truck and the huge (*Please turn to page 92*)

These intimate, exclusive candid photographs were made by one of George Cukor's regular guests, and give you a real glimpse of the gaiety and informal fun enjoyed by Olivia de Havilland, Fannie Brice, Vivien Leigh, Lili Damita Flynn and other guests whom you'll identify in the amusing pictures on these pages.

Kenny Baker made Frances Langford, right, sing "Night and Day" twelve times before he got the expression he wanted for this picture.



He Makes his Camera *SING!*

Photography is more than a hobby to Kenny Baker, it's an art

By Ruth Tildesley



"FRANCES," said Kenny Baker, one day, when the Texaco program was rehearsing, "sing 'Night and Day' for me, will you?"

"Yes," said the obliging Frances Langford, "but why?"

"I want to shoot you the way you look on the third line," explained Kenny, busying himself with camera and exposure meter.

"I still don't know what's right or wrong with the way I look on the third line," said Frances, telling of it later, "but that man made me sing 'Night and Day' twelve times before he got what he wanted!"

Kenny's the thorough sort. If he goes in for anything, he isn't satisfied with *almost* getting it. The results must be better than he expected, or he'll do it again. He never dashes up and clicks the shutter. He studies his subject, moves things, consults his exposure meter, tries different angles, and then, like as not, comes back next day to do it all over again.

"Every cameraman shoots his own way; it's like a signature on his work," said Kenny. "I don't think it would be any fun to make pictures if you didn't work the shot out carefully first."

Kenny and his family live on top of a mountain in Cold Water Canyon, so far from Hollywood that directions include: "And ask the real estate man at the summit to show you the house." There's a view every way you look for miles and miles. It's an English house, with a controlled gate, gardens, a court for parking cars, a playhouse for the babies,

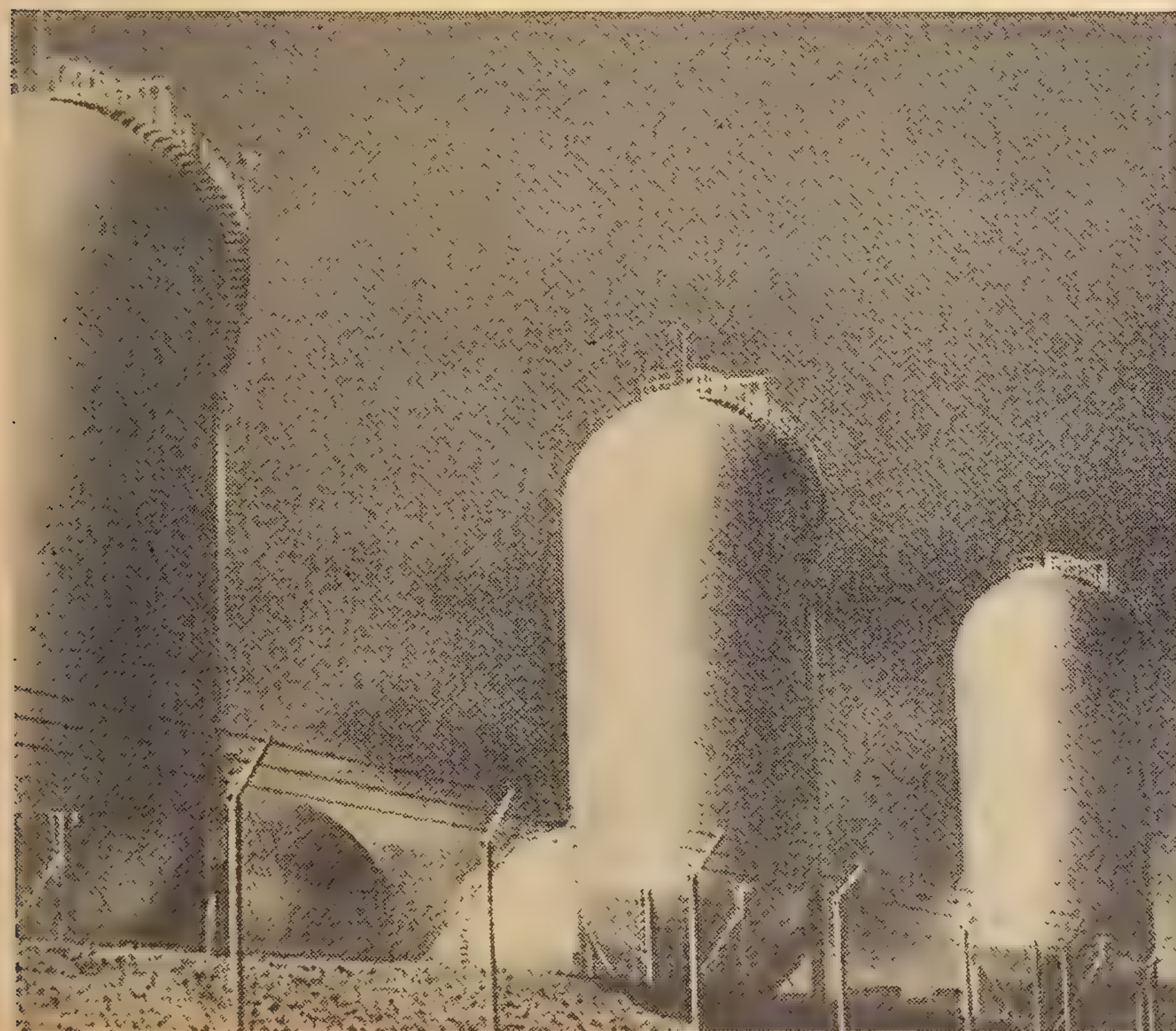
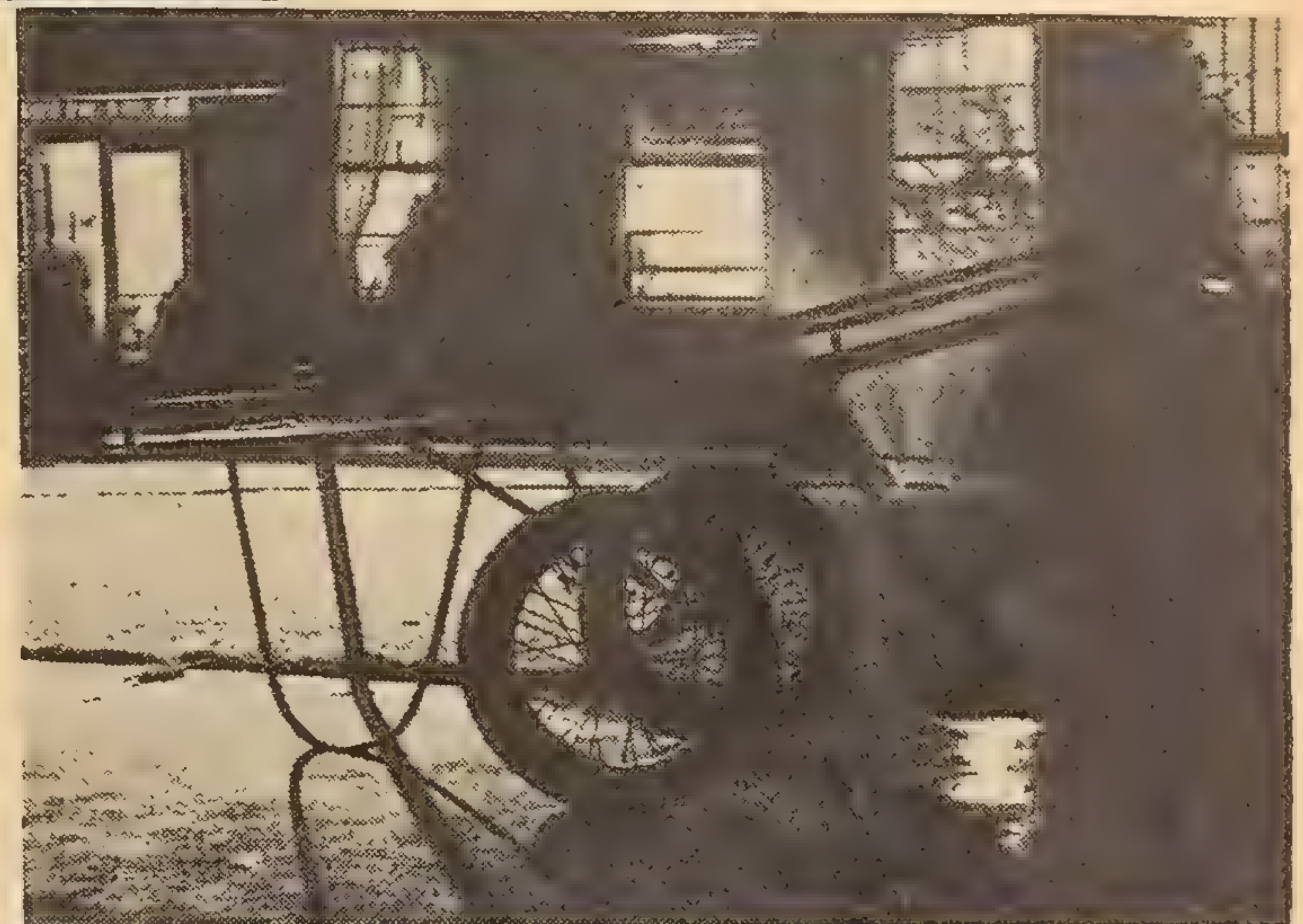


Some of Kenny's pictures: Capitol dome at night; his wire-haired terrier; night scene at airport; highway near Yosemite; Texas tanks.

and a darkroom built over the garages. Like many another man, Kenny was born, grew up, got through school and even got married before the camera bug hit him.

"I don't remember ever having a paint box in my hand, after I grew beyond the kindergarten stage," he observed, "and I was never interested in sketching. When our first baby was coming, we decided it would be wonderful to have a record of the child's life; so we bought a movie camera. I had the outfit, so I used it as often as I had time. Pretty soon I realized that color stuff was so far above black-and-white that I discarded all film except color. When I use the movie outfit, I don't bother with titles. I know lots of movie experts who write a title on the sand, for example, and then take a fan and blow it away. Or they have someone run on carrying the title written on a card, and then run away. But I don't bother. I let come what comes.

"The trouble with movie stuff, though, is that you have to set up your screen and projector every time you want to look at what you've done. Sometimes, too, I would see a single shot that looked good and it seemed foolish and extravagant to use a movie outfit for them. So-o, I bought a Contax camera. Being used to color in my movie film, black-and-white didn't (*Please turn to page 95*)



Little Girl



"Give us in-betweeners a fashion break!" begs Gloria Jean, now co-starring with Bing Crosby in "If I Had My Way"



Youthful play togs for in-betweeners recognize all the fashion notes set forth for grown-up girls. Gloria Jean, above, wears for 'cycling a smart two-piece playsuit that adheres to the newest style decrees. Her shorts of blue denim are the new longer length; while the contrast which is so good this season is shown in the multicolored striped overall top. At right, Gloria Jean's casual slacks outfit that spells comfort as well as chic for eleven-year-olds this season. The sailor-styled white gabardine slacks are topped by a white angora sweater. Over this she wears a marine blue hand-knit sweater of baby floss. Of course she tops it all with a colorful scarf.



Fashions

Photographs by Ray Jones,
Universal Pictures

Mothers of eleven-year-olds (or thereabouts) will find Hollywood hints here on what sub-sub debs like to wear



Stripes are so good that little daughter shares them with mother and older sisters this Spring. Gloria Jean, above, wears her new "practical" dress of navy and white striped broadcloth. The skirt with side pleats buttons on to the white linen blouse which has a Peter Pan collar piped with same material as the skirt. Over this goes a matching brief bolero. Something gay and smart, which must combine complete freedom of movement, is the fashion requirement for girls of Gloria Jean's age. At left, she wears for active sports this navy piqué playsuit with white zig-zag design interspersed with colorful flowers. The wide shorts allow for freedom.



**Gather 'round
and we'll gos-
sip about the
goings-on in
that wacky,
wonderful
Hollywood**

**By
Weston
East**

MAYBE you won't be hearing so many stories about how startlingly temperamental and painfully aloof Jean Arthur is, because she seems to suddenly have taken a turn to a more friendly attitude toward the people she works with. Previously, these same people were the ones who were close enough to her to be able to start the rumors of her very strange behavior on the set. Everyone who worked with her during the making of "Too Many Husbands" would think twice before they'd say anything about her self-centered aloofness now. Before the picture was finished, and for the first time, Jean gave the members of the working crew a sizeable personal check with her appreciation of their help. Every girl she had worked with was given her choice of a selection of imported, hand-made sweaters.

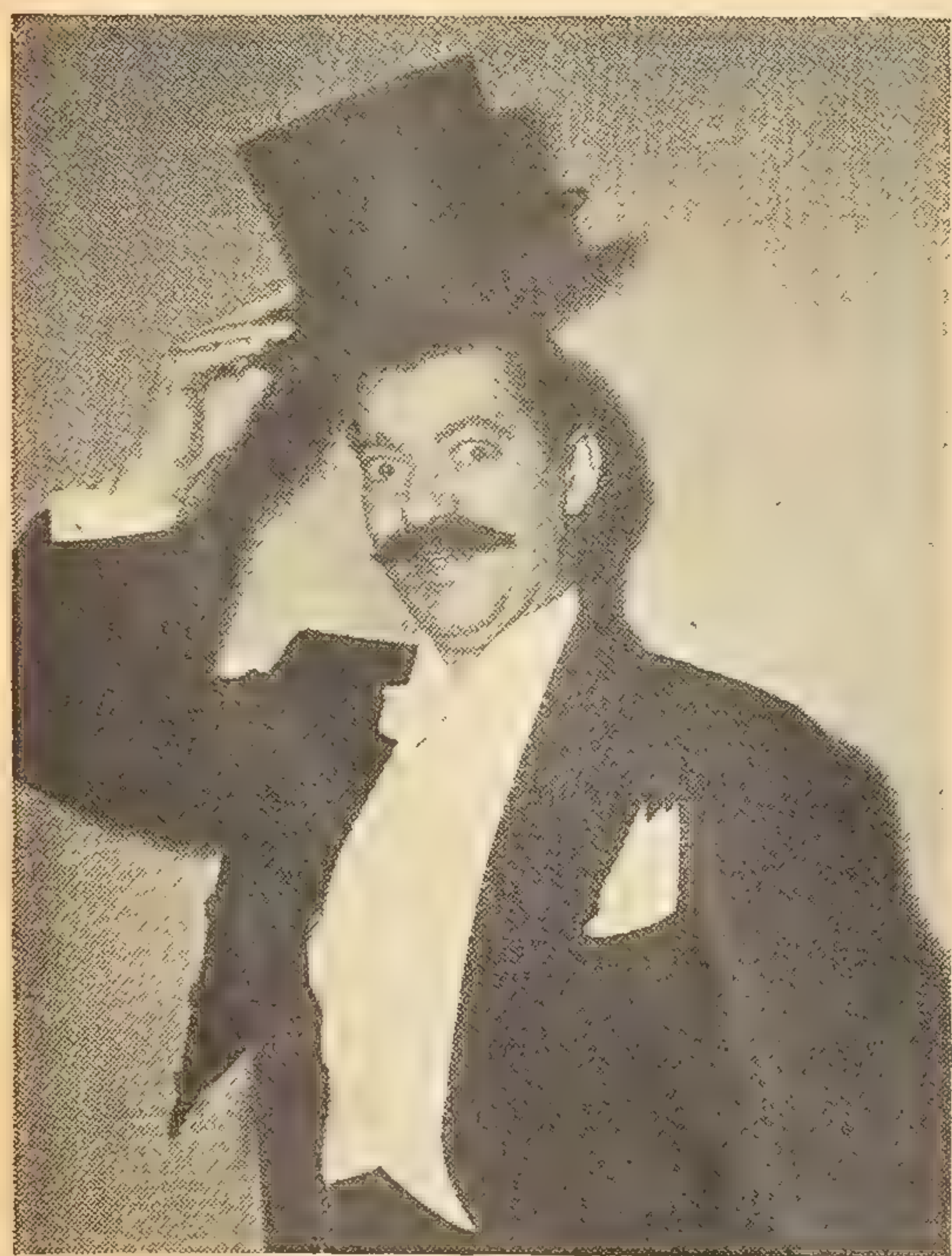
Wheel! Diana Lewis is leaping into her place in the sun! She's just 21, the divinely happy bride of Bill Powell, and she has a nice part in the new Eddie Cantor picture. Next, the rôle of the deb in "Andy Hardy Meets a Débutante."

Here's

Hollywood

UNA O'CONNOR is crazy about American fountain specials. Her record for a 24-hour period is ten banana splits with other assorted parfaits and soft drinks thrown in. . . . This is irony. At Pomona, the alma mater of both Robert Taylor and Joel McCrea, James Stewart was just chosen as the coed's choice of the man they'd like to propose to this leap year. . . . Dolores Del Rio has ditched that watch she wore on a choker around her neck because she got tired of looking in a mirror to see what time it was—only to find the hands pointing out the hour backwards.

THERE should be some kind of insurance to protect actors from being sued by women who find it possible to blame a movie star's super appeal for their loss of life and limb. Richard Greene's latest experience takes the prize, though. The sight of Richard bowling out Sunset Boulevard in his open roadster does make the most blasé out-of-towners stop and stare. One morning about a week ago Richard came down Wilshire on his way to the studio. A very smartly dressed woman driving a car with an out of the state license took one hungry, excited look at Greene's young handsomeness and promptly got hysterical, lost control of her car and crashed into a street lamp. Richard, not even realizing what was happening, drove on home. He never knew what had occurred until the woman tried to sue him for causing the accident.



Oomph Man? Well, Jerry Colonna claims the title, and we must admit he looks mighty fetching here. But wait until you see him in "The Road to Singapore."

AS AN after-sickness token, to give her convalescence a lift, Ann Sothern got an arresting gift from Mrs. Ray Milland—a pair of earrings in the shape of tiny, fiery red lobsters that cling to the ears realistically with their ingenious claws. . . . On Ingrid Bergman's recent return to Hollywood she ordered corn on the cob as a favored repeat of all the delicacies California had introduced her to, and was unbelievably disappointed to find it out of season. . . . Hedy Lamarr made a sweeping sally through a not so crowded theater lobby the other night, and no one seemed at all impressed. Hedy whisked out the door without the leap of a lens-hound. Inside of five minutes Hedy did her sweep all over again. Could it be that she was fishing for some kind of a reaction that

she didn't get? . . . A local charity organization representative in Hollywood now does her soliciting for funds in a sleek limousine with a liveried chauffeur. When she went the rounds in an old model of a moderately priced car she found no one at home to her call.

GARBO is the greatest old signal gal in all of Hollywood. She has so many signals down pat with her friends that she can get along nicely without much actual talking. Secret signs give her that spice of mystery that she demands in everything she does. The story comes out, now, that when Garbo and George Brent were having those secret tête-à-têtes at George's secluded Coldwater Canyon home, Garbo had her signals working

overtime, and there are rumors that Mr. B. got a little sick of all the nonsense and when he didn't respond with the right signal one day Garbo went home in a pout and never came back again. Her arrival at George's was accompanied by an exchange of low whistles and secret responses. George was supposed to follow her leads with code answers from the time he heard the distinctive toot of her car horn until he heard her secret knock at his door. Somewhere along the line, the story goes, George didn't come back with an appropriate yodel and the silent one slinked back home and out of his life.

EVERYONE knows that besides being a gaunt-eyed student of Shakespeare at the tender age of three, Orson Welles also knocked much older magicians for a loss by conjuring up astonishing sleight of hand tricks when he was only a sprout. So when he reserved a whole section of seats at the Hollywood El Capitan Theater for the opening of the International Magicians show, those in the know smelled a rat. Welles is so in the habit of stealing the national spotlight, even crowding movie big shots in the shade on their very own stamping ground, that an amazing *coup de theater* was expected. All the Welles henchmen were in his party to see their little major domo serve another ace. Everyone of those who were suspicious of Welles motives were as right as rain as to his plans. Not one to ever be caught napping, he came to the theater fully expecting to be asked to the stage to give a little demonstration, and he was fully prepared. The secret pockets of his evening clothes were stuffed with handkerchiefs and eggs. Then came the blow—the magicians running the show didn't give him his chance, and he went home with a high hat full of unused rabbits.

Love? No! Just Ray Milland obliging the publicity department by attempting a "different" pose with Loretta Young, his co-star in "The Doctor Takes A Wife." It's one of those crazy comedy pictures.

Hero-worship? Yes! Judy Garland's favorite actor is Laurence Olivier—as long as he's making a movie on the Metro lot—and she gazes at him admiringly on the set of "Pride and Prejudice," his new film.

Sunnyside up at sunset! These two grand troupers, Beulah Bondi and Guy Kibbee, have the best rôles of their long careers in "Our Town," screen version of Thornton Wilder's play.



Best Undressed Woman? Janice Logan is so pretty, here and in "Dr. Cyclops," that we don't mind conceding her the silly title if she really wants it. Janice, a Junior Leaguer from Chicago, has her big screen opportunity in Paramount's novelty thriller directed by Ernest Schoedsack. She goes through "Dr. Cyclops" clad only in this brief affair; but her real-life interests are—writing and clothes!



HOLLYWOOD is rife with rumors about Warner Baxter. On one hand you hear that he is going to quit the screen for good now that his Fox contract has run its course, and on the other, that he definitely intends to take up the stage offers waiting him. Some say he will re-sign with another company for more pictures, and others, that he's going to wash his hands of Hollywood forever. The least concerned about the whole affair is Warner, who doesn't intend to commit himself. He is worried about only one thing and that is that, somehow, rumor has spread about that he is as bald as a billiard ball and the heavy mop of hair we see on the screen is a wig. The rumor started when his luxuriant thatch was tightly curled for his rôle in "Under the Pampas Moon." That marcel job made him look so phony that fans took it for granted he wore a wig. Ever since then rumors have grown and people persist writing him about it. If fans don't stop asking him if he's bald, Warner may set out on a personal appearance tour if only to prove that he's got a real head of hair.

FROM the moment of the announcement, until after the preview of the new Deanna Durbin picture, "It's A Date," all the glamor girls thought Kay Francis was altogether out of her mind to enact the rôle of a mother of an eighteen-year-old girl. Eyebrows shot sky-high on her decision to take the part, and they remained arched during wholesale broadcasts of the most dire consequences for Kay. Everyone said her declaration was an outright resignation to middle age, and they predicted that in no time she would be doing only character *grandes dames* on the screen. But, as usual, Kay was smarter than all the calamity shouters put together. Miss F. is canny enough to know that although Deanna is 18 years old, her public thinks of her as a little child and to play her mother can do an actress no harm. Deanna is actually several years older than Linda Darnell, who is playing sophisticated rôles on the screen. Nancy Kelly and other girls are the same age as Deanna and yet they are grown up on the screen. To play the mother of one of these teen-age sirens Kay realizes would be quite another thing and she, as well as any other actress of her age, would steer well away from such a complication.

THE WARNER BROTHERS' studio publicity department has tried everything short of out and out theft to get a hold of a picture album that belongs to Pat O'Brien. Pat made a visit to Jimmy Cagney's fabulous Martha's Vineyard estate, which Jimmy has never allowed to be photographed. Pat being newly bitten by the photographer's bug had taken his camera with him. He spent his entire time there filming the picturesque spot. When Pat boasted of his camera studies around the studio and the publicity department got a look at the photographs of Cagney's holy of holies, they grabbed for the shots. But Pat and Jimmy must have had a pact. Pat's pictures of Martha's Vineyard will never see print.

IT'S BARELY possible to live with Henry Fonda these days. And it isn't because he has a swelled head from all his acclaim in "The Grapes of Wrath"—far from it! It's simply because he fancies himself as a handy man. He thinks he won a bet with his wife, but she hasn't the heart to tell him that all his fancy fiddling with the out-of-order radio only doubled the eventual repair bill. Hank used to be a trouble shooter for a telephone company and he prides himself on his self-imposed ability to repair ailing electrical gadgets. Mrs. Fonda didn't want him to touch their combination phonograph and radio that went on the blink. They laid a stiff bet that he couldn't fix it. He got it apart and together again. It worked, after a fashion, till he left the house. Then it practically fell apart. Mrs. Fonda had it all secretly repaired and Hank's still taking the credit for a grand job, until he reads this.



Yippee! "Buck Benny Rides, Again"—and Rochester and Carmichael feud again in new Benny comedy. Here's Jack in cowboy togs rivaling Gene Autry's for elegance—and he really rides that horse, folks. See Rochester playing ball with polar bear Carmichael in hilarious sequence from film.

WHEN George Raft buys a new hat he immediately rips the lining out of it. They say it's because he thinks it might muss his slick haircomb. . . . Greer Garson can do double-jointed contortions that would put a professional to shame. When she is among friends, and at ease, she'll tie herself into a knot at the drop of a hat. . . . Robert Donat, touring the English provinces, writes that the small hotels in rural England are advertising like this: "Room and Board—and excellent view of the air raids—reasonable." . . . Gracie Allen is taking real Hawaiian hula lessons from an honest-to-goodness island princess.

BRENDA MARSHALL is unique in Hollywood because after all her acclaim she is still the most retiring leading lady in these parts. When she first arrived on the Warner lot almost a year ago she was introduced to Errol Flynn and, as is Mr. Flynn's wont, the impression Brenda received was terrific. She was so conscious of his devastating charm and popularity that she could never bring herself to speak to him after that because she thought he would never remember her, and she didn't want to take any of his time. When it was announced that she was to do "The Sea Hawk" with him, Brenda's knees began to quiver and she dodged around the lot hiding behind things whenever Flynn hove in sight. She didn't want to be embarrassed by not having him remember who she was. All that nonsense came to an end when Errol walked into the make-up department one day and came face to face with Brenda. By the time he finished complimenting her on her tests for the picture and letting her know how lucky he considered himself in having such a fine actress to work opposite, Brenda was truly amazed. Her shyness had previously made Flynn into a magnificently handsome ogre.



Papa Cantor gets a son! Comedian Eddie, father of five daughters, shown with the 8-months-old baby boy whose proud parent he plays in "Forty Little Mothers," with Rita Johnson. Lower right, Baby Quintanilla and Eddie in cute scene.



GRATITUDE in Hollywood: Muriel Angelus has just given to Hugh McMullin, in appreciation of many past favors, a black Scotty pup. Hugh McMullin is the man who made the test of Muriel which got her a long-term Paramount contract. . . . Ruth Gordon, Broadway actress, has "gone Hollywood" by her own admission. She just bought a rhinestone collar for her French poodle. . . . An innovation in commemoration: Hollywood's newest theater, the Hawaii, will honor Charlie Chaplin through the years by having an imprint of his famous cane placed in a cement block in the foyer. . . . It's true, the back seat of Wally Beery's car has become a miniature nursery for the convenience of his adopted daughter, Phyllis Ann. The seat is specially built, a heater to warm milk has been installed, and there's a supply of triangular pants.



Success Story

A firm answer to the "Please tell me what to do" problems of face, figure, and fascination

By Courtenay Marvin

failing knowledge, experience, taste, and understanding.

Sometime ago, I met such a person, Ann Delafield, Directress of the Richard Hudnut DuBarry Salon, New York. To me, she is an ideal in appearance. But if she weren't, the moment you heard her speak or saw her function, you would feel a kind of magnetism. This, I believe, is because she has delved deep within the feminine heart and mind and, therefore, from her rich background, knows how to attack our failings from the outside. She feels that most of us develop less than half the promise of fulfillment we hold for face, figure and fascination. She also knows that most of us, conscious of this, develop a slightly vinegar flavor in our psychological outlook on life and thereby miss many of the good things that should be ours.

About a year ago, a school in charge of Miss Delafield was opened here in New York. This school promised success to attendants who devoted a number of hours a day for a period of six weeks. (*Please turn to page 87*)



These stars' success is the result of backbone! Norma Shearer will always look younger than she is and always keep her lovely profile, says an authority; and for the same reason, Linda Darnell will keep her beauty certainly until forty.

IF YOU'RE not satisfied with yourself as you are today, you can change. Everything in this world changes, the seasons, even the map and standards of correct behavior. There isn't a star in Hollywood that ever got where she is, just as Nature made her. This goes for the Clark Gables, too. In years of interviewing, there is an inevitable chorus that reechoes from the honest stories I hear, "change"!

To change yourself is relatively simple. But—here is the hitch. *Deciding* what to do is the job. Not just doing it. Many of us are not sure of our own judgment. We need the guidance of an authority of un-





Screenland's Glamour Guides

By
Marina



Enna Jetticks, long known for comfort, emphasize ultra-smart designing. Amelia, a dressy oxford, can be worn from now until snow-time. It comes in black patent, and blue or white calf. Riviera hugs the instep, giving you grand support and foot grace. In black or blue calf, or white swan buc. Beautiful styling, fine workmanship and a glove-like ease on feet. Priced at about \$6.

Of the new American Symbol Prints—identifying marks of products you know—used as designs for fabrics, we have chosen the Coty Powder Puff as the most charming. Here you see it in a smart warm-weather rayon print, with matching turban. Emphasis on the slim waistline, front fullness and Paris pockets. In a variety of colors. About \$14.95.

**Put design and color
in your life! See Store
Directory on Page 89**



A crisp candy-striped rayon taffeta pettiskirt to rustle enchantingly under your suit or frock. A Miss Swank garment, with the usual perfect fit of the Miss Swanks. In a variety of color combinations, such as black and purple; green and black; brown and orange, or navy and red. For added chic, choose a color combination to match your costume accessories. It's a young fashion, a good one and very neat under-protection. At about \$3.

"Jujube" looks like a party frock, but it's one of Munsingwear's newest nightie inspirations. It's striped like an old-fashioned candy stick, has a heart shaped bodice for good figure lines and an Empire skirt. The fabric is a cool tricot knit—and vacationists and business girls please note; it launders beautifully and needs no ironing. It makes a bright thought for a going-away present, and you might put it on your list for some of your friends who are graduating in June. Meanwhile, you might do yourself a favor, too, by possessing and wearing it. This is only one of a fascinating collection of nighties by Munsingwear that dress you up for bed. About \$4.





The Pat O'Briens may have a very busy life, but they can always find time for their children, Mavourneen and Sean. Mrs. Pat usually does the reading.

Pat O'Brien's Home Life

Continued from page 33

manufacturers wrote and asked if we wanted to take a chance on having it sent over on an English ship or if we wanted it shipped to a neutral country and sent over on one of their vessels. We told them to ship it to Holland and re-route it from there on a Dutch boat. Finally it arrived in Wilmington, California, and for three weeks it lay there on the docks in plain view of God and everybody—but we couldn't get it. We had the bill from the manufacturers to show but the agent in Holland had forgotten to forward the shipping papers. It would probably still be there if we hadn't called up the manufacturer's agent in New York and had him cable the Dutch representative to forward the papers. Then we had to wait until they arrived."

On the table behind the divan are a pair of Sheffield book-ends, one figure being a woman (a colonial dame) and the other a man. It's the only pair like it I have ever seen. It is too bad that the fireplace doesn't show more plainly, for the brass fender and andirons are among the most striking features of the house. They are 17th century English.

"Who 'did' the house?" I inquired casually for the *decor* is unusually harmonious, without the "studied" effect decorators usually manage to achieve.

"We did it," they exclaimed happily. "We've dreamed of this house for years, studied plans, furnishings, decorations, and we knew almost exactly what we wanted before we started building. We were tired of Spanish architecture and we wanted a house that would be suitable for this climate so our choice naturally fell on Southern colonial."

"What!" I laughed mockingly, "no farm in the East?"

"No farm anywhere," they grinned. "You see," Pat went on, a serious note creeping into his voice, "in New York we had a back bedroom and we were lucky to be able to afford that. We've made our money out here and we think it should be spent out here. We have the house at the beach, and now this place, and that's

enough for anyone. If I can keep going for another three years we'll be able to keep these places up on our income and that's all anyone could ask. Come on, and we'll show you the rest of the house."

He led the way into the library. The desk and divan were brought over from the old house. The desk formerly belonged to Gene Stratton Porter and was bought at an auction. It was at this desk she wrote most of her famous books, including "The Girl of the Limberlost." The divan was recovered when they moved into the new house but as the original upholstery on the back and sides was still good the thrifty Eloise had the large chair next to the desk recovered with it. The base of the lamp in back of the divan is an antique Russian samovar that has been wired.

"Pat has a passion for collecting animal skin rugs," Eloise explained. "He has a lot more of them than I have stored away. I won't let him litter up the whole house with them but he goes right on collecting them."

"Yeah," Pat grinned. "I have just about every kind of skin there is except an agent's and producer's, and I'm going to get them before I quit."

The walls are pickled pine with an old English wax finish. Here, too, the rear window looks out over the pool towards the rumpus room and guest house. The ship on the mantelpiece is a reproduction in miniature of "The Royal Sovereign," which was built in the reign of Charles I of England by Phinease Jett. Pat once had some research done on the original vessel and learned it was built at a cost of 65,558 pounds sterling, was launched at Wilwich, England, on October 13, 1637, was 124 ft. long, 46 ft. wide, weighed 1637 tons and carried 100 guns.

On the right side of the mantle you'll notice a bronze plaque. There is also another on the left side. These are imprints of Sean's hands, when he was a baby. On one is inscribed, "To Daddy" and on the other, "From Sean."

The most noteworthy feature of this room is the collection of Irish literature, first editions and old theater programs and magazines. He had bought a collection of water prints called "The Haunts of Dickens" which Eloise had bound for him. There is a six-volume *deluxe* edition of the stories of the operas and a *deluxe* edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost," published in 1827 and dedicated to King George IV, bound in black crushed morocco. He also has a beautiful portfolio for photographs with a small Holbein portrait in the cover—a present from Jimmy and Billie Cagney. The walls boast the presence of three original Whistlers—"Reading by Lamplight," "Annie Seated" and "Adam and Eve Tavern." The lamp shades on either side of the mantle are copies of pages from the Gutenberg Bible.

The dining room, to my notion, is the cream of the house, not only on account of the excellent food served there, but because of the decoration. The walls are murals done on canvas depicting scenes of Southern life in ante-bellum days. The corners of the room have been rounded so there is no break in the paintings. The dining table



The quilted apron on the table of Eloise's powder room, left, is of the same satin used for the upholstered bed and bedspread of the master bedroom, right.

is early Duncan Phyfe and the chairs are Chippendale.

Even the kitchen in this home is distinctive. Pat's pride and joy is a garbage mincer which crushes the garbage so that it flows out the drain and into the sewer obviating the necessity for an incinerator or garbage pail. Technically, this machine is called a "garbage disposal," but Willie, the colored houseboy, has euphemistically re-christened it "the garbage *exposal*."

The ice-box is of Gargantuan proportions and is always filled to overflowing so a midnight raid always bears fruit—or cold chicken. It contains a dozen ice-trays. In the butler's pantry is another large ice-box containing six trays. This box is used mostly when they entertain. Salads can be prepared early in the afternoon and kept here until it is time to serve them.

The master bedroom looks to be only a trifle smaller than the waiting room of the new Los Angeles Union Station. It is a large room, but the effect of great size is obtained through the use of a mirror at the far end which covers the whole wall. In this mirror you can note the size of the bed, which is reflected in it. The chaise is double the ordinary in width and is called a "double chaise." It is upholstered in the same pattern of satin as is used on the bedspread and for the apron of Eloise's dressing table, except that this has not been quilted.

What appears to be a desk, with Eloise's picture on it, is really a plant stand. On the right is a lamp table—with no lamp. They have not yet been able to find just the lamp they want for this room.

The apron around the fireplace is of glazed tile with a small floral pattern. Note the fan screen. Eloise is making a huge hooked rug, entirely of rags, to go in front of the fireplace.

Both hers and Pat's dressing rooms are different than any I have ever seen. Hers has walls covered in phlox—a bluish-gray material (washable) that looks something like a shiny felt—but isn't. Every possible inch of space has been utilized. Built in, under every wash-basin in the house, is a hamper for the reception of soiled linen. In one closet, instead of the regulation one rod, hung near the top, there are two rods—one at the top and the other halfway between the floor and top. The top one is for her blouses and sports jackets and the lower one for odd skirts. There is also



The painting, "The Lakes of Killarney," which hangs over the fireplace in the living room of their home, above, typifies the things the Pat O'Briens love.

one closet with no shelf and the rod hung near the top for evening dresses, so the trains don't touch the floor. The carpet is apricot and is a carry-over from the bedroom.

Pat's dressing room has walls upholstered in pigskin leather. As all the laundering is done on the place, the laundress conceived the idea of hanging Pat's shirts on hangers, instead of folding them, doing away with creases.

Going into Mavourneen's room, we find a mahogany tester bed and a genuine antique mahogany desk. All the draperies, and the aprons on the coverlet and dressing table are *point d'esprit* edged in blue. The mirror over the dressing table has a real Dresden china frame. This formerly belonged to Julian Eltinge, the first and certainly the most successful of all female impersonators. Mavourneen has a cupboard full of dolls but only deigns to play with one of them, explaining, in all seriousness, that she is not the "maternal type."

Sean's room is severely plain and strictly

masculine. The wall-paper has red figures in it and he is prouder of this than of anything else in the room—although he is somewhat at a loss to explain it when you ask him why.

The playroom is probably the most used room on the place. Pat's hospitality is famous and people avail themselves of it on any and all occasions. In the old days when they first came to Hollywood, Eloise had always to keep a ten-gallon pot of beans on the stove on Sunday, for she never knew how many guests would suddenly arrive whom Pat had invited and forgotten to tell her about.

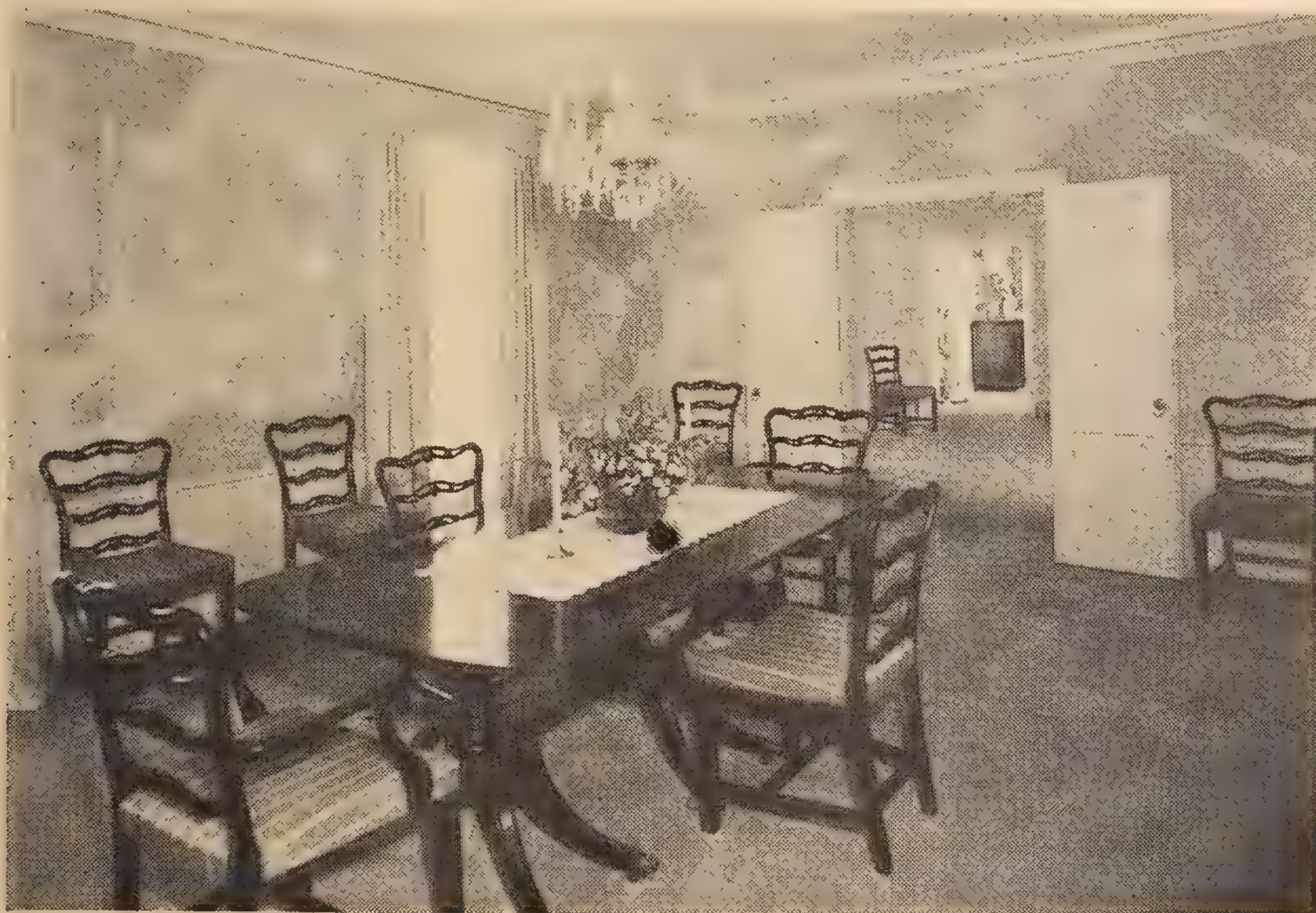
Usually rumpus rooms are too small. People insist upon having their parties in these rooms with the result that the air is always fetid and the guests uncomfortably crowded. The O'Brien playroom will accommodate fifty people comfortably and the bar alone, in a pinch, can accommodate eighteen people. It is the largest bar I have ever seen in a private home.

In the fireplace is an old maple pot that was formerly used for boiling sugar. The rugs are Navajo, some of them presents from Bert Lytell. The little figures on top of the bar are Toby mugs, most of them having been brought back from England by Wally Ford. The room is a reproduction of an old English Tavern and the chairs around the tables are reproductions of cabin chairs aboard ships.

The guest room is on one side of the playroom. It is furnished throughout in rock maple. Note the Bermuda fireplace. The pictures are antique frames with Godey prints. The old brass medallion they picked up in an antique shop for \$3.50. They have been offered \$75 for it. To the left of the fireplace is a sampler that Eloise worked herself. Eventually the floor will be covered with a braided rug that she is working on now.

On the opposite side of the playroom from the guest room are the dressing rooms and showers for guests who have taken a dip in the pool.

One could go on and on about this house. It is truly one of the show places of the cinema capital. The only thing not pretentious about it is the owners who greet guests as informally and with as much genuine pleasure in this palace as they did in their one-room, three-flights-up apartment in New York City, years ago.



The walls of the dining room are murals done on canvas depicting scenes of Southern life. The table is early Duncan Phyfe and the chairs are Chippendale.



Joan Blondell's baby daughter paid a visit to her mother on the set of "Two Girls on Broadway," the streamlined musical which co-stars Joan, Lana Turner, and George Murphy. The cute little miss made a big hit with Lana.

Brent Unbends

Continued from page 51

and stay vanished until time for the cameras to roll on his new production. It was futile to check the usual vacation spots or rest places where the majority of stars relax between pictures; George would be lost to view in some small Mexican town, on board an unknown boat bound for an unknown port, or hidden away in some nook of the vast Mojave Desert.

Added together, these things did not make him the most popular man in Hollywood. Because they could not understand him or his complex compulsions, people made snap judgments and condemned him on face values. No one knew, for instance, what drove him to run away as soon as his work in Hollywood was done. For a long time George himself was not sure. Mercurial restlessness and a passionate curiosity about life always have been the two besetting sins of the Irish and he is Irish from the crown of his straight black hair to the tip of his well-made brogans. The twin devils have ridden him without mercy since he was a broth of a boy in County Galway in his homeland. His heart was happy and his feet walked with a light-hearted step only when they were carrying him over the far hill and out of sight.

"The trouble was that I never had a set goal to reach or a material end to accomplish," he said. "Nor was it pure adventure in the sense of excitement that I sought so endlessly. Mine was an intangible restlessness. I wanted to see new colors, smell new smells, touch new surfaces, hear new sounds, know new customs and experience new emotions. I guess most of the Irish are like that; it's why you find us all over the face of the globe doing strange jobs in strange places."

It was not unnatural that George, as he grew into manhood, wandered the world to live dangerously and by his wits as he did when serving as a dispatch runner in the Irish revolution; or impatiently and by manual labor as he did when picking fruit on a farm in upper New York. From the beginning of his life he was encouraged to follow where his heart and curiosity led him. As a boy of seven he sat at the feet of his imaginative old grandfather in the family's stone house near Shannonbridge, listening with rapt eagerness as the elder Brent spun glowing yarns of the world beyond the Irish farm. Dreams stirred within

him and a restlessness was kindled to go out in that world and do the fine deeds other men did. Only with his discovery of the theater and the intense satisfaction it could bring him was he content to be tied in one place for a stated length of time by a scrap of paper called a contract. But even then the fight within him would not be silenced entirely. To assuage it he seized short trips as temporary escapes, trips that left him free of other men's will and of the harassing problems that crowd any Hollywood actor.

"Something stronger than myself made me rush off and out of sight," he said. "I don't know what that force was. I never could tie it down with a name. I simply knew I had to go or something inside me would explode. In a way I was like those people who never can hear a train whistle in the distance without an almost unbearable longing to get on a train, any train, and go some place. The difference between us was that I could not reconcile myself to wishing. I'd find a train and go!"

No one knew or understood either the super-shyness which made him withdraw into a shell from the hail-fellow-well-met camaraderie of the town and seem unfriendly, cold, high-hat and superior.

"I could not help that shyness," he said. "I was born with it, and as any excessively shy person can tell you, it is more than a handicap; it is an agent of very real and tangible self-torture. Many times I tried to analyze it, thinking if I could bring it out in the light I could conquer it. As nearly as I could define it, my reserve around others was a deep-rooted defense mechanism I subconsciously built against disappointment, disillusionment, and being hurt emotionally. We Irish are sensitive fools; we have thin skins around our hearts."

That same shyness, combined with another factor, influenced George's relations with those of us whose business it is to write about the stars and made us uncomfortable in his presence. (But not half as uncomfortable, it turned out, as we made him!) He could not believe that anyone outside his circle of personal friends could be interested in anything that did not pertain to his work. Therefore certain questions embarrassed him horribly. He honestly felt that the majority of things about his private life were no one's business but his own. Therefore other questions angered him.

Now, suddenly, all that is changed. He has stopped running blindly away every

time a new restlessness surges up in him. He has conquered his shyness to a large extent and is easy to approach and friendly in conversation. And he has made fast friends of us who once felt the north wind blow when we were in his presence. How did it happen?

Some months ago George set sail for Honolulu. That in itself was something of a miracle for Honolulu is a gay place and a favorite haunt of the stars when "off duty." It is not the ideal habitat of the recluses of the world of which George was a shining example. Originally, he said, the voyage was planned as just another sop to the restlessness that was driving him to still another horizon. Once there, however, something happened. Somewhere, sometime on the trip he examined his heart and mind honestly and dared define exactly what he wants of life and exactly what constitutes happiness for him.

Just when or where he made his decision he does not remember. Perhaps it was on that morning he lay on the sunbaked sands of a hidden beach on the far side of the verdant island and stared into the blue sky above him. Perhaps it was on that magic night when drifts of clouds were scudding across a moon-warmed sky as he looked down on the incredible beauty of the rocky cliffs of the majestic Pali. Perhaps, even, it was on the afternoon he stood on the deck of his homeward bound ship, watching the loveliness of the island fade into the distance, unaccountably without regret and glad he was returning home to the ties of work to be done.

"When I discovered it does not matter," he said. "What I discovered does. I found suddenly I had had my fill of restlessness and the turmoil it inevitably brings in its wake. I knew if I ever was to find surcease from it I must find it within myself though it meant compromise. I realized traveling in itself was only a stop-gap, a temporary medicine that was effecting no permanent cure for what ailed me. I finally acknowledged that getting everything I wanted, satisfying all my whims was not the answer, for then I was worse off than before. The very *wanting* of something is the stimulus that gives zest, color, and meaning to life. To be able to buy whatever you want solves nothing. I decided I was through fighting something beyond my power to whip. That, in turn, left but one course—compromise. It was futile to try to run away from myself; the solution to my problem would have to come from within me.

"I found I secretly coveted the friendly fellowship of men and women and since they had shown they were willing to give it to me, I alone must answer to myself for the lack of it; that I must give my share in order to receive a like amount; that since I alone had built the wall of reserve around me, by the same token I alone could destroy that wall.

"I admitted in all fairness that the interest of the fans and others in my private life need not be construed as a prying nosiness but as flattering evidence of their warm regard for me as a person as well as an actor; and while part of that interest still might seem exaggerated to me, none the less it sprang from good-will. I defined my concept of happiness as three-fold: financial security enough for creature comforts; contentment in love; and pride and satisfaction in work."

The last three he already had or were within his grasp. The others he knew he must find for the first time. Experience had proved they did not lay at the end of any of the blind alleys he had been following, and so he set for himself a new and straighter course. He put the theories into practice. It was not easy at first, nor did he expect it would be. But he has won. A changed, happier Brent is the result.

Whitney Bourne's luxurious New York apartment is the meeting place of society and the arts. She spends a great deal of time in Hollywood where she follows a career in the movies.

Miss June Rothe, TWA air hostess, has learned to serve a 7-course meal—alone—to 21 people traveling at 200 miles per hour! Charm, limited weight, nurse's training are other job requirements.

Glamorous Society Actress

**BUT BOTH GIVE
THEIR SKIN THIS
SAME THOROUGH
CARE**

QUESTION TO MISS BOURNE:

With a busy social life and a demanding career like yours, Miss Bourne, how do you keep your complexion so vibrant and fresh looking?

ANSWER: "It's a matter of regular skin care with Pond's 2 grand Creams. To keep my skin clear and glowing, I cleanse it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream night and morning. And, of course, before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Aren't the sudden changes from California sun to New York weather hard on your skin?

ANSWER: "No, because my powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream—also serves as a marvelous protection against sun and wind and weather. I always use it before make-up!"

QUESTION TO MISS ROTHE:

Does your appearance count very heavily when you apply for a job as air hostess, Miss Rothe?

ANSWER: "Yes—we needn't be actually beautiful, but we *must* look attractive. I give my complexion the best care I know—with Pond's 2 Creams. I use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse my skin, help keep it soft and supple—and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Does using two Creams seem to affect the way your make-up goes on?

ANSWER: "Definitely! Cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream freshens my skin. Then a light, satiny film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths little roughnesses and makes a perfect powder base. No wonder make-up looks better!"

Top-Flight Air Hostess

June dances on off-duty evenings

Arriving for premiere at
Carthy Circle Theatre

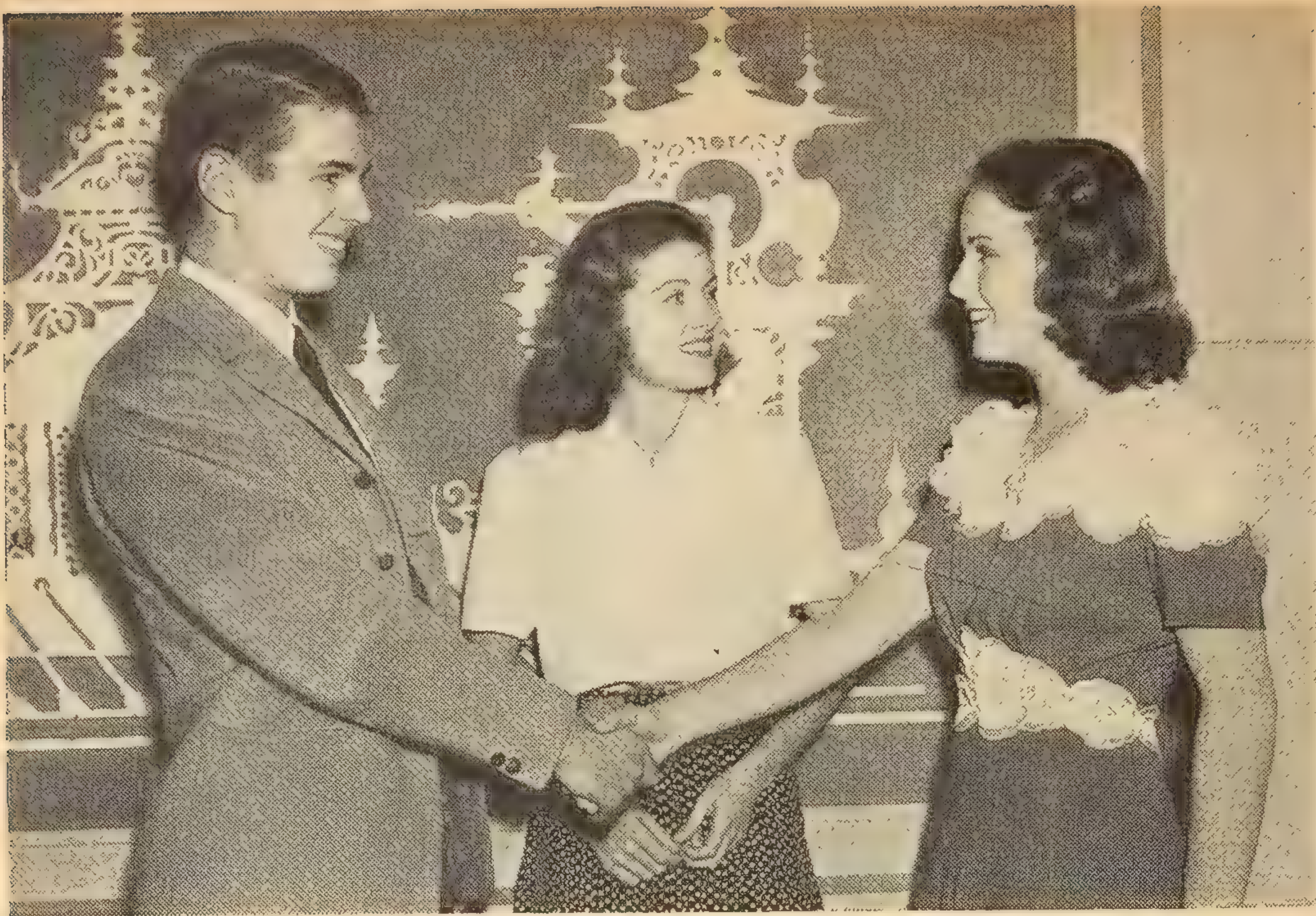


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While Deanna Durbin was romancing for the screen in "It's A Date," her new film, Betty Harrison, her stand-in, was finding real-life romance with Fred Reinecke, an aviation engineer. Deanna is shown congratulating the happy pair after they told her of their wedding plans. Betty will retain her stand-in status after her marriage.

"Torrid Zone"

Continued from page 25

to stay until the next boat left, and another grand thrown in if I got Rosario before a firing squad again. Not bad for a couple of week's grind, so I gave in. Dough is dough and could I spend a wad like that on the Chicago cuties. Wow!

Jocko had some business to attend to so I sauntered over to the dump they call a hotel and hired me a room and bath. Then just to get the taste of it outa my mouth I dived into my suitcase and got out a bottle. If you've never been down here you don't know about the glasses this hotel hands out. They throw in the rings gratis. You know the kind of rings that come out with a bit of soap and water.

I'd just come out of the bathroom where I'd been rinsing it out when who should I see closing the door to the balcony behind her but the red-headed dame. She looked like she'd swum the Atlantic. Her clothes stuck to her like they were glued on and I saw a couple of curves that had escaped me before. The way that chassis went in and out in all the right places was something. But I didn't want her to know it was getting me.

"Raining out?" I asked casually.

"I didn't notice," says she, just as calm as you please, but her lips were chattering and she didn't say no to the slug I handed her.

"Thought you were on the boat" I said.

"So did the captain," says she. "I didn't like the suite they gave me. So when the boat pulled out in the harbor I got a headache, and the cluck who was playing watchdog took me for a walk around the deck. First thing I knew the clumsy lug tripped over one of my feet."

"I get it. He fell so hard, he knocked you overboard." I gave her the wink.

"That swim back wasn't any picnic. I'm not Johnny Weissmuller."

"Nobody's going to argue about *that*," says I, liking what I saw of her more and more. "What happens now?"

"Well, the ship's probably radioed back, so the cops will be looking for me," she said. "I thought you might put me up for awhile. I don't know anyone else to turn to. You're

the first guy here who didn't try to boot me around."

Boy, if this was a dream I didn't ever want to wake up. "Here," says I, tossing her my bathrobe. "You better get out of that shower bath. But you understand this isn't one of the larger suites of the Waldorf. What I mean is, there's only one bed." She started to get mad at that so I hurried on. "What I'm getting at is that someone's going to have to sleep on the floor."

By the time she'd put on the bathrobe and had another drink I found out her name was Lee Donley. She was a bit mysterious about other things though, and I admit I was surprised when she picked up my deck of cards to see how she shuffled them. Her technique was as good as her figure. It was then I saw the ring she was wearing. It was mine, the one Rosario had taken from me.

I knew they'd held her in the jail till the boat left and by that time I figured she'd met Rosario. Things are a bit informal in our jail house. But when I mentioned his name she didn't bat an eyelash.

"Nice looking ring you got," I told her. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll cut you cards for it. If I win the ring's mine and if you win, well—what about twenty bucks?"

She fell for it. But after I saw her luck I knew it was me that had fallen. The luck that girl had. Before we were through she'd won my roll, three hundred smackers.

No girl's worth that dough. I didn't like it. "I'm turning in," I says, starting to take off my shirt.

"Me too," she agrees and before I could stop her she'd started to dive under the mosquito netting draped around the bed.

"Not in that bed," says I. "I said someone's going to sleep on the floor—that's you. You can use that three hundred bucks for a pillow and watch out for the splinters."

She musta been reading about Sir Galahad the look she gives me. But I just turns over on my side and goes to sleep. And I'm lost to the world until I think there's been an earthquake the way someone's banging at my door.

It was those cute musical comedy cops

after Lee. But she'd gone. Then I heard what she was in jail for. A card cheat! What a sucker I turned out to be.

I was off Lee good and plenty. Curves are curves and all that but so is cheating. And I can't stomach a cheat. Especially when it's me she's been taking. So I wasn't pleased when I got to the plantation next day to find her rolling out of the baggage car of our tin rattler. But there was nothing to do but let her stay until the next train pulled out. And that wouldn't be until the boat left in another week. But you couldn't kick a girl out into the jungle.

I got back my three hundred bucks, though. I had to ruffle her up a bit to get it, but I was sore. Jocko hadn't kicked in with the thousand he promised either. He'd given me a hundred on account when I said goodbye to him in town and let it go at that.

I took Lee over to Gloria's shack. I was looking for an excuse to see Gloria again anyway. She's Anderson's wife and we'd been pretty friendly before Jocko sent me to the swamps. She's a nice eyeful herself, Gloria is. I never could understand how Anderson got that cute dish.

Those girls hated each other at first sight. They looked like a couple of fighters eyeing each other before the bell.

"She goes back to Puerto Aguilar with the next load of bananas," I said. "Can you put her up until then?"

"Oh, I suppose we can find room for her somewhere," Gloria said, looking as if I'd asked her to give hospitality to a scorpion.

"Don't strain yourself" says Lee pert as ever. "I can always sleep in a tree."

"Hereditary, I guess," snaps Gloria.

By the sound of it you know those girls didn't get together on a tea party. It was a good thing for Lee that Jocko was still in town. But it gave me a laugh when he called me up on the phone telling me how him and the police was looking for her all over town.

Gloria and me took up where we left off which was plenty. And one night when I strolled out to her shack I found her on the porch and her eyes looked all puffed as if she'd been crying.

"I can't stand it here another day," she said. "I married that guy thinking South America would be romantic. If a mug like you hadn't come along I wouldn't have stayed."

And she threw her arms around me and kissed me and I sizzled. She is cute and she smelt sweet and anyway I've always been a sucker for dames. Suddenly I heard a laugh and there stood Lee at the door in one of Gloria's nighties.

"I understand the Chicago fire started from something like this," she said.

"That was caused by a cow," I told her, giving her a dirty look.

"Yeah, I know." She laughed and looked at Gloria who burned plenty. "I was trying to cool off but I can see it's much hotter out here." She started to go and then she turned and grinned at me. "You'd look pretty funny with one of Anderson's bullets nailed to your back porch."

Evidently she thought that was the note to leave on for she went in banging the door behind her. Gloria was all for going on with our little interlude but I'd kinda lost the taste for it. But I had to be chivalrous and play up to her. She was a lady, wasn't she? Not like Lee.

"Nick, you've got to take me back to the States with you," Gloria said.

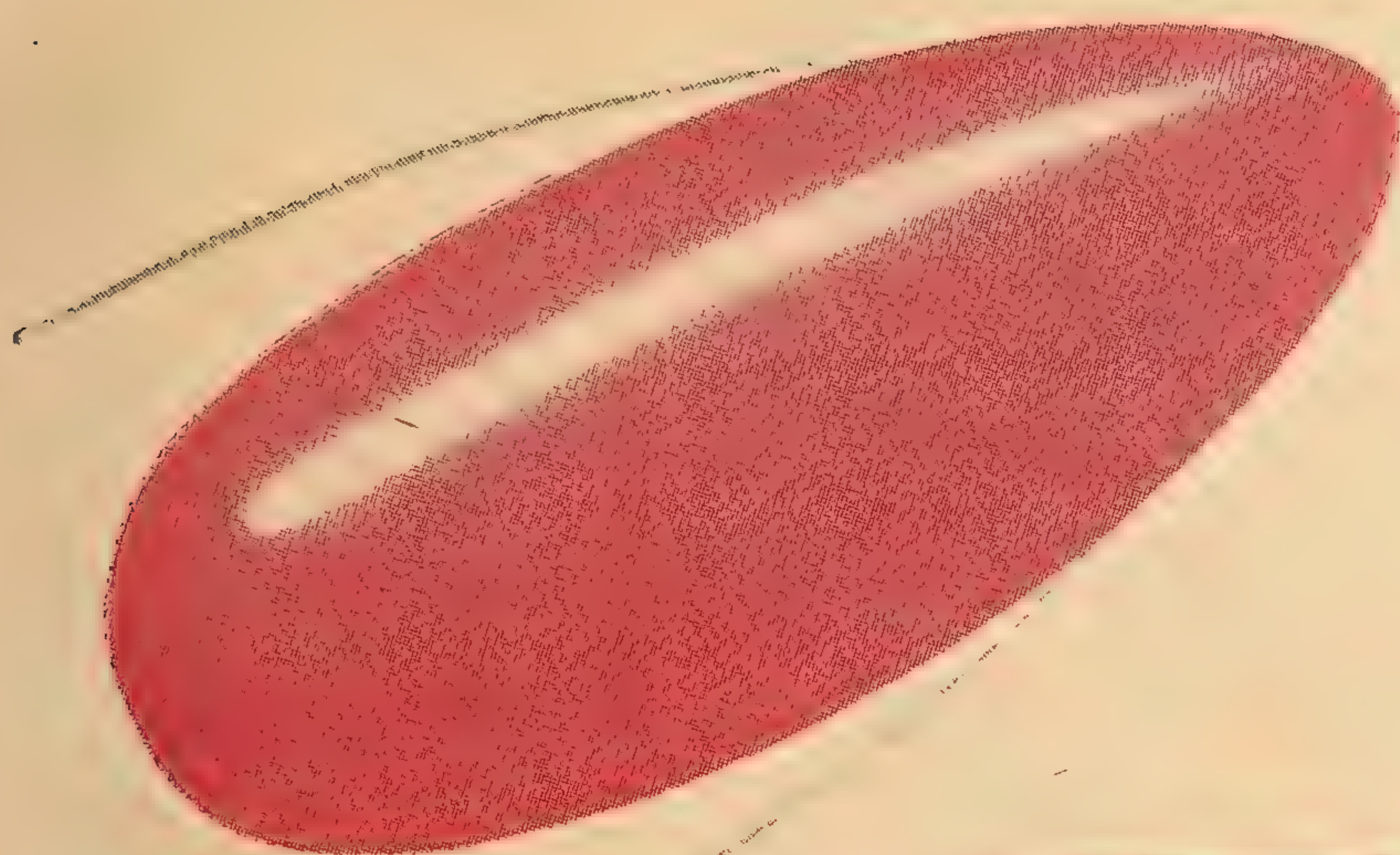
Just then I spotted Anderson coming up the path and I edged away, making it in something under a second.

"I haven't intruded on anything private, I hope," Anderson sneered.

"Not at all," Gloria said innocently, and went in the house. Anderson and I went in too and when he saw me in the light he suddenly leaned over and mopped

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Len Weissman

The most widely discussed book of modern times, "Gone With the Wind," by Mar-
garet Mitchell, received overwhelming honors at the 12th annual dinner of the
Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. The film version was awarded
eight of the prizes, with David O. Selznick taking the producer's trophy, and
Vivien Leigh winning the best performance award for her interpretation of SCARLETT.

his handkerchief across my mouth and it
came away smeared with red.

"Do you always use that shade of lip-
stick?" he asked. "I always tell Gloria she
uses too much."

There it was, high, wide and handsome,
and not a thing I could say. And I have
to admit Lee saved me from that one. She'd
come in carrying a plate of sandwiches.

"That's my lipstick," she said cool and
collected. "And I don't use too much."

I could have laughed to see Anderson's
jaw hanging. When he'd gone Lee shook her
finger at me.

"You're a big boy now," she says. "You
should know about lipstick. Have a sand-
wich?"

I took one even if I was sore at the way
she was laughing. "Why don't you get in
your cracker box and go to bed?" I asked.

"Now look here," she said getting sore
herself. "I just saved you from being the
heavy in a nasty little bedtime story. I don't
know why I bothered. And I wish you'd
stop pushing me around. What do you
think I've got? Smallpox?"

"Whatever it is, I don't want to catch it,"
I said as I walked away. I admit she'd
helped me out of a tough spot but did that
mean I'd have to be pals with a card shark?
Not on my three hundred bucks!

I was right, too. That dame sure was
a sucker for trouble. The very next morn-
ing I was walking along the river with
Wally, who's second man under Jocko,
when who should I see swimming along
but Lee. That river's alive with alligators.

"Get out of there!" I yelled. But she only
grinned.

"Come on in, the water's fine," she
laughed. "Just like Coney Island only not
so crowded."

"You got plenty of company in there, sis-
ter," I warned her. "Alligators!"

I didn't need to say anything else. Two
alligators, big, brutal ones were heading
towards her. She looked at them and tried
to scream. But she was so paralyzed she
couldn't even yip.

I whipped out my gun and got one. Wally
shot off his too and I dived in after her.
It wasn't any picnic dragging her back to
shore with Wally's bullets whizzing around
us and the alligator snapping at our heels.

She was game enough in the river, then
when I got her on land if she didn't go and
keel over on me! I picked her up and I
gotta admit I went a bit soft over her again
looking down at her in my arms with her
red hair falling like a fan. She'd rigged
up some sort of bathing suit out of an old
pair of slacks and she'd cut 'em so short
they hardly concealed a thing. And the feel
of her, close like that, sent shivers down
my back. You wouldn't think Lee could
look like that but she did, like a little kid
sorta helpless and forlorn. I guess it was
my protective instinct she appealed to.

Suddenly I felt her wriggling in my arms
and she smiled like a siren. "Am I heavy?"
she asked sweetly, and sighed as if she
was enjoying it. "What are you thinking
about?" she asked.

I was sure she'd been faking. That she'd

Lady Esther says Won't you please help your

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EVERY TIME the clock ticks—every time you breathe—your new skin is crowding eagerly upward, outward—and soon will make its bow before all the world—in new glory and new glamour, *if you will do your part!*

Why let your new skin be "born under a cloud," asks Lady Esther—when it *can* be flattering—*can* make you look a little younger, fresher, lovelier? Yes, each coming generation of your skin can bring you a new-born beauty—*if—*

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove—tenderly and gently—those almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin beclouding your complexion today—concealing the glory of your new skin!

For those tiny flakes of worn-out skin are the thieves that steal your beauty. Feel with your fingertips *now* the little rough spots they leave on your face. They can make you look older, for they keep even the finest powder from going on smoothly—give you a lifeless, drab complexion!

My 4-Purpose Cream *permeates* those flakes. Soothingly and gently it whisks them all away—loosens embedded impurities—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—helps your skin to be smoother—lovelier—younger-looking.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

If he's a specialist on the skin—all the better! Follow his advice if you have a vitamin deficiency. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and *push* anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin via your face cream!

Ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new, young skin about to be born!

Then try my face cream *at my expense*. Continue using it twice a day or oftener for two weeks. See if your powder doesn't look *lovelier* day by day. See the *glamour* of your new-born skin as my cream helps you keep your *Accent on Youth!*

Please Accept Lady Esther's 10-Day Sample **FREE!**

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying up—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (55)

LADY ESTHER, 7162 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



"Oh Darling, how lovely!"

It's a **Keepsake**

DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

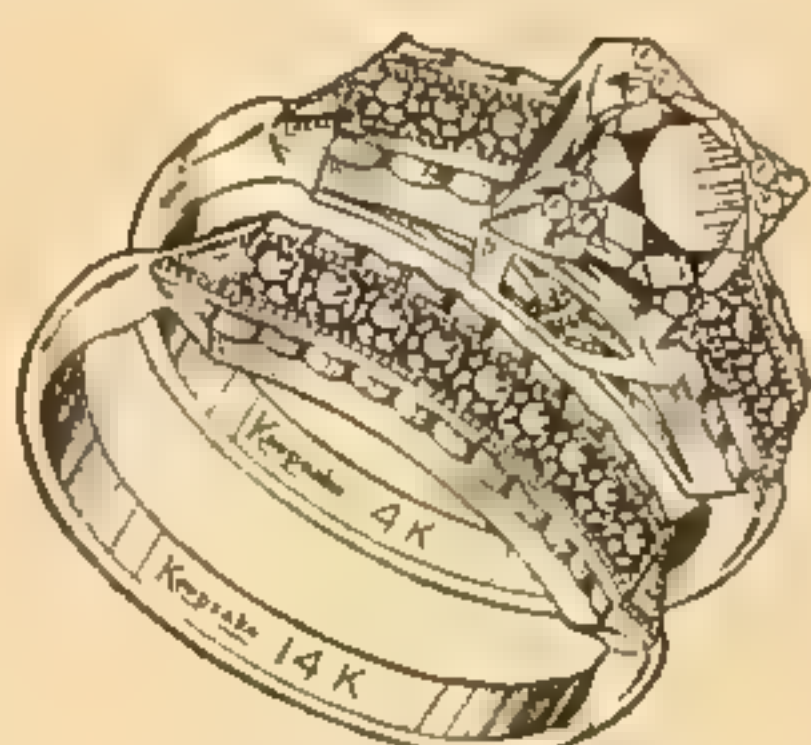
She's thrilled with the traditional symbol of the engagement . . . her beautiful, genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring.

The Keepsake Certificate of quality and registration permits you to choose with confidence of quality and value.

Ask your jeweler to show you these distinguished new Keepsake matched sets for every taste and purse. Extended payments can usually be arranged.

Romance Ahead?

Send Coupon or write for the book—for coming brides and grooms.



ARDMORE Set \$79.75
Engagement ring \$50.00



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BROOKLINE Set \$200.00
Engagement ring \$150.00

Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Please send me the valuable book, "Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding." I enclose 10c to cover mailing expense.

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.. AND I USED TO BE SUCH A SAUSAGE IN THIS DRESS



Look at the Fat I've Lost!

Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Tablets a day, according to the directions.

Marmola Tablets have been sold to the public for more than thirty years. More than twenty million boxes have been distributed during that period.

Marmola is not intended as a cure-all for all ailments. This advertisement is intended only for fat persons who are normal and healthy otherwise and whose fatness is caused by a reduction in the secretion from the thyroid gland (hypo-thyroidism) with accompanying subnormal metabolic rates. No other representation is made as to this treatment except under these conditions and according to the dosage as recommended.

We do not make any diagnosis as that is the function of your physician, who must be consulted for that purpose. The formula is included in every package. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure that is rightfully yours.

taken me again. "I'm thinking I should have rescued the alligator," I said and I dumped her. She fell on her rear with a thud and I stalked off without another look at her.

There wasn't much time to think of her after that. I didn't even give Gloria a second thought these days for there was trouble. Rosario was riding again. And when that baby rides, you sure know about it!

Anderson came up against him once and he had a gang of men with him, all with guns in their belts. But Anderson is yellow. He turned heel and didn't spare the horses getting back to camp. But when Rosario's gang blew up the bridge the train crosses to get to town I had a pretty good hunch where to find him. So I set out with a gang of men, all of 'em hand picked and able to take it.

My hunch was right and we fought it out in the jungle. Our guns blazed and we let them have it plenty. But there's one thing you've gotta admit about Rosario and that is that he can take it, too. I wished he was on our side instead of against us. And afterward when I shot at him and hit him I was almost sorry to see him go down as the rest of the gang got on their horses and scrambled.

But I wasn't as sorry as I was when I went over to him and saw it wasn't Rosario after all but one of his greaseballs. There were a few men lying dead there but none of them was Rosario. He'd hoodwinked me plenty changing sombreros with one of his men. His was extra fancy with its silver trimming and leather bands.

I'd been plugged in the shoulder but I didn't realize it until I saw the blood trailing down my arm. I hated to go back to camp but my shooting arm was useless. Gloria came running over to me when she saw me and Lee was back of her.

"Nick, are you all right?" Gloria asked and it did me good to hear how upset she sounded over my arm.

But Lee just looked at me and grinned. "You look ready for a fast trade-in to me," she flipped. "What happened? A mosquito bite?"

"Nick," Gloria said ignoring her, "get in the house and let me fix that shoulder up."

Lee snorted as she followed us in. "A touching little drama entitled, 'The Nurse's Curse,' or 'Florence Nightingale Among the Bananas,'" she said, but neither of us paid any attention to her. "I'll be more practical and mix you a drink. I could stand one myself. I didn't sleep well last night."

"Why not?" I asked her. I had to say something to keep from yelling at the way Gloria was digging into my arm.

"I was worried about you," she said, giving me a look that would have made my heart turn a cartwheel if it had come from anybody else.

"Stop cooking with gas," I snapped at her. "Why should you worry about me?"

"I've been wondering about that myself," she said. Then she came over to us and pushed Gloria out of the way. "I never could stand amputations. Let me look at him. Why don't you get off in a corner and practice on your finger nails awhile?"

I was fed up with the two of them but even so I had to admit that Lee knew how to make a man feel comfortable. Her fingers were as light as fluff as she worked on me. She didn't hurt a bit.

The next morning I woke up late and I was still groggy from sleep when who walks into my room but Jocko. "Good morning, dearie," he sneered. "Would you like your breakfast served in bed? What are you doing, rehearsing for the Chicago job?"

"That does it!" I said. "I'm blowing. I'm going back to town and sleep for forty-eight hours. You capture Rosario and for my

"TORRID ZONE"

(Warner Bros.)

Cast

Nick Butler James Cagney
Lee Donley Ann Sheridan
Steve Case (Jocko) Pat O'Brien
Wally Davis Andy Devine
Bob Anderson Jerome Cowan
Gloria Anderson Helen Vinson
Rosario George Tobias
Rodriguez Frank Puglia

money you can shove him in your hope chest."

He saw he'd gone too far and tried some of his old soft soap on me. But it didn't go. I was going to Chicago and nothing could stop me. I got out of bed and threw some clothes on and packed my bag with him standing there still trying to argue me into staying. Then Gloria blew into the room.

"You can't go like this," she said. "What about me?"

"Meet me in Chicago," I told her. I was fed up with her. Fed up with all dames. I'd never look at another one as long as I live so help me!

"Lee's taking that train," she said burned to a crisp. "You wouldn't leave without her."

Jocko got up as if he'd been shot. He went out with murder in his eye and I after him, and Gloria tagged after me. I didn't want to see even Lee wrestle with him, the mood he was in. He bellowed to someone as we started toward the cabin where Gloria had exiled Lee last night, though I didn't know it until then. Rodriguez came up to him and it gave me a laugh to see Jocko had brought his musical comedy cop along. A fat chance he'd have against Rosario!

Well, we bust into the cabin and Lee was sitting there as calm as could be playing solitaire. But I saw two piles of chips on the table and a gun and holster lying on the floor. I knew she wasn't alone and I knew my hunch she'd met Rosario in jail had been right.

Rodriguez let out a yell that could be heard in the States when he saw the gun. It was the one Rosario had copped from him when he escaped. There was only one place he could be hiding and that was the closet, and when Rodriguez started counting pointing his gun at the door, Rosario steps out.

We got him up to the main house and Jocko was talking big about me and Lee being under arrest too when suddenly he stops. The house was surrounded by Rosario's men and there was a gun at every window.

Jocko was plenty scared. He handed me over the nine hundred bucks he owed me on the spot knowing Rosario would do just what he did, put it in his pocket. But it didn't turn out to be the bribe Jocko thought it would be. Rosario told him in the pleasantest voice I'd ever heard from a man with murder in his heart that he was going to shoot him. Then he turned to Lee.

"Señorita, you are coming with me," he said giving her a sweeping bow. "We have a lot of fun together. I teach you three important things. I teach you how to ride,

I teach you love, and I teach you some more how to play poker."

I could have laughed at that if I hadn't seen Lee's face. It was so innocent and sweet. Then I remembered the pile of poker chips on the table in her cabin and how much bigger it was than the one in front of her. She'd been pretending she didn't know how to play. That was clear. And I wondered what her game was. But the rest of it made me see red. And I don't mean Lee's hair!

"If you think you can hijack her, you're screwy," I doubled up my fists. If anyone had told me I could ever feel that way about Lee I'd have thought they were screwballs. But I did. I felt my heart go down in my shoes at the thought of her going with Rosario or any man!

Rosario didn't like my butting in and told me to stand against the wall with Jocko, that he was shooting me too. Gloria let out a scream at that but Lee didn't bat an eyelash.

"Look, Rosey," she said. "I think you're a swell guy but I'm a home gal at heart. What fun would it be for you to take away a girl who doesn't want to go with you? That isn't what I've heard about you Latin lovers. Now, you're a poker player, aren't you?"

"I am definitely, positively the card poker player who can't be beat," he said beaming at her. "Maybe perhaps the best in the whole world."

"Okay," said Lee. "Here's the proposition. We play one hand of draw poker. If you win you can knock off both these clucks and I go with you. And if I win I don't go, you leave these guys alone and take your gang and beat it."

"I am too good for you," Rosario grinned. "Anyway, why should I play for a pot I have won already?"

"There's a difference between a lady who's agreeable and one who isn't," Lee pointed out to him.

He couldn't argue that one and he was so sure of himself he agreed. Lee dealt the cards. From where we stood we could see both their hands. He'd drawn three jacks, a nine and a four and Lee had a complete bust, a deuce, five, seven, ten and queen.

Jocko's teeth chattered, he was so scared. And I admit I shook a bit when Lee announced she was playing her hand. Rosario drew two and snagged another jack.

He slapped 'em down on the table and Lee smiled. "I'm afraid you have to go by yourself, greaseball," she announced. She lay down her hand and how she'd gotten them I'll never know but she'd bagged four queens. Sometimes I don't mind a girl knowing a bit about cheating at cards, at that.

I must say this for Rosario. He comes of sporting stock. He shrugged his shoulders and smiled as he got up.

"Unlucky at cards, unlucky at love," he said. "Actually, Señorita, it is you who have had bad luck, because now you will never know the joy of Rosario making love to you. And you, Señor, some things you see clear, but some things you see like mud in your eye. You fool around with this squeak-pip," he glowered at Gloria, "and all the time, hanging right under your nose, is a fine lady who is in love with you, maybe perhaps?"

"Don't you think you ought to let me propose to him myself?" Lee said then. At first I thought she was only wisecracking. But that was before I saw the look in her eyes and it's never left them yet even though she's settled down on the plantation now with her husband. That's me, of course, and we've turned into one of those married couples that don't look for any excitement except making love.

Yeah, I stayed, all right. I couldn't leave a pal like Jocko in the lurch—could I?

25 Yards in this Skirt...



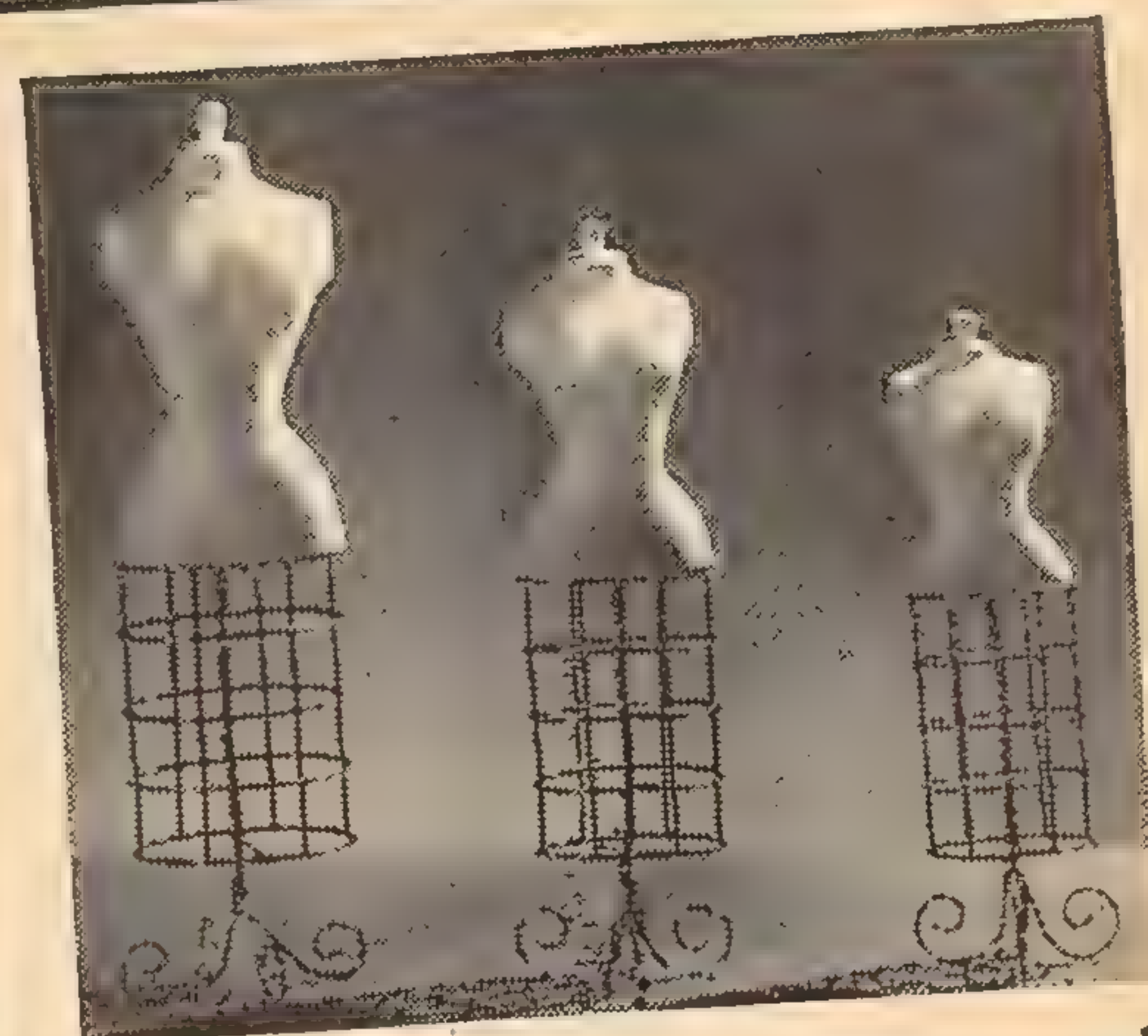
Yer—due to skillful designing — there's not a hint of bunchiness or bulk!

The same applies to Kotex sanitary napkins! Made in soft folds... with more absorbent material where you need it ... less in the non-effective portions of the pad... Kotex is *less bulky* than pads made with loose, wadded fillers! Less apt to chafe, too—for it's entirely sheathed in cotton, before it's wrapped in gauze!



Don't fear an audience! A moisture-resistant panel is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad — to give extra protection!

And what confidence it brings to know there are no tell-tale bulges to give your secret away! Flat, pressed ends (patented by Kotex) never make revealing outlines...the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!



Kotex* comes in three sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in three different sizes—*Super—Regular—Junior*. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

All 3 sizes have soft, folded centers ... flat, tapered ends ... and moisture-resistant "safety panels." All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

**FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS
PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY
COMPARE ITS NEW,
FLATTER ENDS**



"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office



Here's one of the very first scenes from "If I Had My Way," which co-stars Bing Crosby and Gloria Jean, the 11-year-old singing star who was introduced to the screen in "The Under-Pup."

Time to Meet the Experts!

Continued from page 31

one rule. "You may have an answer on the tip of your tongue. If you let it slip off, it's likely to be caught by one of the mikes, which would give our listeners a poor idea of these gentlemen who are paid small sums of money for their information—which you, after all, are not. So we ask you to hoard your knowledge till nine o'clock. You may then depart, congratulating yourselves on being so much smarter than we are." In acknowledgment of either his flattery or his irony, the audience titters.

He then proceeds to introduce the experts: Oscar Levant, bi-weekly repeater and bad boy, eyes mournful in his swarthy billiken face; burly Christopher Morley, the guest, who reminds you of Benjamin Franklin, either because of his air of serene benevolence or because his hair, worn rather long, is brushed back from the forehead and behind the ears, as in photographs of Ben; Adams and Kieran, the regulars—Adams sad and saturnine looking, till he breaks wide open in a grin; Kieran small and spry like a leprechaun, his bald spot fringed in white, his ruddy face alive with humor. Levant looks pained under the formality of presentation, Morley looks pleasant. Kieran applauds for himself, while Adams hisses him.

"Have I slighted someone?" Fadiman inquires. "What else do you do, John?"

Kieran runs a meditative hand over his scalp.

"He tries," booms Adams, "to think he's got enough hair to smooth."

The questions start popping, and the banter pops with them. Levant's hand goes up with a quirk of two fingers. His face is a brooding mask most of the time, and he smiles as if under duress, lips tight. Adams' mobile features mirror the goings-

on. Morley is deliberate. He removes his glasses, blinks, and restores them, while a question almost gets away. But he flags it in time. "I'm a little bashful," he explains.

"You don't say!" Kieran peers at him in solicitude. "When did that happen, Chris?" Except when in action, Kieran keeps his hands on the table, and his eyes on his hands. His arm goes up smartly. In moments of urgency, his fingers snap. Morley answers a question without signalling first. "Don't forget the hands, gentlemen. As in a classroom, you know. I won't misunderstand the gesture," Fadiman assures them gravely.

"How did you happen to know that?" he demands of Adams, who has just solved a sticker. Adams, about to reply, bethinks himself that it's not the Gestapo he's facing. "Don't ask me how I know things," he growls. "Watch," says Fadiman, "how meek he gets at eight thirty."

At a given signal, he states without emphasis, "We're on the air in fifteen seconds." Adams lifts his head, as a charger scenting battle, Levant squirms, Morley removes his glasses, Kieran continues to contemplate his hands. Cross steps to the mike, and this is where you horn in.

Actually, they are only a shade less casual on the air than off, though casual is hardly the word to apply at any time to Levant, who is supercharged with nerves like a highstrung horse. Let us say, then, that he remains uninhibited or, more accurately still, defies his inhibitions to tram-mel him. He seems now and then bewildered by his own pyrotechnics, and will turn in confusion to Fadiman or Kieran or Adams with a look that plainly cries, "Get me out of this." The latter two regard him with the mingled awe and exasperation bestowed by reasonable adults on

a *wunderkind*. When he covers himself with glory—at which moments he's most likely to duck his head as if in shame—they exchange a congratulatory handshake. When he perpetrates an outrage, they turn on him what Kieran calls the twelve-pound sneer.

The tall, purposeful-looking gentleman in horn-rimmed glasses who sits near Fadiman and clocks the program is Dan Golenpaul, from whose brow this Minerva of the airwaves sprang. He is a radio producer and director, who whips up ideas to sell to the networks. He has fathered other programs, some moderately successful, none to compare in bouncing vitality with his youngest. He will tell you it was his feeling for the underdog that got him started. On all the popular quizzes, Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen acted as guinea pigs from omniscient Dr. Thises and Professor Thats. Why not let Average Citizen, in mass, form a questioning body for a change to take cracks at a so-called board of experts?

NBC sniffed. Show us an expert, they said, who'd be fool enough to lay himself wide open. Golenpaul consulted friends and strangers, scholars and men in the street, emerging heartened by the assurance that the plan might click, provided (a) that the questions were fair, edited by a board aware of the pitfalls, difficult enough to challenge the wits of the experts, not so technical as to fall outside the scope of the program's potential public; and provided (b) that the experts were well-informed generally, wore no stuffing in their shirts, could bandy language and take their blunders in stride.

Various candidates were suggested—Adams of the Conning Tower among them, as a connoisseur of the American scene, an omniverous reader who retained everything he read, a verbal swordsman trained in the ruthless school of Woollcott, Kaufman, Ferber *et al.* "You'd be great on the air, Frank," an agent had told him. "I'm going to put your name in my files." "You remind me," said Frank, "of a city editor." It was through the agent, however, that Golenpaul reached him.

"I've got an idea for this question business the other way." He sketched it in brief. "Would you let yourself in for something like that?"

"Why not? I've been doing it all my life."

Of the present board, only Adams and Fadiman graced the initial tryout. Adams says he was picked because he had the loudest voice. Fadiman had had previous radio experience, as a book reviewer and on *The Magic Key*. He's sure he had twelve listeners, because he got twelve cards, saying he was terrible. The thirteenth listener didn't write him a card, but stored the memory of his voice into a mental cubbyhole. That was Golenpaul. He met Fadiman on the bus one morning. "I've been meaning to phone you. I've got an idea."

"At the studio," says Fadiman, "they shoved a lot of cards into my hand, I read 'em, and found presently that I had a job. One of those breaks that always goes to the other fellow. This time, surprisingly, the other fellow was me."

He has severed his editorial connection with Simon and Schuster. He continues to write book reviews for *The New Yorker* because he likes to write book reviews. But radio is now his dearest love, and promises to do as well by him as he's done by it. We needn't point out that the break wasn't as fortuitous as his modesty would indicate. He slipped into his rôle as sweetly as a hand into a glove. An agreeable voice was only a first requisite. He had the others as well. Genial, urbane,

he can still loose a shaft with the best of them. He keeps the divertimento going on a steady keel. His temper is even, his humor tolerant. He can smooth the edge of an awkward moment, and he brings an almost judicial calm to the settling of disputes. He's fair, knows when to yield a point, but won't let the boys get away with murder. He's their favorite teacher.

That first audition broke the moguls of NBC down. It ran three hours, and the audience yelled for more. *Information, Please* was scheduled as a sustaining program, with Fadiman, Adams, and three variables. "Who else would be good?" Golenpaul asked F.P.A. "John Kieran." "Who's he?" "Writes the best sports column in the U.S.A. is all." "Does he know anything besides sports?" Franklin showed signs of a seizure which subsided by degrees. "Look, do me a favor. Call Kieran."

The phone rang in Kieran's office. "Do you want to go on a radio program?" "Certainly not." "Why not?" "I can't take on any more work." "This isn't work, it's fun." "I've heard that one before too." "This time it's true. Will you come over and try it?"

By his own account, Kieran is a weak-minded person who can't say no. He went over and tried it, and by golly, it *was* fun. First thing he knew, Golenpaul was saying, "Sign here."

Levant came later. He was already a legend among the creative intelligentsia. Kaufman and Hart commended him to Golenpaul's attention. His knowledge of music and his cheek were both incredible, and both assets. He accepted the bid avidly, though he swears he was frightened and still is. Eventually he became an every-other-week fixture. The rumor that Golenpaul staggers him out of regard for his own blood pressure is false. He thinks a guest and a half a week pro-

vides the right leaven of unexpectedness.

The program ran for six months without a sponsor. Many auditioned and nixed it as too highbrow. The experts weren't greatly concerned. They were being paid for enjoying themselves. They felt that a sponsor might inject highpressure methods. But they reckoned without Golenpaul, who knew a good thing when he had it. One of his conditions was: no change in the mode of procedure. He owns the program. The experts are under contract to him, and consider themselves blessed in the arrangement. He's a shrewd negotiator in their interests and his own, and they trust him as a babe its mother. Adams will tell you he's never read his contract. "All I know," says Kieran, "is what I see on my check.—Long live Golenpaul."

Canada Dry, off the air for seven years, had been shopping for something nifty in programs with which to launch a new radio campaign. Their advertising agency were by way of being iconoclasts, breaking loose from the sacred advertising dogma that the average intelligence of radio listeners, as of moviegoers, was that of a twelve-year-old. They introduced Canada Dry to *Information, Please*, and the union soon followed. An agency for a second national product, that had blown hot and cold, came around the day after the contract was signed. They were left chewing their nails, in which futile activity they have since been joined by others who watched with glazed eyes as the alleged twelve-year-old mind sent *Information, Please* soaring to second place in the Crosley ratings. The experts were gratified. Naturally. They are not so unworldly as to turn up their noses at money. They decided to go out and get drunk on Canada Dry.

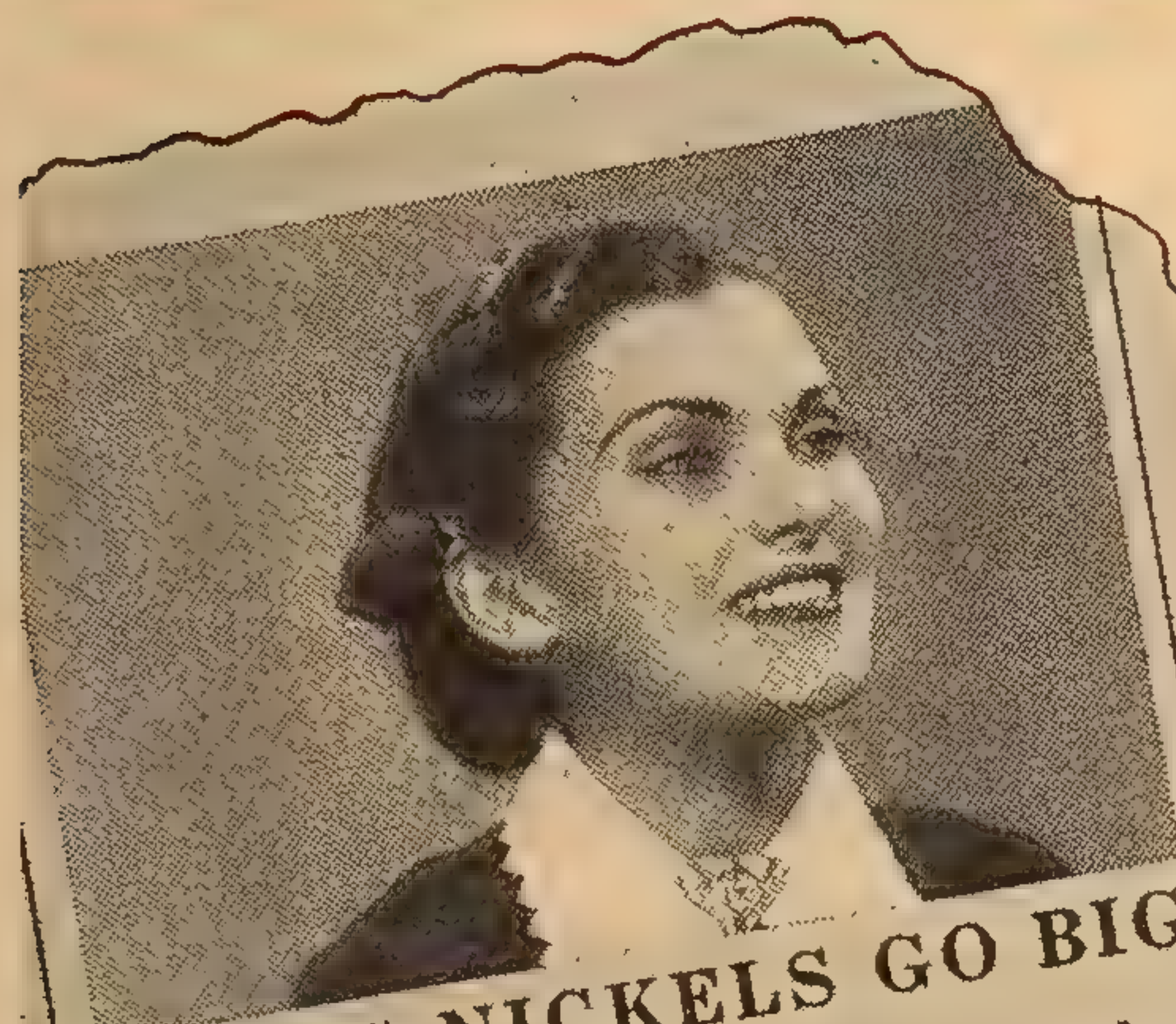
Frederic Ullman, Jr., producer of Pathé News—he looks like Laurence Olivier,

girls—noted a phenomenon. Every morning but Wednesday, his fellow-commuters from Connecticut buried themselves in the papers, or discussed business, the market and the government. On Wednesdays such trivia were laid aside. All the way in to Grand Central Station they compared eager notes on questions they could or couldn't answer, howled over wisecracks made on a certain quiz program, called *Information, Please*. Mr. Ullman had never heard it. He made it his business to listen the following Tuesday. He phoned Dan Golenpaul. Would Golenpaul sell the idea to Pathé for movie shorts, acting as agent for the guests involved? After weeks of wrangling, Mr. Golenpaul did. The wrangling was mostly over money. Mr. Ullman will attest to the experts' good fortune in having drawn Mr. Golenpaul as their collective bargainer.

As on the radio, the movies are unrehearsed. Frank Donovan, the director shoots more than he needs. The film is cut—not for correctness, but for laughs. As Ullman points out, "If all we wanted was right answers, we could hire four good-looking fellows who'd learn the lines, and we'd save money. You never know what these birds are going to pull, wherein lies their value."

When F.P.A. observes in a movie that he never goes to the movies, the line is kept. "And a week later," chortles Ullman, "I find that the fellow sitting next to me in the loge is F.P.A., snickering at himself." Adams explains this as pure scientific curiosity. "They say the make-up and lights can improve any face. I wanted to see if they could. They can't. I was surprised, though, to hear my voice. It sounded perfectly beautiful," he says firmly. Kieran expected nothing of his face, inured to it as he is by daily shaving. He, on the other hand, was horrified

"PEPSI AND PETE" THE PEPSI-COLA COPS



MAKES NICKELS GO BIG

Mrs. H. McDonald asked several of her friends in for refreshments after the movies last night. Pepsi-Cola was served along with cheese and crackers. "Delicious Pepsi-Cola certainly stole the show," she said. "And say . . . a nickel goes big when you swap it for a big 12-ounce bottle of Pepsi-Cola."



"I MAKE SURE YOU GET A BIG BIG BOTTLE FOR ONLY A NICKEL!"

"I MAKE SURE IT'S PURE AND FINER TASTING!"



FIRST AID FOR "LEAN" BUDGETS. Good news for thrifty hostesses. The handy Pepsi-Cola home carton holds 6 big bottles . . . 12 big drinks. All you need for a good, big party.



12 FULL OUNCES



If your dealer cannot supply you, fill in his name and address and mail to Dept. J3, Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y.

Dealer's Name

Address

City State



Whoever saw a "fashion plate" with rough, chapped lips? *Smart* lips must have the smooth sheen of glossy red silk. So don't risk Lipstick Parching! Take advantage of the protection offered by Coty "Sub-Deb." This amazing Lipstick actually helps to soften...while it brightens your lips with the season's ultra-smart, ultra-brilliant colors!

THRILLING RANGE OF 9 SHADES!

You'll like the dramatic shades of "Sub-Deb" Lipsticks! Newest of many grand shades is *Magnet Red*...very dashing, very red.



by his voice which he failed to recognize. "It sounded like my brother's and I never did like the way he talks."

A pleasant book-lined living room forms the movie set. Each short is made in a day and runs ten minutes, though they may be lengthened by popular demand. An invited audience is present, on the theory that listeners pep the experts up. The former are treated to the sight of Levant having his hair combed, and Morley lifting a docile face to the make-up man's powder puff. He says it soothes him. In addition to Morley, the guests on the shorts made to date have been Rex Stout, Gene Tunney, Clarence B. Kelland and Deems Taylor.

Visual questions, barred on the air, can be used in the movies. A dummy was brought in, its physiognomy changing with changing mustaches. Levant identified one as "the Berchtesgaden kid." Another question featured a duck. Levant proffered it a drink, but withdrew the glass hastily as the creature stuck its neck out. "He wanted to bite me," yelled Oscar. "More likely the other way round," Kieran grumbled giving the bird a consolatory pat and pronouncing it "as amiable a duck as ever I met."

Questions for the movies are compiled by Golenpaul and his editorial board, consisting of a playwright, a music critic, an attorney, the heads of a university English and history department. For the air program, they are supplied by the country at large. Letters come in at the rate of ten thousand a week, representing an approximate total of sixty thousand questions. These are sifted by a staff of five readers, who emerge with about two hundred possibilities, which are then tackled by the editors, singly and in conference. The questions eventually selected are rephrased for the air, and turned over to research men who check the answers. Golenpaul's is the ultimate decision. He picks the guests too.

Morley had to be shoved into his first appearance. His wife, his daughters and his secretary did the shoving. "After all," they reminded him, "you've got a book coming out." "Kitty Foyle" would doubtless have been a best-seller on her own, but Fadiman's plugging did her no harm. If, in the movie, you detect about Morley a suggestion of the cat who licked up the cream, it will be because "Kitty" had just been sold to RKO.

Levant's best-seller, "A Smattering of Ignorance," flowered directly from the program. Smitten by the combination of his personality and musical lore as revealed on the air, Doubleday Doran asked him to write it. He has garnered tributes still closer to his heart in the form of invitations from symphony orchestras to play with them. He is proud, terrified, and suspicious. Profoundly skeptical by instinct, he cocks a wary eye at fate. She looks more natural to him, scowling than smiling.

He says he doesn't mean to be fresh, but is sometimes conscious of getting talk-drunk, as others get drunk on liquor, which he doesn't use. Then he can't stop himself. For days after the Eleanor Roosevelt gaff, he suffered torments of contrition, but an overdose of badgering restored his perspective. After all, the answer had been conditioned by the question, which he had honestly misunderstood. He doesn't resent the discipline of his colleagues—gets a kick, in fact, out of being bawled out by F.P.A. "He's so terse, economic, acid. Anything he says is O.K. with me. I've got a father complex about him."

His bride, June Gale of the movies, listens to the program, but makes no comments. He says she has an instinct. He's

been accused of going around looking mad, in order to scare people. "I scare myself.—How would you like to be me?" he inquires darkly.

Kieran too has known his embarrassing moment. Some day he'd like to meet the guy who dreamed up the one about "when's your wife's birthday?" At that, he got it within a day. But when he slunk into the house that night via the kitchen, the first sight to greet him was a placard propped on the frigidaire, red-lettered: "SKUNK! TRAITOR!!" That was his daughter's contribution. As for his wife, "It's a laugh," he says bitterly, "when she tells it outside, but not such a laugh around the house. I ought to be decorated as a public benefactor. I've made every home safe for the married man but my own."

What astonishes him is that people should be astonished by what has been termed his encyclopedic mind. He con-



Elyse Knox, one of the most popular artists' models, is now in Hollywood, and has joined Brenda Joyce, Kay Aldridge and Nancy Kelly, also former models, in a race for stardom.

siders himself no better informed than the next one. He says Adams, the meticulous, knows more than he does. "I may know it faster, but he knows it better. He pulls me up frequently, and he's always right. I'll say this for myself. If you're just a little faster than Frank Adams, you're pretty fast."

Hit or miss, they remain a nonchalant pair, as well as they may be in the face of their batting average. They note, with appreciation of human nature, that for every applauding "How did you know that?" they get a hundred who cackle, "Why didn't you know the other?" Adam's two elder sons, allowed to stay up till nine on Tuesdays, alternate the latter query with, "Why did you talk so much, papa? You didn't give anyone else a chance."

They're always a little surprised when Fadiman starts his closing announcement with, "Next week we'll have Mr. Kieran and Mr. Adams." Surprised that people continue willing to tune in, and sponsors to fork out, while they have a circus. "I used to think ballplayers had it pretty soft," says Kieran, "getting dough to play ball. Now I know what it's like."

"Gee that half hour went fast," says Adams at the end of every broadcast.

"Gee," say the listeners. "Ditto!"

The Boy Who Looks Like Shirley

Continued from page 34

happened), the French fleet was the group of boats in one corner of the room. On a chair was a soldier looking down at the fleet. It was all part of a story. It was very important that the soldier be just where he was, on a corner of the chair—otherwise it would spoil everything. The soldier had to be looking at the enemy. Unintentionally, a maid who was straightening up the room knocked down the soldier. Johnny broke down and wept. He had to put the soldier in the corner of the chair again before he could recover his composure.

He was heart-broken when he had to travel to New York recently without his toy elephant, Elmer, which he has treasured for many years. By this time Elmer, who started out in life by being grey, is absolutely black. Mrs. Countryman thought it inadvisable to travel all over the country with Elmer.

"I'm sorry Elmer couldn't come," Johnny told me, "but meet Browney Butterball Russell." He extended toward me the dark brown hand of a somewhat worn-looking teddy bear. "He is five years old today," he told me, "and he has been all over the United States. He has traveled on trains with me ever since he was born. Sometimes I call him Winkus Tail. In my language that means 'no tail.'"

Johnny reads omnivorously, preferring books about pirates. He idolizes an uncle named Rudy, who is twenty-six years old, and who lived with Johnny and his mother before he got married. Uncle Rudy knew all about the Foreign Legion and Johnny was fascinated when he talked about it. Uncle Rudy also knew all about archeology—and when Johnny wants to stump someone with the longest word he knows he asks them if they know what archeology is; if they don't, he gives them the most fascinating account of it. He will also sit down and draw you a picture of any kind of a mine from copper to gold, explaining each detail to you.

He whistles proficiently, sleeps ten or eleven hours every night, is mad for geography, adores subways, and loves to pretend he's a director and give orders just like a real one. He also likes to mimic the electricians on the set and call out orders. When he was working on "The Blue Bird" the crew called him "the second assistant director." The electricians taught him to call out orders like "Light that Junior over there," and "Bring this baby match up in here." At a second's notice he can still call out about a dozen orders. He also knows the Greek alphabet, but it kind of bores him to repeat it—for which I can't blame him, can you?

In spite of the fact that he is obviously much more intelligent than any average child of his age, he is very boyish. When he and his mother were visiting relatives in Iowa City recently, his mother took him into a beauty parlor to have his hair shampooed. This disturbed him. "What if some boy should walk in here and see me?" he demanded. "I'd just die."

When the operator began to press his hair into definite waves, he was very much upset and called for help. His mother came running. "She's trying to put hilly bumps in my hair," he said accusingly.

Johnny definitely doesn't want to be pampered and says so. His mother, a very wise woman who has studied psychology, dietetics, and everything else that would help her to bring up a little boy, doesn't pamper him. He adores her—and if once

in a while he gives her valuable tips on how to bring him up, that after all is what any son as devoted as he would do. He is extremely considerate. Out of his twenty-five cents a week allowance, he managed to save up two dollars in his piggy bank. He took it all out so that he could buy a flower for his mother and suspenders for his father.

They once gave him a bill fold. As any sensible person realizes, the thing to put into a bill fold is a bill. For a time Johnny had a couple of real bills in his, but after he spent them, he was stumped. Then it occurred to him that if he couldn't have real money, maybe he could have "pretend" money. All he would have to do would be to draw one, five and ten dollar bills. But he wasn't quite sure whether this would be the right thing to do.

"Would that be counterfeiting?" he asked his mother. She said no, it would be all right, as long as he just kept the money in the bill fold and didn't use it. So he drew the money himself. He showed it to me very proudly.

He is one star who adores autograph seekers. When they are announced, he always says that he wants to see them, and he generally spends a lot of time with them. He also plays tick-tack-toe with them and nearly always wins. (But he doesn't mind if he loses; he lost quite often to Uncle Rudy. As he himself admits, "I'm no champion at tick-tack-toe.")

He never signs autographs just "Johnny Russell." Even if the autograph seeker is a complete stranger to him, Johnny signs it "fondly," "with love," or "with best wishes." "It's much better that way," he explains. "And I have all the time in the world."

Of course, now that he has scored his big success in "The Blue Bird," maybe he won't have "all the time in the world" any more and adults may begin to try to protect him and his time a bit. Adults are pretty dumb anyway, as anyone would know after meeting a child like Johnny, although he is much too polite to say so.

But his attitude toward things is much more sensible than that of most adults. For instance, he visited Jane Withers' home one day—and was very much excited about the miniature city which Jane showed him. Everything in the miniature city was in proportion. Johnny liked that, for he loves to have all his toys in proportion. After all, he thinks it is ridiculous for a soldier to be bigger than a cannon. He saw a real cannon at the American Legion building once, and he knows it just isn't so.

So I asked him if he would like to have a miniature city like Jane's. "I would," he said, "if it weren't so expensive. But we can't afford anything like that. Some of the price tags hadn't been taken off yet, and I saw one of them for part of the set—it was for \$200."

To explain Johnny, you really have to know the story of Johnny, his mother, and Shirley Temple. After all, in every fan story you should tell about the women in a man's life and those are the two women in his. Johnny's mother and father wanted a child passionately. For six years they prayed for one. Mrs. Countryman had given up her job, an executive position with a telephone company, in the hope that a baby would come. When it didn't, she got restless and went back to her job. Finally she decided that since evidently it was God's wish that she should not have a baby of her own, she would adopt one. She was

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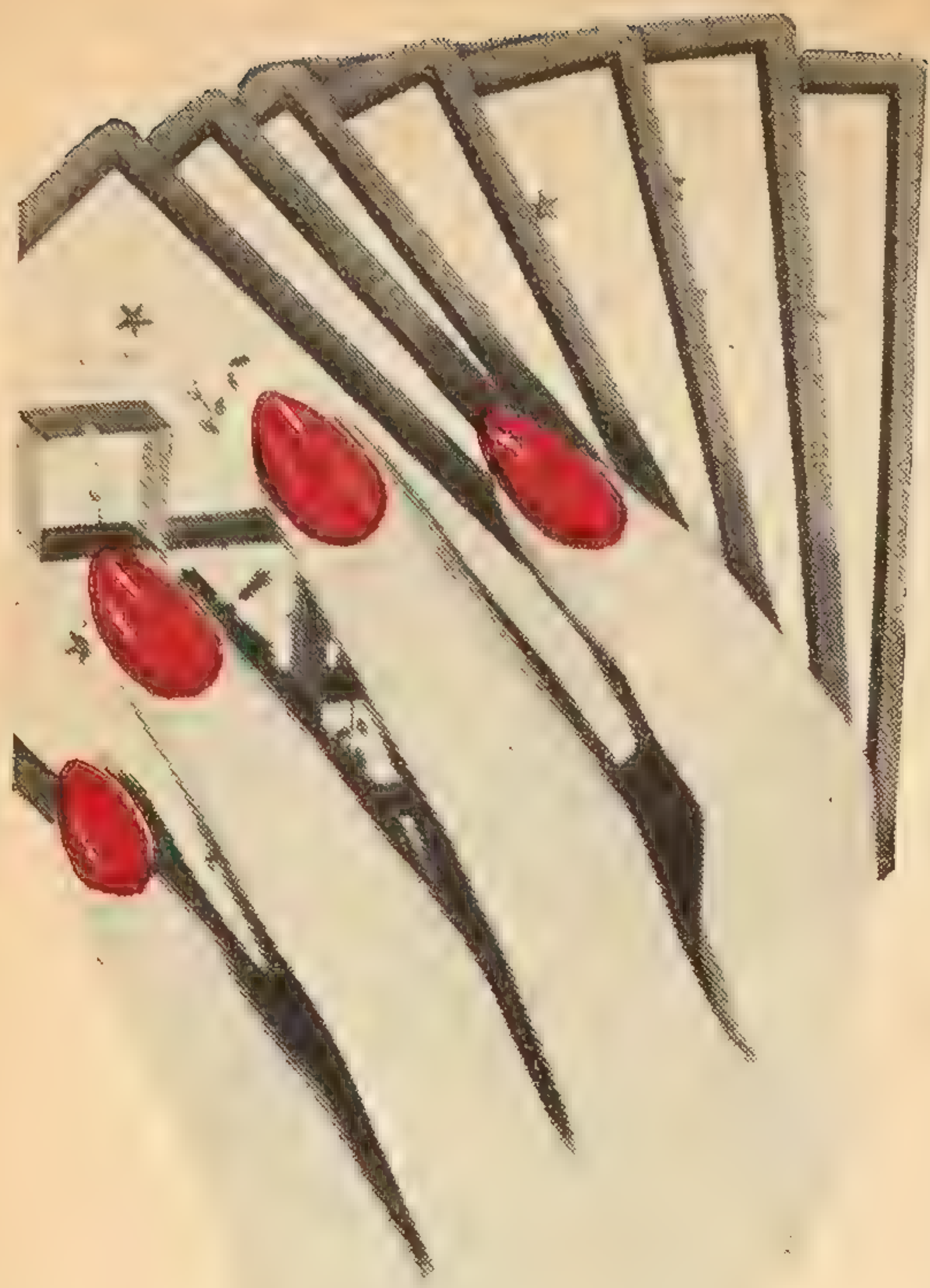
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just on the point of adopting a baby when she discovered she would have one after all—and the baby was Johnny.

She says quite honestly that Johnny was an answer to prayer. She also says that she and her husband continually ask themselves what they have done to deserve a boy like Johnny. Apparently Johnny has heard her say something like that because when a woman gushed over Johnny and said to him, "What can I do to get a little boy like you?" he said quite gravely, "Pray."

Johnny was born in Brooklyn, but when he was very, very young, his mother and father moved to Mount Vernon. His father was and is art director for the Associated Press. Just as any father would, he took photographs and snapshots of Johnny and showed them to his friends. They were impressed. Some of them were artists, and begged Johnny's father to let him pose for their pictures. Before long, Johnny became a favorite photographers' model. He was registered with the John Powers agency, with which usually only the most successful and talented models are registered. Before long, all of New York's leading photographers were telling Johnny's father that he ought to be in pictures. "When the boy is so wonderful in photographs, what would he be like on the screen!" they exclaimed.

Nevertheless, the Countrymans didn't react to the idea very favorably. But Johnny went to the movies and read about pictures and wanted to see Hollywood. Mrs. Countryman could use a vacation. When Johnny was four she decided to take him with her on a trip West.

In California, everyone kept saying the same thing. "Why isn't your little boy in the movies?" Mr. Countryman had no objection. In fact, he is so grateful for having a child like Johnny that he feels it's only right to share Johnny with the world, since Johnny and the world both want it that way.

A friend who was supposed to have an "in" at M-G-M heard that they needed a boy for "Conquest." Johnny was actually tested and fitted into a costume. Then the powers-that-be at M-G-M decided that he was too American-looking to play a French boy.

Mrs. Countryman took him to an agent. Johnny gravely told about his experience with "Conquest." The agent gasped. How could a boy of four talk so well!

"Did you prompt him before he came here?" he asked.

"No," said Mrs. Countryman truthfully.

"There are two qualities that are necessary for a child in pictures," said the agent. "Intelligence and screen personality. Your little boy obviously has intelligence. Now we must see about the screen personality."

Republic took a chance on the boy, casting him as Allan Lane's son in "The Duke Comes Back," a prize-fighting story. If you saw it, you may remember Johnny as the boy who took after his father, and also wanted to be a prize-fighter. The critics liked him and gave him flattering notices. At 20th Century-Fox, Barbara Stanwyck was making "Always Goodbye." There was a part in it for a little boy who was to play Barbara's son, and who as Johnny explains, "was always buttin' in between Barbara Stanwyck's love and Cesar Romero's love." To get the right boy, they tested dozens of them. Johnny, of course, was the right boy.

After the picture was previewed, the critics were enchanted. They called Johnny "a small boy you can't help but like" and a child who "should interest a large audience." 20th Century-Fox put him under contract.

Barbara Stanwyck was also enchanted with Johnny. She gave him a Snow White book inscribed "To the nicest son I ever

had."

Johnny played in a number of other pictures—in "Jesse James" as Tyrone Power's son; in "Five of a Kind," where he was the boy who traveled to Canada to bring the quintuplet puppies to the Quints; in Warners' "I Am Not Afraid," in "Prison Break" at Universal, in "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington," where he was a member of Guy Kibbee's family.

His outstanding memory seems to be of Tyrone Power and of the puppies. He said the cocker-spaniel puppies were so nice he would have liked to have them for himself. Of Tyrone he said, "In the picture he seemed to be such a villain but he was really so nice." He remembers the long location trip to Noel, Missouri, and a rather disagreeable little boy on the train who kept calling Johnny names through the transom on the bottom of the door. The names were so bad he said he wouldn't dream of repeating them. But they evidently disturbed him very much.

Because of his work, his father had to stay in New York, and Uncle Rudy took the place of a father in his life. But still there were no brothers or sisters. One day he saw the picture called "The Five Little Peppers." As he watched it, his eyes shone. He saw what it meant to be a member of a large family. In his troubled heart he wished it could be that way for him. When he got home that day, his own home seemed to him strangely silent in comparison with the noisy, joyous *Pepper* home. He said wistfully, "Mother, I wish we had a bigger family. I wish we had some children."

So perhaps it was Fate which made it possible for him to meet Shirley Temple, who has taken the place in his life of the big sister he never had. When Shirley was making "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" they met for the first time. She had learned a few Chinese sentences for her rôle in "Stowaway." She saw Johnny on the set and decided to try her Chinese on him. "What are you, man or mouse?" she asked in Chinese, then translated. "Why, neither," said Johnny. "I'm a little boy."

Later, when Johnny was chosen for the rôle of Tytyl in "The Blue Bird," he and Shirley became friends. He liked her for her sense of fun, her love of make-believe, her enjoyment of games between scenes. One game they played together in Shirley's trailer was a guessing game in which Shirley would name some thing, and he would have to name a thing found in it. For instance, if she said "desert" he had to say "cactus" quick as a flash. The game was, unfortunately, interrupted in the middle for the comparatively unimportant business of making another scene in the picture.

Shirley became very much attached to Johnny and said she would like to adopt him. He said he would like to adopt *her*. She told him what her ambition was and he confessed that he would like to be a railroad engineer when he grew up, so he could "see scenery as it goes by." His mother says she hopes he won't pay so much attention to the scenery that the train will be wrecked.

Around New Year's Johnny heard adults talking a good deal about their New Year resolutions. "So I thought it would be a good idea to make one myself. I used to have thirty-seven girls. Now I just have one—Shirley. I made a resolution on New Year's that I'd have just one girl. She seemed to me the perfect one."

His memories of "The Blue Bird" are very vivid. He talked about them on the "We the People" program. "I talked about how exciting the scenes were; about how I was pretty scared in the forest scene because all the trees were falling down, and there was so much thunder and lightning. But Shirley Temple didn't say anything about it, so I didn't say anything either."

Success Story

Continued from page 70

To this school came college girls, whose mothers despaired of their "campus" appearance, unkempt, awkward, gauche. Came, also, girls intelligent enough to realize they must improve their appearance if they hoped for a job, and movie stars and middle-aged housewives, worn with work and worry. The beautiful swan that grew out of the miscast duckling was something to write home about. I was privileged to see some amazing cases.

In this school, the pupils literally remade themselves from the inside out. They learned the simple, sensible diets that help a good complexion, the sparkle in the eye and vitality to spare. With diet and exercise, they slimmed down their figures or built them up. Then they learned how to keep that fine figure, largely through posture. I think few of us realize the vast importance of posture. But hear what Miss Delafield has to say about this later on. These pupils learned how to care for their hair, how to coif it to best advantage, how to care for skin and how to make up. They learned, too, and this is priceless knowledge, how to toss out of the window an inferiority complex, how to be charming people, because they *had become* charming people. Word spread, and students came from all over the country. But classes were limited to thirty. The waiting list grew, and there were too many who could stand neither the absence from home nor the additional cost of living in New York for the course. The upshot of this was that *the school began to go to the pupils*. By explicit directions, they were taken step by step on the way to success, exactly as they would have been in the salon.

To find yourself with a waistline once more; to find a double chin that you thought you could never part with erased from your profile; to feel that fine old up-and-doing spirit and have friends ask with wonder and admiration, "What *have* you been doing to yourself?" is an unalloyed joy that all of us who have been through a period of reconstruction know.

Miss Delafield is an ardent disciple of good posture. She knows that if you can ever get your spine under control and in good order, you have eliminated a number of beauty worries from your life. If you could ever stand off and look at your own spine, you'd have due respect for it. You'd see it as the foundation of you—twenty-six little pieces of bone—extending from your dainty neck to your seating apparatus.

According to Miss Delafield, "Nine out of ten women who are winners have perfect backs. For a perfect back, the spine should hang in a straight line from behind the ears. This results in better health, better looks, better spirit and mental alertness."

Miss Delafield cites Norma Shearer as an excellent example of this perfect back type. Because of this, Miss Delafield says she will always look younger than she is and will continue to be a winner. She says that Helen Vinson, also, has perfect posture, and for the same reason the young star, Linda Darnell, will have a bright future certainly until she is forty. With a correct spine, Miss Delafield says the profile always remains good. The head does not gradually jut forward nor the chin sag—both definite marks of middle-age. Further, our mentor says these three stars will have no double chin, no slipping of the body and can go on and on to success, as they choose to gauge it.

Perhaps you never thought that that hidden bit of you, your spine, could be so

important. But—if you were to take a natural picture of yourself right now, a front and a side view, do six weeks' of constructive work on yourself, and then rephotograph yourself in the same position, you might have a shock—a very pleasant one. You might honestly say to yourself, "How in the world did I ever manage as I was?" To get a quicker idea, however, do a little wall work. Remove your shoes and edge up to a wall, preferably without a baseboard. Let the back of your head, your shoulders, your buttocks and heels touch this wall. Then push in with the small of your back, trying to touch the wall with it. If you have a nice, straight back, maybe you can. If you have a lordosis or sway back—and this is a weak back—you can't, but you can improve. Or try the same test from the front. Face the wall and touch it, first with the tip of your nose; your bosom, reaching up with it to do this, and your toes. From whichever position you assume, move from that wall as you are and give yourself a good look in your mirror. Quite an improvement, I should say.

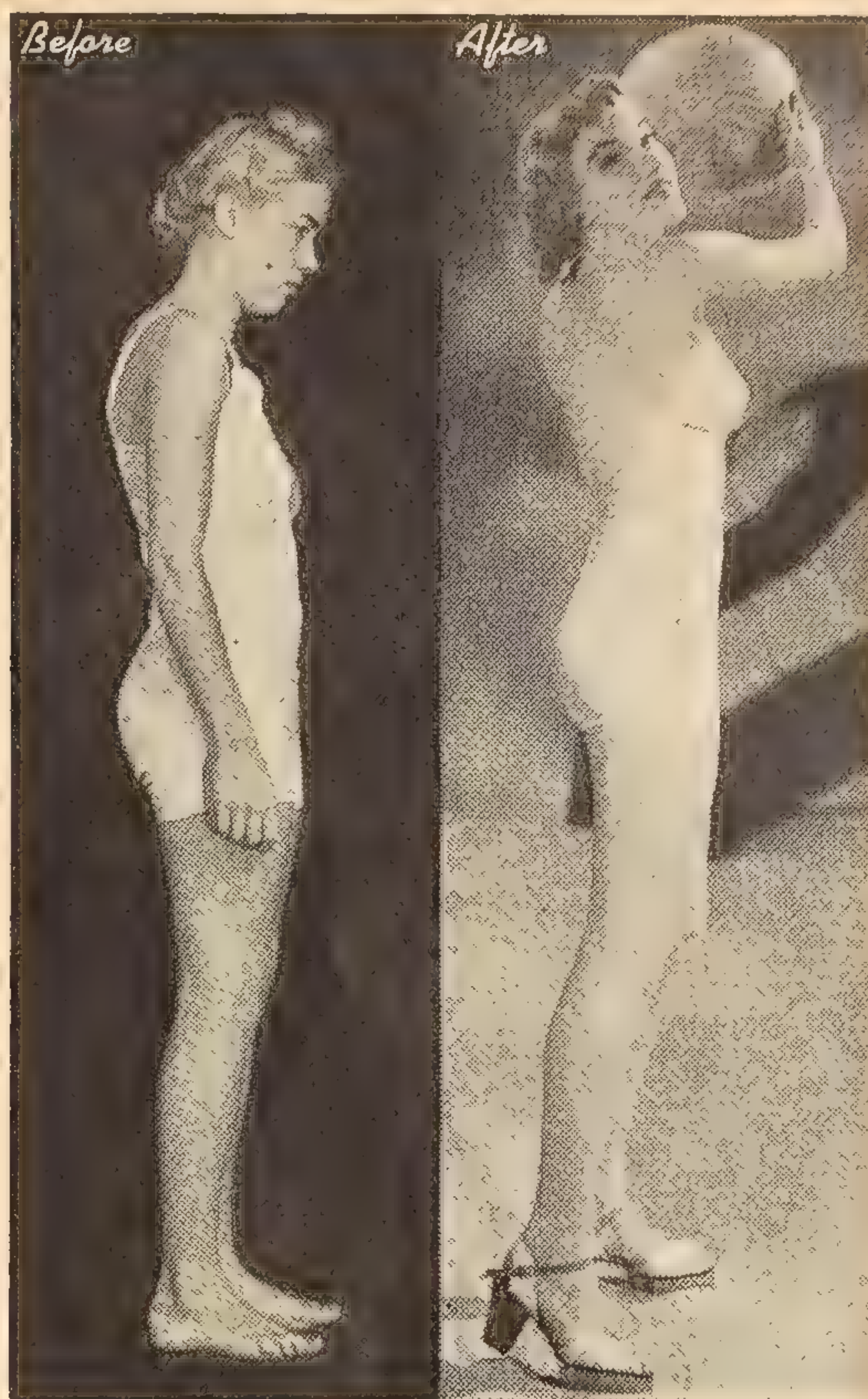
Were you to take this success course, you would have some new and interesting experiences, plus the happy revelation of that lovely person you've kept hidden and disguised these many years. For example, you might be surprised to learn just how far you can stretch. You might be surprised to learn just how much you can increase your height by correct standing. You would shed a lot of your face top skin, unveiling that nice, new, soft skin we all have beneath. As Miss Delafield says, "It's amazing how women hang onto their skin." We ought to shed, you know, as the animal kingdom does, hair, feathers, skin, shells or whatever covers it. But humans need special aid, and this you get. At times, you would find yourself lying flat on your bed, feet higher than your head, with a soft, sweet cream on your face, making you feel very luxurious and pampered. And you would be pampered, because you'd be letting a special position and preparation give you the results of increased circulation in your upper body and face, instead of spending tedious minutes at patting, stroking or other manipulation. You would say good-bye to ill-assorted foods, because you would be told exactly what to eat and when. I gather that a combination of ice-cream and pickles, peanuts and chocolates are out. Confusion as to the cosmetics or make-up you should use is out, too, because with your lessons comes a handsome travel case, filled with DuBarry beauty and make-up preparations. This ends confusion here. You would also say good-bye to good intentions. To quote Miss Delafield, "You had them all your life, and where did they get you?" Where, indeed? Nowhere. "Say good-bye to them and just do things," says she. Only recently, a famous doctor joined in on this "do" chorus. Said he, "Work will never kill anybody. But sitting and stewing about it can. Just do."

"Just do." There's a solution to many a problem in those two little words. Yet, reader, I am probably like you. Now and then I want to be *told* what to do, and I want to be told by somebody who truly knows the answers. That's why I think Miss Delafield is a person who spells success both for herself and others. She knows the answers.

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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

cloths and ivory white cups and plates, great trays of *strudel*, platters of *dobos torte* and cakes covered with chopped nuts.

"In Hungary, food is heavy and if you are not careful you gain too many pounds," warned Ilona, her hands busy with the tea things. "Over here, I have learned about calories and vitamins and I eat only salads for lunch. I still do not like them very much, but they are good for me. In Hungary we serve grapefruit with so much sugar on it that it is like syrup, but I like it better the way you serve it here, quite plain.

"Today our *strudel* is filled with apple, some with cherry, and some with cottage cheese and raisins. You will like it!"

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1 egg
1 tablespoon Wesson oil
1 pinch salt
Water

Put flour on pastry board. Make a well in the center into which place egg, oil and salt. First mix with a knife, then knead with hands, adding water gradually. Work for 15 to 20 minutes. Take dough in hands and knead on board. When it shows bubbles and no longer adheres to hands, put on floured board with a clean cloth under the dough, cover dough with a bowl and let stand one hour.

Then roll out dough until it reaches size of cloth, 2 feet square, then roll on cloth until thin and transparent. Brush with melted butter or Crisco, sprinkle with fried bread-crumbs, put in the apples, raisins, currants or cherries, lift the two corners of cloth with both hands and roll the paste into a long thin sausage. Bend and lay carefully on well greased pan. Brush with melted butter or Crisco, and bake until nicely browned.

Sprinkle with sugar, cut in slices and serve hot.

DOBOS TORTE

1 cup sugar
1 cup butter
Grated peel of ½ lemon
2 cups Swansdown Flour
1 cup yolks of eggs

Cream butter and sugar and lemon,

add slowly egg yolks, fold in flour, spread very thinly over paper baking sheet. This makes several layers. Bake at 370 degrees. When cold sandwich layers with bright red jelly. Carmelize some sugar and spread over top layer, cut in sections and serve.

"Hungarians make the most delicious soup in all the world. When I serve it, I have a little salad first, then the soup, and after that a dessert and coffee. Nothing else. To make the soup, first you buy veal bones with marrow in them and meat on them, also a little pork and lamb, the kind you choose for soups. Put the meat, uncut, into a pot of water with plenty of vegetables; the amount depends on how many you wish to serve. I use carrots, turnips, a whole onion, chili peppers and two small slices of garlic. I am fond of garlic. I like plenty of seasoning so I use red pepper, chili pepper, black pepper and salt. When the meat is half done, take it out and cut it up, add two peeled potatoes, whole, put back the cut up meat and finish cooking. When the meat is well cooked, take it out and put it on one dish, take out vegetables and put them on another; add very thin noodles to the soup and cook them quickly; then serve each dish separately."

Ilona's two dogs, a shining brown dachshund named Junior, and a white-and-black bull with bowlegs and several chins, romped through the flower-filled garden. "The bull is Molly-O or Glamor Girl sometimes, because she is so ugly she is beautiful.

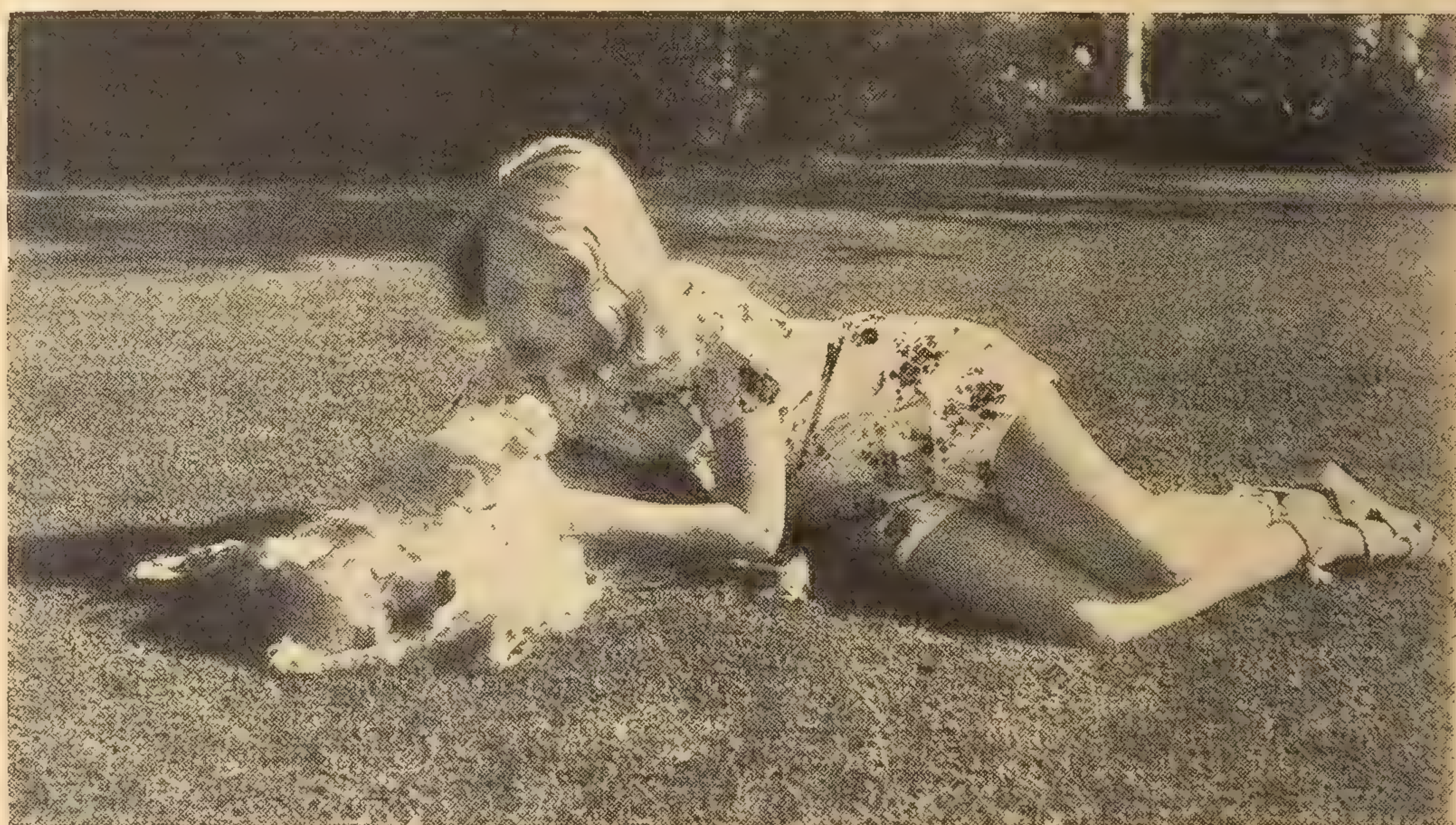
"Oh, I must tell you of my favorite dish! It is chicken paprika, and everyone who comes here adores it. When I serve this, I have only a thin soup first, say consommé and a dessert of *dobos torte*, perhaps, or fruit if weight is to be considered.

"Consommé Tropic is a little different and tastes good."

CONSOMMÉ TROPIC

Parboil 1 seeded green pepper in 2 cups of water to which has been added ½ teaspoon soda (Arm & Hammer Brand), drain, cool and cut in small pieces. Heat 5 cups of clear consommé, add the green pepper, 1 diced pimento and ⅔ cup of cooked rice; heat well, season with salt and paprika and serve in cups.

"For the *Chicken Paprika*, cut your chicken in small pieces, season with salt and pepper—we like plenty of pepper. Take your frying pan and fry 1 whole



Constance Bennett playing with her dog on the front lawn of her Holmby Hills home. This is a rare picture of Connie because she seldom poses in shorts.

large onion, finely chopped, in pork grease, stirring constantly so that it will not stick. Then put in your chicken, sprinkle with $4\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour, mixed and sifted with 1 teaspoon paprika. Then pour in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of chicken stock and cook until tender. With this we serve a bread made of dough with an egg in it.

"I serve cucumber salad with this dish, too. We make it differently over there. We cut the cucumber in slices, put salt on it and let it stand to draw the water out; then we strain it, put lemon and a little sugar on it and serve it with sour cream. Sometimes we add some rings of green pepper. It is wonderful.

"We have many marvelous dishes in my country, but it is a pity they are so fattening. Did you ever taste baked noodles? They make a nice luncheon dish."

BAKED NOODLES

Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of white or whole wheat noodles in boiling salted water until tender, drain and place in a baking dish and mix with them a seasoning of salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons of butter, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup of chopped cooked ham, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of grated Blue Moon cheese and milk to fill the dish $\frac{2}{3}$ full. Sprinkle the top with buttered bread crumbs and bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes.

Ilona is delighted with American corned beef and cabbage, but cannot understand another American dish.

"When you serve fried chicken over here, you sometimes serve honey with it," she marveled. "What for?" To her the flavors don't complement each other. "They tell me that corn on the cob is an American dish, but we have it in Hungary, too; only we cook it differently. We use the green leaves, too. We put the green leaves in the bottom of the pan, then the corn, then more leaves, and cover with water. When it is cooked, we eat it with salt. The green leaves give a sweetness to the corn. The water they are cooked in also has a delicious taste so we strain this off and put it in the ice-box and when it is cold we drink it. You would like it."

But the best way to eat corn on the cob, according to Ilona, is to toast it before an open fire. "You could do this at your barbecues over here," she suggested, "but in Hungary we light a fire in an open grate and stand before it with our corn cobs on a fork, turning the fork before the blaze until each kernel is toasted. The full flavor of the corn is there."

Pimperella, a proud white cat, appeared at the screen door and we went inside to meet her. "She is very friendly with Molly-O and Junior," said Ilona. "It must be the country; everyone is friendly here. I have a little neighbor, a boy named Steve. He comes to take me shopping whenever I am home by day. I think he must be six years old. He told his father one day: 'Daddy, I think Miss Massey is in love with me, she is always holding my hand!' And he is right. I love all children. I have a friend who has three of them, and they are also mine because they are hers. I had a letter from Stevie today, saying: 'Dear Miss Massey: I have a headache. I am in bed. Come and see me!' I am flattered."

The telephone bell rang and Ilona came down the three steps from the dining room, very fair against the black iron railing and twin sets of wrought iron candlesticks that guarded the stairs. She picked up the receiver. A studio cameraman wanted her to ride an aquaplane for publicity stills. She agreed, with enthusiasm.

"I can swim now," she exulted. "The first time I ride an aquaplane I do not swim and I fall off. But now it will be wonderful. When I fall off, I can swim!"

SCREENLAND'S Glamor Guides

Fashions featured on Page 71 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Enna Jettick Shoes by Dunn and McCarthy, Inc., 41-49 Washington Street, Auburn, N. Y.

Rich's, Inc., Atlanta, Ga.

R. H. White, Boston, Mass.

Frederick Loeser & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.

The May Co., Cleveland, Ohio

J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich.

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The Broadway Dept. Store, Los Angeles, Calif.

The Dayton Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Bloomington Bros., New York City

James McCreery & Co., New York City

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Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Outlet Co., Providence, R. I.

Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

Pettiskirt by Swank Company, Inc., 112 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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B. Altman & Co., New York City

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American Symbol Print Dress by Abrams & Norman, 1385 Broadway, New York City.

Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.

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The May Co., Los Angeles, Calif.

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Does he want
to kiss you?



**Smooth, tempting lips
are every man's ideal**

NO MAN LIKES to kiss lips that are hidden under a coat of heavy, greasy color. Don't let *your* lips repel men! Use Tangee Lipstick because it doesn't hide the softness of your lips . . . because it has a marvelous *cream base* that gives your lips alluring smoothness, flattering color—just the kind of lips that invite kisses!

The Natural shade of Tangee looks orange in the stick, but magically changes, when applied, to the one color, ranging from rose to red, that is most becoming to you. It doesn't blur or smear—and it *stays on*!

When you try Tangee Natural Lipstick, be sure to use the matching rouge, compact or creme. And, use Tangee Face Powder, too, to give your make-up its final, perfect touch. When you want more vivid color, ask for Theatrical Red, Tangee's new brilliant shade.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City . . . Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
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Designs on Spring

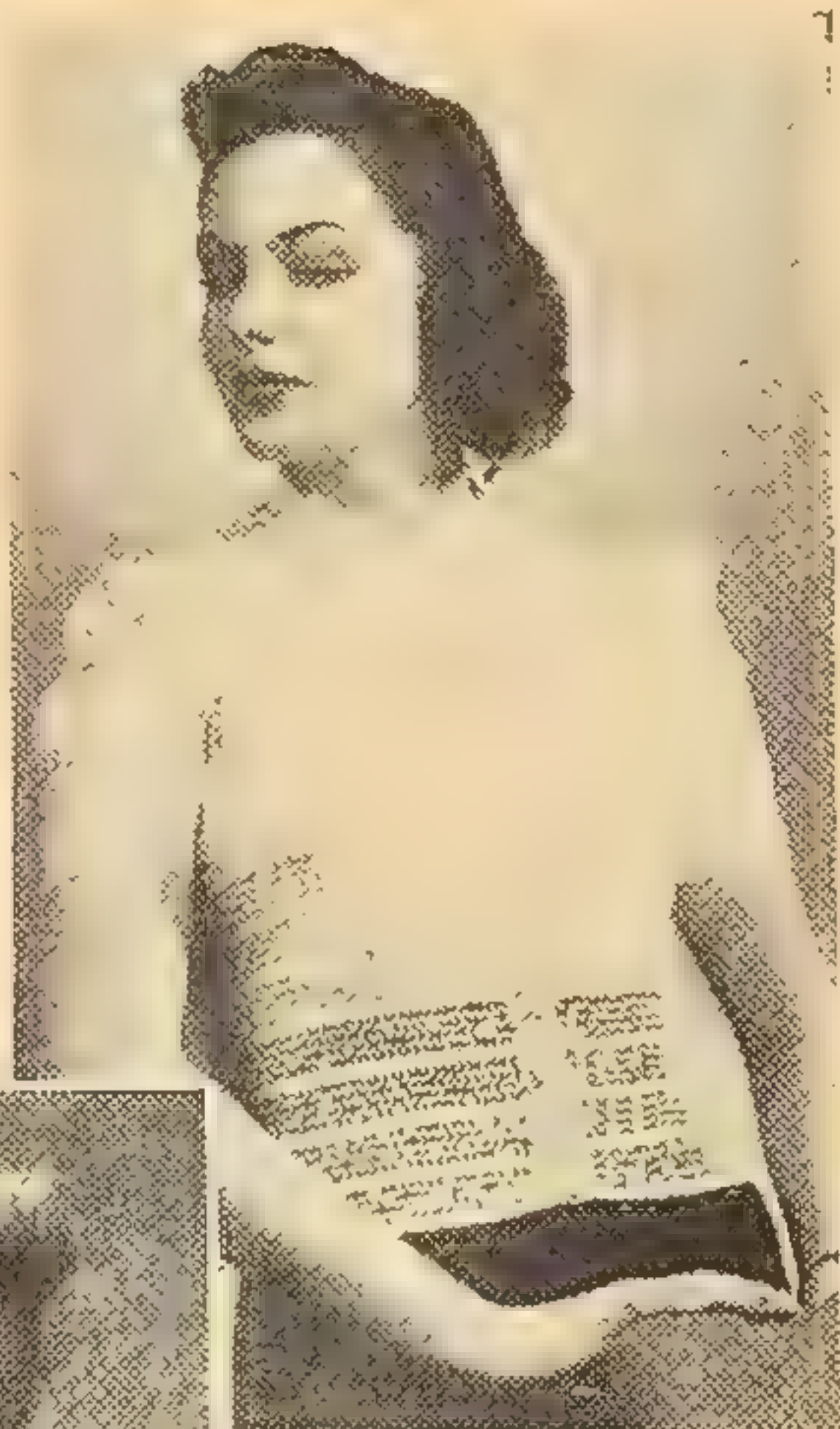
Extra glamor never hurt your romantic prospects in May!

By Marina



FIGURE bumps and bulges that won't yield to other forms of persuasion, find a happy and comfortable solution in the Thynmold girdles and brassieres. Thynmolds are made of whole perforated Para rubber, lined with a suede-like cotton to make the inner surface smooth and soft. They give definite control, slenderize your silhouette and keep it in place. With every movement, these garments give, but nothing snaps. Sufficient play is allowed in every part, permitting great freedom of action, ease of body, and still they hold your line. A size smaller dress is the usual result. I will send you full particulars.

For girls who like to crochet! Make yourself Debonair, winsome pullover, or Bandbox, lacy shirtwaist. Complete instructions for making either or both will be sent you on request to Marina.



Yours for Loveliness

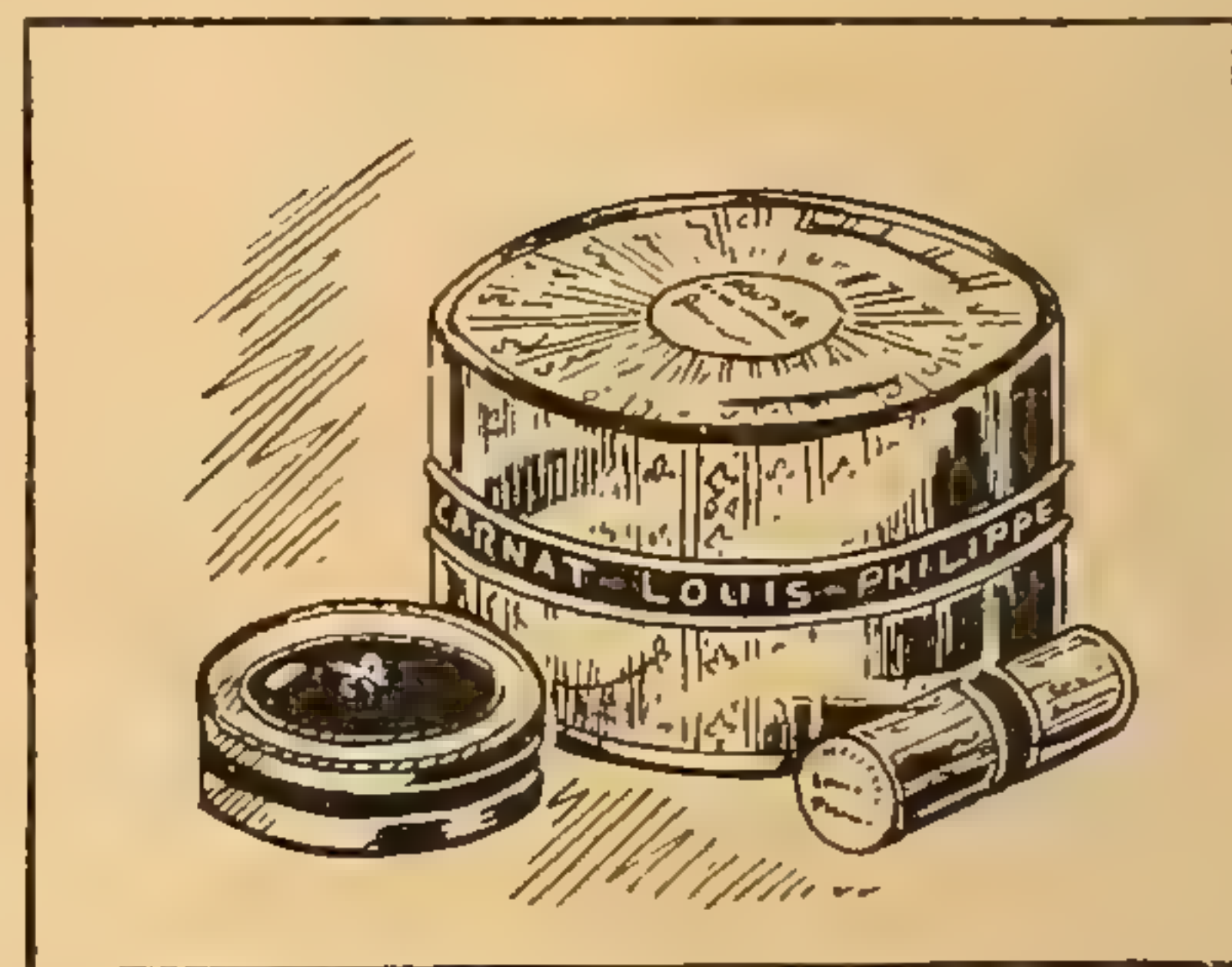
New beauty from the inside out to start you on a new "appeal" program



Knox Gelatine will encourage a sure appeal—vitality—vivacity, freedom from fatigue.

OPPOSITE, is a rare kind of beauty. It may not look like it. But it is! You can't put it on. You put it inside. It gives vitality and sparkle. It gives that quality from which spring success, popularity, appeal or even "oomph." Test after test has proved that you can build amazing vitality and freedom from fatigue by the daily consumption of Knox Gelatine in its natural form. This you take for a given length of time in your fruit or tomato juice or water. Thus, it stores in your system an extra force or power. Vitality is an asset much to be desired. From vitality spring the clear skin, the sparkling eye, the ever-ready-for-action spirit. These points spell beauty and magnetism far more than perfect features. They are the points that invite life, and the points to which life responds. For your extra slice of life, fight fatigue with Knox Gelatine and acquire an urge to be up-and-doing.

IF YOU'VE ever caught a reflection of yourself in candle-light, you've probably felt reassured and confident of your appearance. Again, when you've looked in your mirror in the cold light of day, you've probably felt pretty disappointed. Your make-up was very likely the cause of either emotion. To give you a night beauty by day, Louis Philippe laboratories worked long and hard to develop tones in powder, rouge and lipstick that would be impervious to the harsh rays of daylight, which can turn make-up to hard, cold tones. Illustrated, are a coordinated three-some, keyed to flatter individual color types. The rouge, in a jewel-like container, is new. You will like this rouge. A new process "soft-presses" it to a delicate, feathery consistency, so it looks as soft and even as a natural blush. It will not change color on your skin, and it will not look hard and blotchy. Its perfect blending makes you look young, radiant, lovely.



Louis Philippe's trio for perfect make-up includes a new and glamorous compact rouge.

IF YOU have lost or never had colorful hair, or if your hair is flecked with disheartening strands of grey, look to the modern Rap-I-Dol Shampoo Tint Method for help. This up-to-date method of tinting hair from the inside of the hair shaft is quite unlike old methods of dyeing. Often youthful hair is an economic and emotional life-saver. Rap-I-Dol Shampoo Tint Method, which shampoos, reconditions and tints all at once, is given by your hairdresser and a thorough test of your reaction is first made. There are eighteen natural shades to choose from, and your hairdresser will gladly advise you.



They look like collectors' pieces, all of them, these charming 18th Century Toiletries.

WHEN you see any member of the 18th Century Toiletries group—and there are twenty-three—you simply want to gather it up and take it right home with you, regardless of the contents. For these preparations are so exquisitely packaged. Sketched, are the toilet water in a Jenny Lind hobnailed bottle, and bath powder in a quaint spinning wheel box that you will later use for trinkets. In fact, no two packages are alike, and you will cherish every one, ranging from the perfume inserted in a little flask in a wooden hurricane lamp, the soap so beautifully carved you may hesitate to use it and the water softener in an old wooden bucket with a wooden scoop. The perfume, itself, and in the other accessories is something new, characteristic of young America, vigorous with new life yet with a definite allure. Not expensive.

NOW and then a gadget comes this way that gets this department all agog. Opposite, you see the latest gadget excitement, those neat little Vassar Wavers for long hair or bobs. "Comfort and curls combined," as the manufacturer says, and that's the cause of our excitement. The wavers are soft, green rubber that snugly button your curl in place. You can lounge or sleep in them with relative comfort, they can't possibly cut or break your hair and they curl with a professional touch. Every girl should keep a card of these at hand. They'll give you an all-over curl or freshen up that bang in a jiffy, and are particularly suggested for little girls' soft hair and sensitive scalp. There's a helpful chart on the back of the card, showing how to achieve any type of curl or wave, from a child's long curls to a spiral or Croquignole effect for yourself.

C. M.



"Comfort and curls combined," aptly tells the story of these grand rubber Vassar Wavers.

Help Kill Crazy Rumors About Me!

Continued from page 27

guaranteed would cure me. I appreciate their interest. But I'm not sick. Maybe I'm a little goofy. I'll even admit that maybe I'm a little dopey, at times. But I certainly am not sick. Why are people worried about me? Why are you giving me the *Camille* business? What's it all about?"

"It was on the radio," I gulped. "And in all the newspapers: Your health is supposed to be completely wrecked. You're run-down, your nerves are shattered, you haven't any red corpuscles, and you're in the last stages of something. You're dying, too, or something like that. Anyway, you have to retire from the screen for at least a year. You're—"

"Oh, so I'm retiring from the screen, am I? Well that is news! You don't think that rumor could have been started by some people who saw 'Vigil in the Night,' do you? No, it can't be that bad. In fact I think it's rather good. If I were going to retire from the screen because of bad pictures I should have retired after 'Food for Scandal.' See this—" She showed me a slip which had a message on it to the effect that Mr. Pasternak had called. "Well, that means that I am going to do a picture at Universal in a few months. As soon as Boyer is available. And maybe before that even I have to do the Norman Krasna story which David Selznick will produce. And I have just signed a new contract with RKO which calls for three pictures. So please stop worrying about me retiring from the screen. Or, maybe you aren't."

"But you *do* look a bit peaked," I insisted. When I come to bury Caesar I don't give up easily. "You are run-down, just a little, aren't you?"

"If it means so much to you," said Carole with one of those Lombard guffaws, "I'll be big about it and admit that maybe I am just a teensy weensy bit off-color. *Now*—does that make you and the radio commentators and the newspaper columnists feel better? But I defy any of you to go through what I have been through for the past few months and not look a little pale. You, cutie-pie, would look bedraggled. As you know, I had an acute attack of appendicitis last August and was rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. Three weeks later I reported to RKO for 'Vigil in the Night,' the Cronin story with Brian Aherne and Anne Shirley, who, by the way, is a grand actress. For seventy-eight days I worked from nine to six on that picture without one single day off, didn't I, Loretta? And me fresh out of a hospital. The studio kept planning for me to have a collapse, but I fooled 'em. I didn't miss a day."

I ought to take time out to say that Lombard is the pride and joy of directors, producers, and her fellow workers because she never upsets the schedule of a picture. She does not go in for those hysterical "set collapses" which most of the Glamor Girls pull several times during the production of a picture and which are mostly caused from temperament, not from overwork. The promptest person on the set is Star Lombard.

"After a week of retakes," Carole continued, "I packed my bag all of a sudden and flew with Clark to the Atlanta premiere of 'Gone With the Wind.' (Writer's note: If you think I gushed about Clark Gable as *Rhett Butler*, if you think you gushed about Clark Gable as *Rhett Butler*, well, you just ought to hear Miss Lombard

gush about Clark Gable as *Rhett Butler*. Honey, we're amateurs.) We had a marvelous time, I have never seen such genuine, charming people as I met in Atlanta—but it seems to me that we were shaking hands with somebody every minute we were there, and you have to admit that it is rather wearing, even when you're having a lot of fun. As soon as we got back to Hollywood Clark had to finish up 'Strange Cargo' and I had to rush around and do all our Christmas shopping.

"As soon as Clark had finished at the studio we jumped in the station wagon and lit out for Mexico where we have been hunting for the past few weeks. We had so much fun that we decided to call off the New York trip and return to Mexico—maybe we can stay a month or so, though I doubt that Metro will give Clark that much time off."

That, I take it, is the only disadvantage to being married to Clark Gable. He's just too much in demand.

"Do me a favor, please, and tell everybody who will listen that I'm *not* sick, that I'm *not* retiring from the screen, and for heaven's sake, to *stop* worrying about me. I wish they could have seen me tramping around in those marshes after ducks. A breakdown, fine thing—why, I looked about as fragile as Jack Dempsey."

I knew it was coming, and here it was.

"Seems to me," Carole cooed, "that once before you read in the papers that I was practically a corpse. That time you sent roses. What, no roses this time? I must be slipping. And," she screamed at my retreating figure, "sometime you'll know better than to believe all you read and hear."

Well, Carole and Clark got off the next day in the most beautifully equipped station wagon you ever saw, it fairly made your mouth water. But they had been "south of the border" only ten days when all the newspapers carried headlines that the Gables were lost in the wilds of Mexico. It seems that a boy from the studio had flown in a plane down to the ranch where they were stopping to take pictures of them (poor Clark, even on vacation, his studio never lets him alone) and they had left the ranch, and no one knew where they were. Which was just exactly what Clark and Carole wanted. But a gas station attendant, one of those amateur reporters, heard the photographer and publicity man discussing the Gables' disappearance so immediately he phoned the San Diego newspapers that the Clark Gables were lost. And such a hullabaloo as that caused. With newspapers and broadcasts simply going mad. "We're *not* lost," Clark finally phoned his studio in the midst of the excitement. "And please stop worrying about us!" Carole shrieked over his shoulder. If it's not one thing it's another, says Carole.

Carole was right. The studio wouldn't give Clark time off for a honeymoon but had him back soon afterwards preparing to start "Boom Town" which is going to be one of those super-colossals with Gable, Claudette Colbert, Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr. And hardly had they gotten the station wagon back in the garage before Walter Winchell announced that the Gables were expecting a blessed event. Well, after my last encounter with Carole I knew better than to believe all I hear and read *but*— So I braved the dogs, horses, and chickens again.

"Rumors that I'm going to have a baby are not true," said Carole. "I wish they were."



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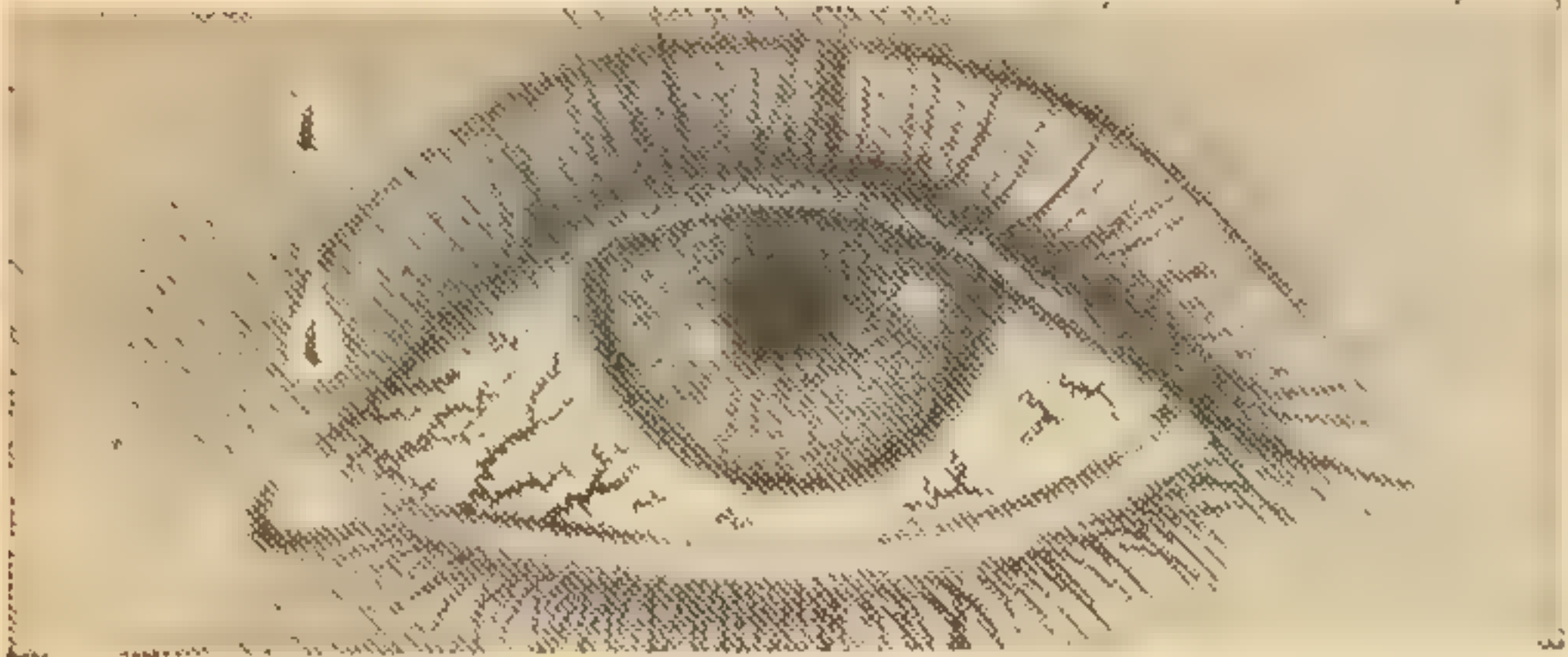
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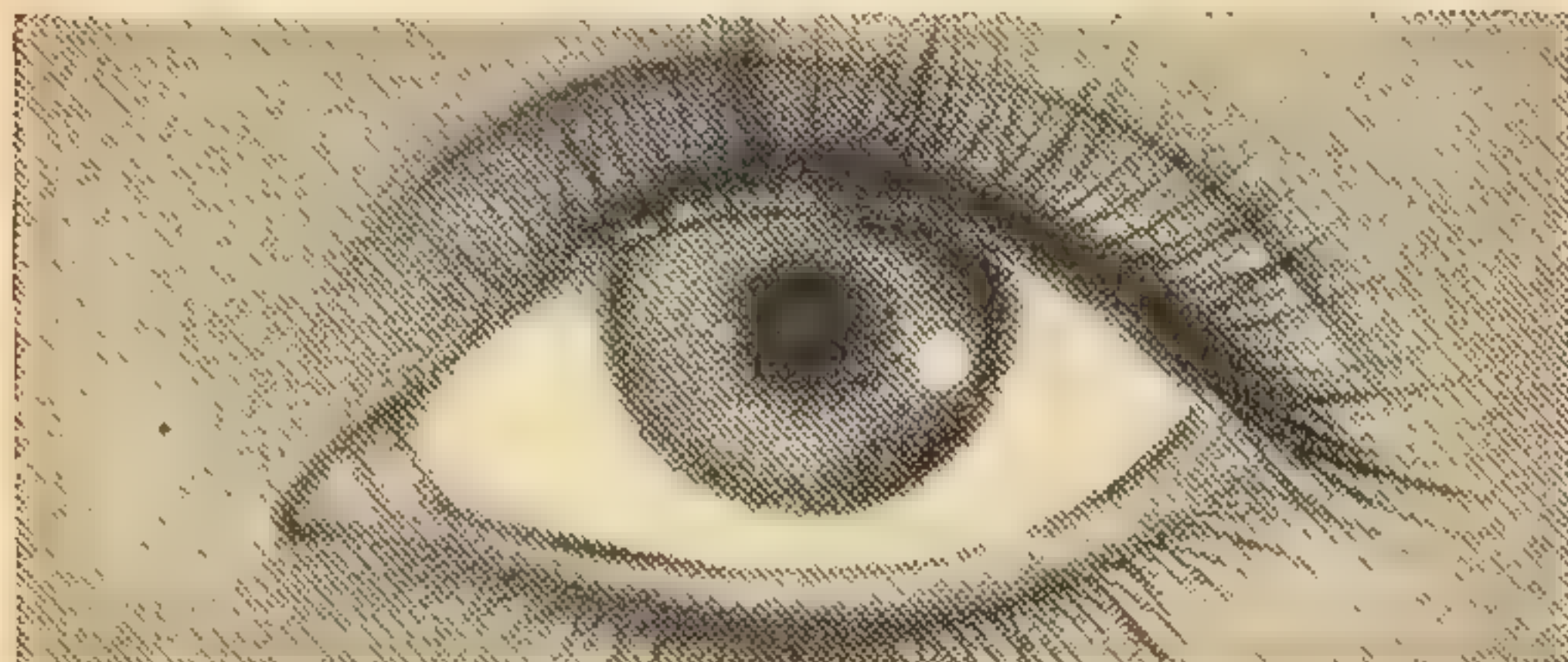
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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Hollywood Sundays

Continued from page 61

affair was lifted on and driven out to Beverly Hills to be a Christmas present for David Selznick, producer of the epic. They carried the immense book with its live contents into the Christmas tree-filled hall and out stepped the girl saying, as she did a much practiced curtsey, "Merry Christmas to you and I should be *Scarlett*." But, and here's the sad part of the story, they had gone to the wrong house and who should the terrified girl confront when she looked up from her graceful bow but Paulette Goddard, who as you know thought at that time that she ought to be *Scarlett*!

Vivien Leigh especially loves these informal Sunday lunches. It gives her a chance to see new faces and talk about other things besides "Gone with the Wind." People who only know one side of the story shouldn't criticize her for refusing all parties and never going out nights to the Hollywood gay spots. Although she certainly isn't the type of girl to do anything she doesn't want to, the last thing you can call her is high-hat. It's just that after ten months' solid work from 8:00 in the morning to very often later than 8:00 in the evening, most Sundays and national holidays, too, anyone would be too tired to do anything but eat at home and go straight to bed. You can't blame her if she did get a bit difficult and not feel too kindly toward Hollywood, always seeing the same faces every day (except for different directors!), and with a leading man who dropped her like a hot cake the moment the "take" was through to go and see his attractive new wife, while the best Vivien could do was to talk very long-distance to the person she likes best.

When Ina Claire is in Hollywood she's sure to appear for lunch and today, the best-dressed actress on the New York stage, she's here with enough flowers pinned on her to open up a nursery, enough jewels sparkling to set up a fire, and her new San Francisco husband. When they aren't sitting together she calls out to him and waves every five minutes, "Hello there, lawyer!" and suddenly turns and questions, pointing at her husband, "Just who is that attractive man over there? Why, that's my husband!" Just at the moment everything's fine and dandy for Miss Claire and she looks even more



This dark-haired, blue-eyed charmer who came to pictures via the Bing Crosby Talent Contest, is Janet Waldo. Watch for her on the screen in her new film, "Those Were the Days."

attractive than ever, if that's possible.

I saw some female heads get down in a huddle and *that look* in the eye and quick movement of lips which I know from experience means dirt's flying and I edged over to do that horrid trick of eavesdropping. It seems Phyllis Povah, who had never been to Hollywood before but was brought here by M-G-M to repeat the brilliant performance in "The Women" she gave on the New York stage, was feeling a bit lonely at first not knowing many movie people, and wandered alone into a restaurant for a bite to eat. Imagine her delight when she saw someone she knew very well among so many strangers and rushing up to him said how delighted she was to see him again and what was new and on and on till she realized he was being polite in a kind of foggy way but didn't remember her. "Looky here," she said, "you don't know me, do you? Well, I'm Phyllis Povah, and I know your face so well but I can't think of your name, either." "Oh, my name's Clark Gable," he replied, and that's where Miss Povah wanted the floor to open up and swallow her because she had never met Mr. Gable before in her life but had seen him on the screen so often she felt absolutely sure they were old friends! I know the feeling, don't you?

If you think *that's* embarrassing, wait until you hear what once happened to host Cukor. Driving down Sunset Boulevard he saw a motorcycle cop giving Katharine Hepburn in her station wagon a ticket. Trying to be very funny he pulled up alongside and informed the cop that he'd seen her going 70 miles an hour, passing through a red light and nearly knocking down a poor old woman with two small children and to arrest her at once and take her off to jail. All of which was very gay till the utterly strange woman who *wasn't* Miss Hepburn turned around and slapped him in the face.

I also overheard how to play a dirty trick on someone if it's worth fifty cents to you. Bill Haines did it to George Cukor. Wait until they are in the barber shop with someone working on their hair, nails, and shoes, and the place is very full. Then have a Western Union boy arrive and sing to the poor person who can't get up out of the chair *Happy Birthday to You*. If that isn't an embarrassing situation I don't know what is.

You wouldn't think anything short of an earthquake could silence this gathering of chattering friends but suddenly in pops Elsa Maxwell bubbling over with something that must be very important indeed from the look of terrific excitement on her face. At least Hitler's dead or the 20th Century-Fox studios are on fire. But no, it's another new Maxwell game and to a poor unbright boy like me quite amazing. Try and see if you can figure it out yourself.

Maxwell sat down, while around her stood Fannie Brice, Ina Claire, by this time not the theater's best dressed woman by any means with her hat and coat off and some of the corsage floating on the pool to keep fresh, host George and myself. "Now," dictates Elsa, "in strict slowish rhythm put your hands on my head one at a time, first your right hands then the second time round your left hands, pressing down all the time with the palms and keeping strict time. That makes eight beats. Now each of you people put your two index fingers together, that's all, just the two fingers, and a pair of you put your fingers under my knees and the other pair under my arms and *lift*. You see the ninth beat is taken up in moving your hands from the top of my head to your other position." Well, I wish you could have seen the way Maxwell shot up over shoulder high, and I promise you none

of us were cheating, but I wish more of you could have seen the real amazement covering everyone's face until she was down to earth again. Try it sometime, it's amusing and amazing, but I'm afraid I can't give you the why and wherefore of it. Everyone then started thinking up tricks and Cole Porter tried to do the Hitler trick that's going around Hollywood like the old chain letter. You know, about folding a piece of paper and cutting it into three parts, one part's a cross, one a swastika, and the other spells Hell. Well, he tore up three boxfuls of nice clean stationery trying to make it work out and drove the dogs almost frantic with the rattling of something they seemed to think would be good to eat, and then gave it up as a bad job. Still we'll forgive him because they say there's another *Night and Day* in the new "Broadway Melody" picture.

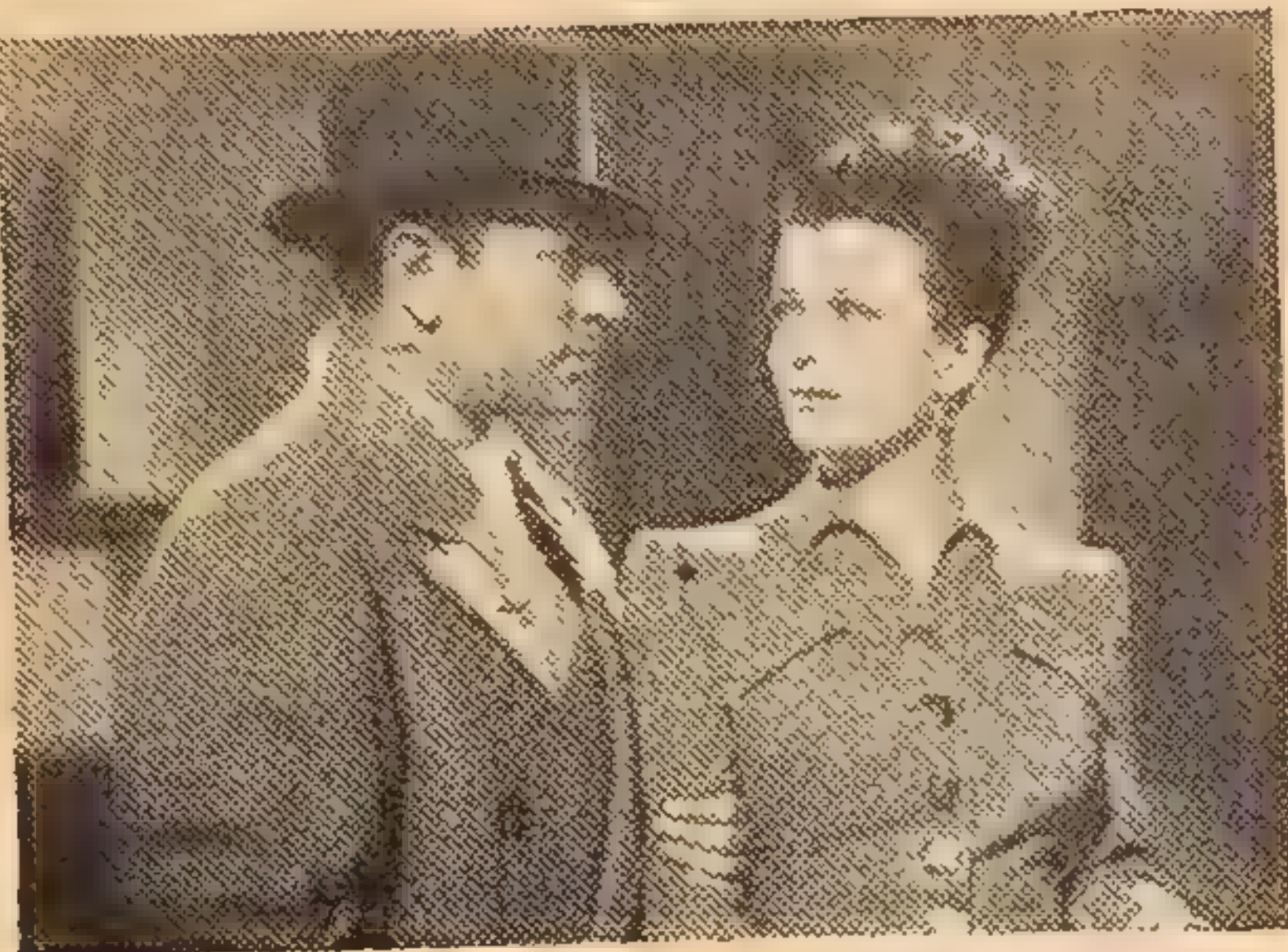
Gradually the noise died down again as everyone strained to hear Olivia deHavilland's terrifying story of far-away location on "Dodge City." While they were 40 miles from Modesto in the heart of uninhabited country little Miss deH., not being needed for the day, thought she'd take a walk. On and on she strolled to the top of a hill miles away from anywhere, and after taking a few deep breaths and thinking how grand nature was she suddenly realized to her horror that she was lost. There wasn't a house in sight and she started to run a little in the direction of where she thought the Warner Bros. unit was working, when out of the corner of her eye she spied two large men running after her. As she slowed down they slowed down too. After about two miles of trailing they came up quite close behind her and she, no longer terrified but quite resigned to her fate by this time, was determined all the same to give the two burly men a good fight. Somewhere she'd read that if you suddenly turned and met your foe and looked them straight in the eye it completely floored them. Taking off her shoe with its high wooden heel she wheeled around and, bracing herself, went to meet them, weapon in hand. They stood still, nudging each other as she approached, one little girl against two huge men far out in the desolate wilds of God's most wide-open country. Then—the larger one of the two drew something from his pocket—pointed it at her—demanded: "Please, Miss deHavilland, can we have your autograph?"

One thing I'll never understand, and that's the Hollywood diet. At lunch, and it's the same thing every Sunday at the Cukor house, each one of the slim attractive women has a line she says as she helps herself liberally to fresh peach ice cream or creamed chicken and asparagus tips. With Brice it's "Oh, George, I shouldn't!" With Leigh, it's "Well, today's Sunday!" With deHavilland it's "Just this once, then," and with Damita it's "But, George, creamed chicken *isn't* fattening." It's about time those girls thought up a new line!

And already here come the servants again laden down with tea, cakes, and sandwiches. There's a happy groan from this group of Hollywoodites on their day of rest at the sight of all the cups, plates, and food piled up on the huge silver tray, although only an hour ago they all said they never wanted to see a bit of food again. So it's goodbye to George Cukor's Sunday lunch as we leave them, Errol pouring tea as Lili likes it, Vivien Leigh with a cup in one hand and a sandwich in the other, Brice licking eclaire off her fingers, George being the perfect host with a plate of fancy cakes in both hands seeing that all his guests are happy. Goodbye to Sunday lunch—it's tea time!

Continued
from
page 11

Tagging the Talkies



The House Across the Bay
United Artists—Walter Wanger

If the story lived up to the high quality of its fine cast, this might have been good, but it just misses. George Raft, racketeer-husband of Joan Bennett, night club singer, framed by his attorney, Lloyd Nolan, is sent to Alcatraz. He escapes, murders Nolan and, returning to prison, is killed by guards, clearing way for Walter Pidgeon's love for Joan. Joan looks stunning and sings two catchy numbers nicely.



Three Cheers for the Irish—Warners

Those with Irish blood in their veins will give three cheers for this film, but *everybody* will cheer the performances of Thomas Mitchell, Priscilla Lane, Dennis Morgan. Mitchell plays Casey, a bitter cop who's been retired and has had to turn over his badge to a rookie. To make matters worse, his daughter, Priscilla, and the rookie elope. It has lots of Irish humor and tomfoolery. Irene Hervey, Virginia Grey also in cast.



Double Alibi—Universal

This film deals with murders, hidden loot, and newspaper reporters. When Stephen Wayne, portrayed by Wayne Morris, is suspected of murdering his estranged wife, he masquerades as Chick Lester, newspaper reporter, in order to solve the mystery. Margaret Lindsay, columnist, tries to help clear Wayne's name. Has plenty of action and mystery, not to mention complications, confusion when the real Chick shows up.

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Does Annabella Boss Tyrone?

Continued from page 59



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"Yes," said Ty enthusiastically. "The Powers may not have much else, but they have plenty of honeymoons. Our first honeymoon we spent at Grand Canyon. Good American sightseers. Remember, honey, how crazy we were about backgammon then? We swung the backgammon board over the donkey's rear end when we rode down into the Canyon so that we could have a game when we got to the bottom. But the donkey wasn't a backgammon lover, and we were out one perfectly good backgammon board. We spent our second honeymoon in Europe, mostly in Italy and Annabella's France. Annabella was the perfect guide, she saw to it that I didn't miss a single worthwhile sight, not even the smallest chapel or the most crumbly old statue escaped her. Then of course, this New York trip made our third honeymoon."

"We are going to have a fourth one soon," Annabella added. "After Ty's preview we are going to Big Bear to ski. Though we aren't very good at it and will probably break our necks."

Annabella has lost none of her enthusiasm. Which is one of her most attractive characteristics. I remembered meeting her for the first time, nearly a year ago, in the garden below. I didn't want to like her—yeah, me and a million other Tyrone Power fans. But it is impossible not to like Annabella. She is so fresh and clean and enthusiastic, so full of that intoxicating *joi de vivre*. No wonder that she, of all his girls, was the one Tyrone fell in love with.

In the movie exhibitors' box office poll, the most important and carefully watched of all popularity polls, Tyrone Power has the enviable number-two place. Which means that, next to Mickey Rooney, Ty is considered the biggest box office attraction in the country. So those old smarty-pants who said that marriage and Annabella would ruin Ty's career will have to eat their words. He was more popular in 1939 than he was in 1938. His career is getting along very nicely, thank you.

As a matter of fact he is far more interested in his career now than he ever was before. Annabella has brought about that change. Before, Ty was perfectly content to be a personality. It was easy for him to smile and turn on the charm. And women loved it. But all that is changed now. Ty, with Annabella to inspire him, is playing it the hard way. He wants to act. No matter how hard he has to work. He wants to be known as an actor, and not just a popular Hollywood Glamor Boy. His plans now are to return to the stage as soon as his picture commitments will permit. The stage experience, he feels, will make him a much better actor. There won't be as much money, but Annabella would be the last one to carp about money.

Before he married Annabella, Ty was well on his way to becoming a jitterbug. He was nervous and high-strung and when he finished work at the studio he was so keyed up that relaxing was the last thing he wanted to do. He and his gang had a rip-roaring time of it. But after he met Annabella he suddenly lost all interest in tearing around in a high-powered car with a lot of kids who had very little between the ears. During their engagement, and now following their marriage, Ty and Annabella spend many a night stretched out in front of the fire reading plays to each other. Annabella will read the French classics to him, and Ty will read Shakespeare to her. At first he didn't understand French very well, and Annabella would

have to stop frequently to translate. But he has been taking lessons for nearly a year now and has proved himself a very quick scholar. These nights of French and English literature have been very good for Tyrone. Good for his voice, for his nerves, and especially for his soul. It's a very nice change, thanks to Annabella. With all her vivacity, and enthusiasm for living. Annabella has an intellectual quality which none of Ty's other girls ever had. An intelligent wife is certainly no drawback. Especially for a boy like Tyrone.

When he first met Annabella, Ty realized that she was different from all the girls he had gone with before. It was on the set of "Suez" and if you saw that picture you may recall the number of sand storms in it. Annabella refused to have a double. For hours she stood before the wind machines with sand blowing in her face. Tyrone had never seen an actress "take it" before. When the scene was over she wouldn't rush to her dressing room to powder her nose or put fresh lipstick on, but she would stand there dripping sand and talk to Tyrone, quite seriously, about serious things. None of that coy small talk. Now Ty had never talked seriously with any woman, except his mother, and he found it quite a novel experience. He found that lengthy discussions of the serious things of life were far more fun, most times, than that idle chit-chat and snappy repartee he had always indulged in with other girls. Gradually he became a serious-minded young man.

He found in Annabella the perfect companion. Serious and sympathetic one minute, she could be the gayest of the gay the next. Whatever his mood he never found Annabella in a contrary mood. His mood was her mood. Just as his career is now her career. When a talented and beautiful young actress gives up her career to be your wife and match your mood for mood, boy, she must be in love. And she is.

Not only did Annabella bring to him an appreciation of the better things of life but she awakened a sense of beauty in him. When someone asked him, a few days after his return from Europe, what the most beautiful thing was he saw on his trip, Ty answered, "The Pope's hand. It was like a Michel Angelo." Now the fresh kid who went to Missouri to make "Jesse James" would never have said that. He wouldn't



For afternoon wear and the cocktail hour, Virginia Grey chose this new bonnet of rose silk braid, which is edged with roses and has a below-the-shoulder veil.

even have noticed the Pope's hand, much less seen beauty in it.

Since his marriage Ty's home is no longer a favorite hang-out for all the young boys in Hollywood. In his beautiful home now you meet the Ronald Colmans, the Charles Boyers, the Warner Baxters, and the movie producers and their wives. Annabella has seen to it that he meets the right people. And, just as she knew he would, he likes them much better than the fresh kids he palled around with prior to his marriage.

Tyrone Power, at twenty-five, and one year a benedict, has become one of the best read, best liked, charming young men in Hollywood. Annabella can take a bow.

He Makes His Camera Sing!

Continued from page 63

satisfy me. I discovered that I could use color film in my Contax, Eastman would develop it for me, and I could either project the tiny prints in my movie projector, or blow up the ones I liked into real pictures. Of course I use black-and-white for late afternoon or when the light isn't bright enough for color.

"The more I worked with a camera, the more I wanted to know about it. It's fascinating. When I get the negative back from Eastman, I go into my darkroom and make three prints from it—one blue, one red, and one yellow. Come on out to the darkroom and see for yourself!"

Kenny, junior, aged three, and Susie, aged one and a half, were playing between the house and the darkroom. Susie, who had firmly taken possession of her brother's velocipede, ignored us, but Kenny, junior, smiled and welcomed us with "Hi." "Susie was so fond of Kenny's little red scooter that we gave it to her and bought the velocipede for Kenny. Now she has that," observed her amused parent. "At first we were afraid she'd fall, but her nurse watches her and she's too determined to fall when she's having her own way."

Little Kenny followed us up the stair to the darkroom, singing "Hi!" with every step, and had to be discouraged. "No?" he inquired, his sunny temper never failing, and down he went again, singing "Hi!" happily on each downward tread.

Kenny led me into the long, narrow darkroom, equipped with sinks, knotty pine shelf-table, enlarger, printer, water-filter, developer trays, time clock and all the paraphernalia of the camera fiend.

Color printing is exacting work. Films must be dyed, washed, and enlarged. The three prints, yellow, red, and blue, must be put together carefully so that no tiny shred of color overlaps before the final picture can be made.

"The trouble with color pictures is that you can't make them over in the darkness," said Kenny. "Most of the successful cameramen who work in black-and-white change a poor shot into a good one by care in the darkroom, changing shadows, bringing up interesting points, and so on. You can blow up one part of a color shot, yes, and you can cut off too much foreground, but you can't have much contrast, too much light or shade, or it won't turn out well. A monotone color picture is best. If you take a shot in brilliant light so that the cheeks and chin of your subject are lighted and there is shadow in the neck and under the eyes, it's bad. You can't get your hand in while you're printing to stop the shadow from going black, and you can't hold back

the light where it's too hot. That's why it must be right when you click the shutter."

On the walls of the darkroom hung finished color prints—red poppies blowing in the wind, a girl against a sapphire sky, haymakers at work in a field.

Kenny regarded them frowningly. "Some of my first work," he said. "Lots of things wrong with them. Now here—" he tapped the shelf where a glass slide had been inserted—"is some of the stuff I've just made. Got it back from Eastman yesterday and haven't selected the ones I'll blow up."

He snapped on a light beneath the glass slide and immediately there sprang into view a dozen or more small colored pictures—little Kenny with hands and face smeared with paint from his paintbox, small Susie tilting back a golden head, sunsets almost too vivid to be true, an English village asleep on a hot afternoon, a forest deep in ferns, a clump of daffodils.

"Try this gadget and look at them," Kenny extended a tiny microscope that fitted in my eye. Through it, each fern in the forest stood up graceful and delicate, the baby skin of the children showed appleblossom smooth, the stone in the English chimneys looked old and worn and warm.

"No, I shan't blow them all up. Ask any cameraman; they'll all tell you that they often shoot a whole roll before they get one picture that's worth saving," said my host. "Over in England, where I went summer before last to make 'The Mikado' there are lots of camera fiends, but it's an old sport there and everyone has his camera. They do things more simply than we do because there's not so much money. Over here if a man gets the bug, he may spend as much as \$400 on an outfit, and every time he hears of a new gadget, he gets it. But over there they figure out ways to get along with what they have, or build something themselves. If I had a little more time to give to photography, I think it would be fun to figure out substitutes for all this stuff."

"When I do black-and-white stuff, as I've done for SCREENLAND's pictures, I go into experiments which I find interesting. The shot of Yahbut, our terrier, is made from a positive, so that black prints white and white prints black. I took the dome of the Capitol at night from the front of the lagoon to get the effect of the floodlights on the fountains."

Kenny hopes to be a gentleman farmer. That's the reason he can't spend every spare moment with his camera.

"Some day, I'll have a ranch. I'm taking courses in cattle breeding, because breeding cattle will be my major interest, and in agriculture because every farmer needs all he can learn about that."

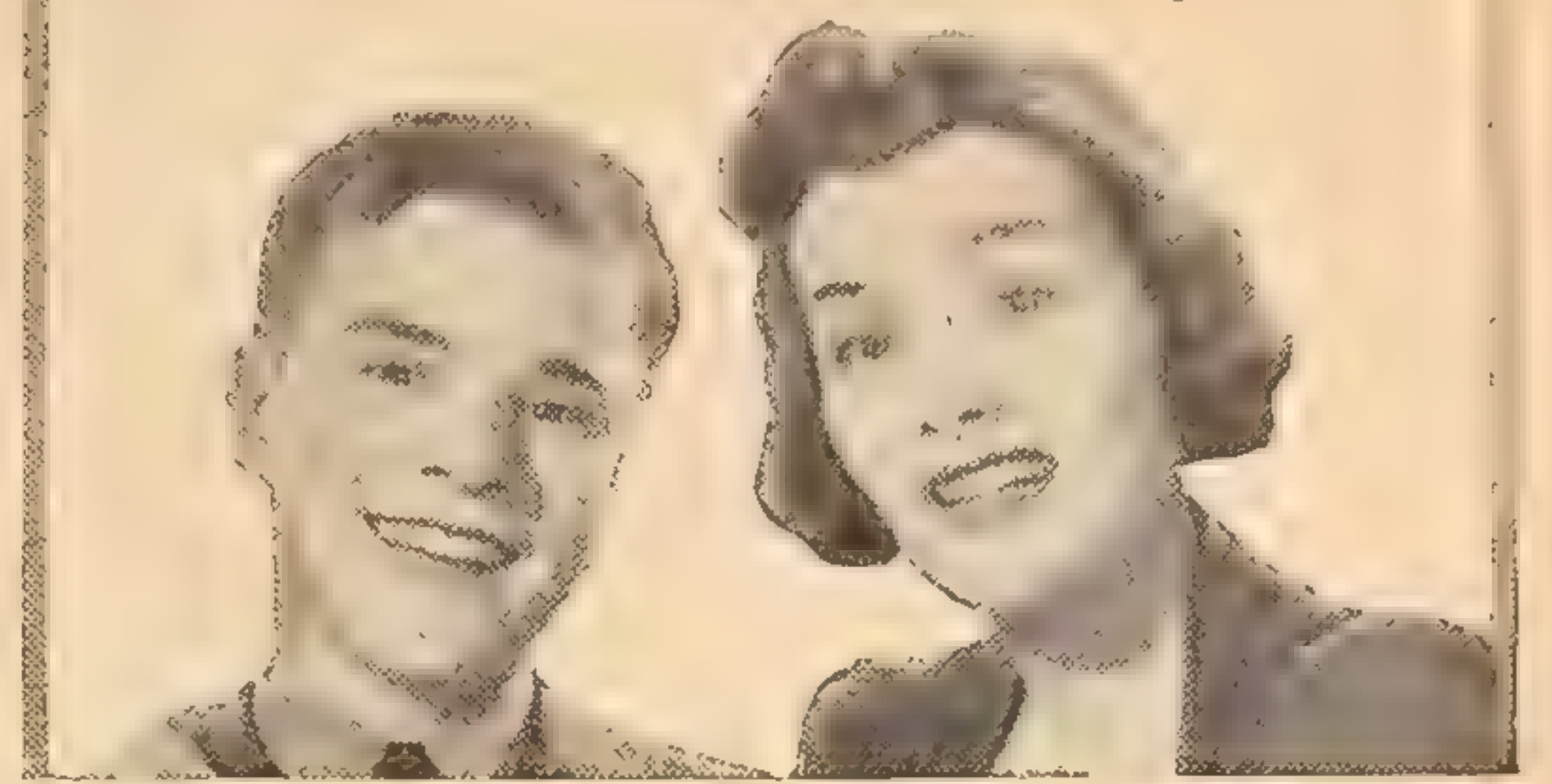
We were back in his den by this time, thumbing through stacks of government pamphlets issued to help the farmer solve his pressing problems. "I have all sorts of theories," confided the young actor. "I shall analyze my land when I find the ranch I want and keep a record of what I grow on it. According to my analysis, I'll enrich it, or give it lime, or do whatever is indicated. I shall keep chickens, naturally. I have a theory about hens, too. Each hen should be given her own pen and her own pan; she should be kept to herself so that a record can be made of how much she eats, how frequently she lays, and so on. Then if one hen gets the pip or whatever disease is going around, she'll have it alone and not infect the rest of the flock. This is all in the future, but I'm preparing for it now."

Little Kenny put his head in at the door.

"Hi!" he observed cheerily.

"Hi, yourself!" said his famous father.

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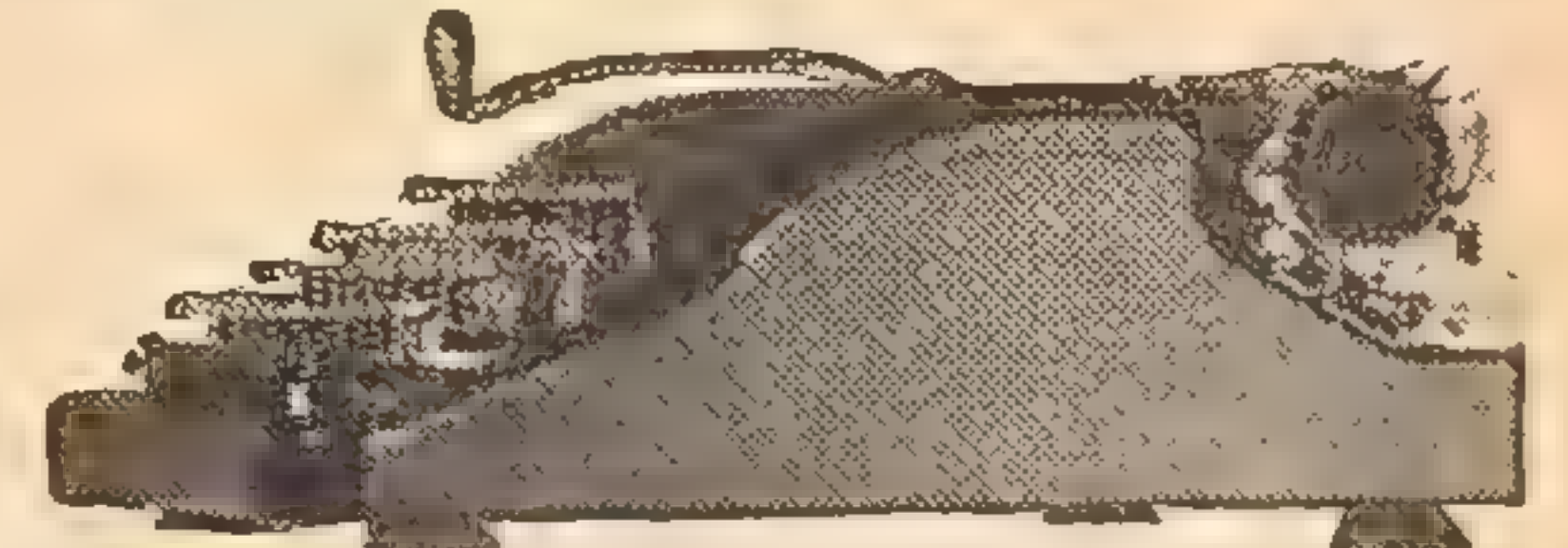


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Your Star Guide to Romance

Continued from page 29

come the obstacles shown in their charts. That's what astrology is for—to point out the hidden shoals of life and teach us how to overcome them. Then, too, you've no doubt heard that old astrological loophole, "The stars incline but do not compel." I seldom use it myself, but in this case I shall, because no one would be happier than I to see so perfect a marriage as Ty's continue indefinitely. The stars show divorce for Annabella and Tyrone. We shall see.

Because Taurus represents the second house in the Zodiac, ruling money, it is only natural that these persons should know how to make money. What's more important, they know how to invest it and hold on to it also. Some of the screen's biggest money-makers are Taurians and they have proved the astrological truth of this statement. They include: Shirley Temple, Bing Crosby, Gary Cooper, Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Kate Smith, and Lionel Barrymore. If you choose a Taurus person for a marriage partner you can be almost certain that you will eventually grow rich, for everything these persons touch seems to turn to gold—not a bad gift in these depressed times.

Typical of this Taurus touch is the life of Alice Faye. The tenacity and even stubbornness that characterizes Taurus helped Alice Faye in her long, hard climb up the ladder of success.

No actress started out in Hollywood with fewer apparent possibilities than Alice. A sort of road-show version of the one and only Jean Harlow, she inspired great indifference on the part of fans and critics at the beginning of her movie career. Now, however, by dint of hard work and the help of her lucky star, she is an actress not to be ignored. While she may never wrest the mantle of greatness from Bette Davis, Alice Faye will some day be a really important actress.

The recent divorce of Alice Faye and Tony Martin was no surprise. Although Tony's sun position of Capricorn was the right one for Alice, there were so many other adverse aspects in their charts which indicated a stormy marriage that a divorce was inevitable.

Lest I sound like an agent for Reno, let me hasten to say that there are more happy Taurus marriages of long standing in Hollywood than those of almost any other single sign in the Zodiac. Witness the eminently happy marriages of these Taurians: Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Lionel Barrymore, Sigrid Gurie, Maureen O'Sullivan, James Ellison, Henry Fonda, and Richard Barthelmess, to name only a few.

There is this to be said about Taurus persons in marriage—they want to stay married more than anything else in the world, and they generally make every effort even to sacrificing a promising career if need be, to make marriage successful. In past instances where Taurus-born have failed in marriage, it has generally been when both parties were so interested in a career that neither had time to concentrate on problems of the home. The more outstanding cases of Taurians whose marriages have failed include Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan, both born in Taurus. These two wonderful persons might have been happy together if each had not been so concentrated on career. Then, too, many times those born in the same sign are so much alike they wear on each other. Then there was the case of Mary Astor. Her famous red diary in court made romantic history. In her case she had not

married a compatible sign. Her husband, Dr. Thorpe, was born in Leo and had afflictions in his chart that made them most incompatible.

If Taurus persons follow the star-given talents shown in their charts they generally become successful and even famous. This sign happens to rule the creative talents, the ability to originate ideas and carry them out. Physically it also rules the throat, tongue, and organs of speech. Therefore it isn't so surprising to find that many Taurians attain fame through acting or singing. They are generally given pleasant, low voices which respond to training for stage, screen or radio. It is interesting to note that Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, and



Helen Parrish is wearing a fruit boutonniere and something new in link bracelets. Crisp white piqué trims her dress and perky white straw hat.

Alice Faye really began their careers as singers, and they are all Taurians.

There is one outstanding Taurian on the screen for whom I predict a truly brilliant future. Do you remember "Algiers?" Remember how, when your eyes were thrilling to the highly spectacular beauty of Hedy, your intelligence was responding to the splendid acting of Sigrid Gurie? In any other picture except Lammarr's debut that performance would have won instant stardom for Miss Gurie. Now she is being given every opportunity to reveal her beauty and dynamic talents to best advantage. Not only will Miss Gurie be a sensation on the screen but her very happy marriage will last indefinitely.

Of the younger screen stars who were born in Taurus and who will rise to even greater heights than they have so far attained, are Maureen O'Sullivan and Jimmy Ellison. Maureen has been on the screen for years, it seems, but then she started when just a child. To her wealth of experience Miss O'Sullivan now brings the maturity of marriage that will enhance her work with a new richness and vitality. She can make of her marriage a great success if she does not let her career become too all-engrossing.

Jimmy Ellison has been a long time emerging, but his Taurian charms should prove as effective as Tyrone Power's with

further grooming for star rôles. Jimmy Ellison will continue on the screen for years, and should become one of 1940's most outstanding leading men. Happiness in marriage is also indicated for Jimmy and a family of two.

Gary Cooper really needs no astrologer to predict his future. Yet Gary can thank his lucky stars that he was born under the brilliant rays of Venus otherwise that gangling six feet four might have remained out on the range roping cattle and his low throttled baritone might have struck terror to the hearts of lonely coyotes rather than palpitation to the hearts of millions of women throughout the world. As it is, Gary has nothing to worry about, for his horoscope shows continued success for years to come on the screen. He has already made of his marriage one of the happiest in the film city and there is no reason why anything should happen to upset this pleasant pattern of his life.

There are other Taurus-born screen stars who face pleasant experiences in 1940. They are: Brian Aherne, better rôles, and happiness in marriage to Joan Fontaine. Richard Carlson, who shows promise of doing splendid dramatic rôles in the future; Eddie Albert, whose star is just beginning to rise, can go on to better things if he does not let his stubbornness stand in his way. Then there is Lionel Barrymore, who might have health disturbances in 1940, which we sincerely hope will not be too severe.

The trend toward happiness is so clearly defined for those of you born in Taurus that there are only a few brief warnings that your stars give: be cautious in regard to romance, for your eager, impetuous nature often mistakes infatuation for real love. Do not enter into any serious alliances unless you first know the person involved is compatible to you in every way. If married you can remain happy if you give a certain amount of your time to the marriage partner. Be careful not to let your work become too all-engrossing.

Those not born in the Sign of Taurus have varying experiences during this month. To find out what the stars predict for you check the section below that deals with your own birth sign.

Aries—March 21 to April 20

A stimulating month romantically, for Venus brings you one or two exciting experiences in love. New romance is favored over the old, however, and there is a strong possibility you may make a decision to break off with someone you have cared for deeply. Do nothing hastily under these rays for you are inclined to rash action this month. The aspects for financial matters are somewhat better than last month. An opportunity may come to advance yourself in your work through a superior. Those in secretarial, sales work, beauty parlors, teaching, or creative work are under the fortunate vibrations of Jupiter and Venus at this time. Those anxious to make a business change may seriously consider same any time this month. Short trips are favored, visits to relatives, changes in residence and refurnishing the home come under good vibrations. Watch the health during the first and last weeks, avoid overtaxing the strength and overeating.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20

As usual, activity in romance is favored for Taurus-born this month. Use your charms cautiously, however, for there may be a slight tendency on your part to be somewhat flirtatious and inclined to trifle with the affections of someone who cares deeply. This is an excellent month to make a decision about marriage. Because love-happiness means so much to you be sure you are taking the right steps. Your

chances for happiness are greater with someone born in the Sign of Virgo, Capricorn, or Pisces than any of the other signs. Those engaged in the business world have better opportunities this month to express their talents. This month is especially favored for seeking a rise in salary or for promotion. It favors those engaged as designers, salesladies, stenographers, nurses and accountants. It is also extremely favorable for any independent business venture. The urge to settle into a home may express itself in concrete terms this month. Choose a new location, buy or build, or otherwise be interested in home furnishings. The influence of Venus promises happiness in any marriage consummated during this month.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20

You are highly favored by your planets this month. Make the most of your vivid personality and versatility and use them to progress in a business way. It favors all professional and commercial endeavors this month, especially those where you are required to meet the public and use the personality. The executive side of your personality should exercise itself; go into new business contacts, branch out into independent lines. The month favors things of the mind, so study and develop your talents, decide on your future course. Studies along creative lines are favored; especially music, acting, dancing, singing, or commercial art. Social activities are on the increase at this time and some man may enter your life who has the power radically to change the course of events for you. Concentrate more on financial matters at this time for the romantic affairs of life take care of themselves now. Avoid complications in romance, make no immediate decisions about engagements or marriage. The month favors elderly persons and the home.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22

Your stars promise you some relief from the depression this month. You should be able to find a happy solution to money difficulties, either through seeking a job or through financial assistance from others. Jupiter brings this change, and whether you stay where you are now or go into another location depends on you, for the tendency is to make changes this month. Make no sudden decisions regarding love or marriage. Let romance seek you out if it chooses but do not be too anxious to find love for the stars hold some minor warnings at this time. You are still apt to be looking for the one big love of your life, and this month may bring several persons who nearly fit the bill—but not quite. Those married have favorable aspects of the Moon for the home, and should get along quite well in the home.

Leo—July 23 to August 22

The social side of your life should require much of your time this month. Invitations to attend parties, chances to go on trips with friends or relatives—these are all in order during this month. Your sign also attracts persons who may be in the entertainment world such as musicians, actors, and singers. Travel is favored at this time, or moving into another locality. Any decisions you make now are good, for your mind is clear and you will avoid mistakes. Be alert to new opportunities in business, accept opportunities especially from others regarding partnership or going into business for yourself, for you have the aggressiveness needed to make a success. Warnings are held in romance; do not break off existing romance and avoid complications that might prove disastrous. Your heart may rule your head at this time so use caution in all you do.

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Lucille Fairbanks, youthful member of the famous house of Fairbanks who is carving a name for herself in pictures, is shown, above, acquiring a sun-tan at Santa Barbara.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

Some doubts may exist in your mind about the one you love, but dismiss such doubts. Venus favors present romance. Although no immediate changes are noted that favor marriage you can continue indefinitely with the person in your life now. New business ventures come under favorable aspects; profit may come from some plans you made in the past; someone may help you or members of the family in a business way. This month favors those working as teachers, nurses, secretaries, telephone operators, salesladies, designers, interior decorators, and those in the investment fields. The health must be guarded this month, as some sensitivity in the stomach region may be affected by nerves. Avoid complications with relatives. Do not spend too much during last two weeks of the month. Make a special effort to save at this time. The general aspects are favorable for the home and financial affairs.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

As usual, activity dominates your affairs this month. There may be a tendency to waste of time and energy. Watch out in the romantic side of life especially that you do not waste time on some person who is not truly worthy of your time and attention. One or more persons may vie for your heart. The stars bring you the predominant radiations of the love planet Venus and it promises you much, in the way of great love happiness. A good time to become engaged, if you are sure you have chosen wisely. The business side of your life holds fewer problems now than in the past; although the stars do not shower you with immediate riches the prospects should be somewhat brighter. Jupiter will bring some man into your life who may change your financial outlook. Be prepared to make changes in business, travel, change residence, or redecorate your present living quarters. Avoid over-activity in regard to social affairs, for the health must be guarded. Real estate and investments are favored this month.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

Your problem may be how to get your hands on more money this month, for your expenses may be out of proportion to your income. Balance this by cutting down your expenses. Your mind is stimulated by Mars and Venus. A decision may arise in the first two weeks of the month about a proposition you may receive in business. The stars favor changes for you at this time. Those having to do with meeting the public or creative endeavors are most favored, especially art, music, literature, advertising, publicity, or promotion schemes for raising money. Use your personality to advantage this month. Romantically do not expect immediate solutions to your problems for Mars may agitate and disturb your love life. It may take you a month or so to quiet down again but you are assured of more contentment in the latter part of the month. Certainly you will have one or more new opportunities in love but your great sense of loyalty and duty will continue to keep you by the side of some person you feel really needs your attentions.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

Conditions in your life should show steady improvement this month; if not, the fault might lie in you and not in the stars. You may not be alert enough to the opportunities about you for very often you expect them to be on the surface when they are really hidden. Jupiter gives your talents free expression this month but you might have to work harder than ordinarily to bring yourself to the attention of superiors. You have executive work ahead of you for your sign is the "boss" rather than the type to be "bossed." Watch out for cupid this month for he may deal you a knockout blow. You are promised thrilling action this month in love but should be cautioned to take it rather lightly. No decisions should be made regarding marriage at this time. Those married have some disturbances of Mars to contend with but they should not be serious enough to cause separation. Avoid haste, temper, and

confusion, and the month should be fairly normal in most departments of your life.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19

You may have much to look forward to this month. This may apply to romance as well as finances; although Venus may cause some unrest in love it may be of your own making. You may disagree with someone you love and eventually give in. Your sign causes you to be hasty and, at times, rather stubborn, so use your head this month to think your way out of your various problems. Important messages may arrive by telephone or mail. A chance to obtain a new position may present itself. Some man you meet socially may become interested in you romantically. Change, advancement, and improvement, these are all favored by your ruling stars for this month. Avoid spending money too freely, save and direct your funds toward some goal. Your sign favors an independent business venture such as owning a dress shop, interior decorating business, beauty parlor, candy store, or magazine counter; this month is a good time to consider such business ventures. Health is somewhat more favored during the last two weeks of the month. Avoid vehicles and dark places the last week of the month.

Aquarius—January 20 to February 18

Money matters may cause concern; you still spend more than you make and you can't get ahead fast that way! Although you might advance where you now work it seems doubtful; under the month's stimulating vibrations a chance might come for a new job. Remember, you lean more toward the creative and artistic; try to get into work connected with modelling, designing, music, radio, or even beauty shops, and your chances for using your talents would be more numerous. A climax may arrive in romantic affairs. Your sign falls in love often and many times marries twice, so let your head rule your heart this month! Of two persons in love with you a choice may have to be made between them. Do not act in haste for you're a long time married! Attend social functions and entertain friends in your home this month, for Venus favors making new and interesting contacts socially. Attend to personal development, study along cultural or musical lines. The month ends on a very progressive accent with more balance than usual.

Pisces—February 19 to March 20

You may long for a change of scene at present. The stars incline to some restlessness but your affairs may keep you somewhat confined for a while. Lay plans for the future and develop your latent abilities for progression in your work. If you follow the usual Pisces trend, early marriage is shown, and problems arise in such an early union. If still single, be most cautious this month about romantic ventures. Some person may appeal physically only to be incompatible mentally. Choose a person born in the signs of Taurus, Cancer, Scorpio, and you have a chance at happiness in love or marriage. Watch the finances at this time for you may be too generous for your own good. This month favors paying or collecting debts, legal affairs, signing papers, leases, contracts, and dealings in real estate. Relatives may impose on you if you permit them to. Attend to health during the month, travel in the last two weeks by land, and be calm in everything you attempt this month.

Because the planets reveal various destinies for every person it is necessary for you to consult your own individual astrology reading for your birth sign.



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